LIFE
AND
REMINISCENCES
—
Wm. G. JOHNSTON

$17.50

Paul L. Dunmire

May 19, 1989

Bot F.W. Skeleder - Books

240 Forbes Ave,

Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222

after Take Gene to airport to meet Sally coming from Boston - They flew to San Francisco - an Santa Cruz 10:30 P.M. to find "Kyle" had died age 15

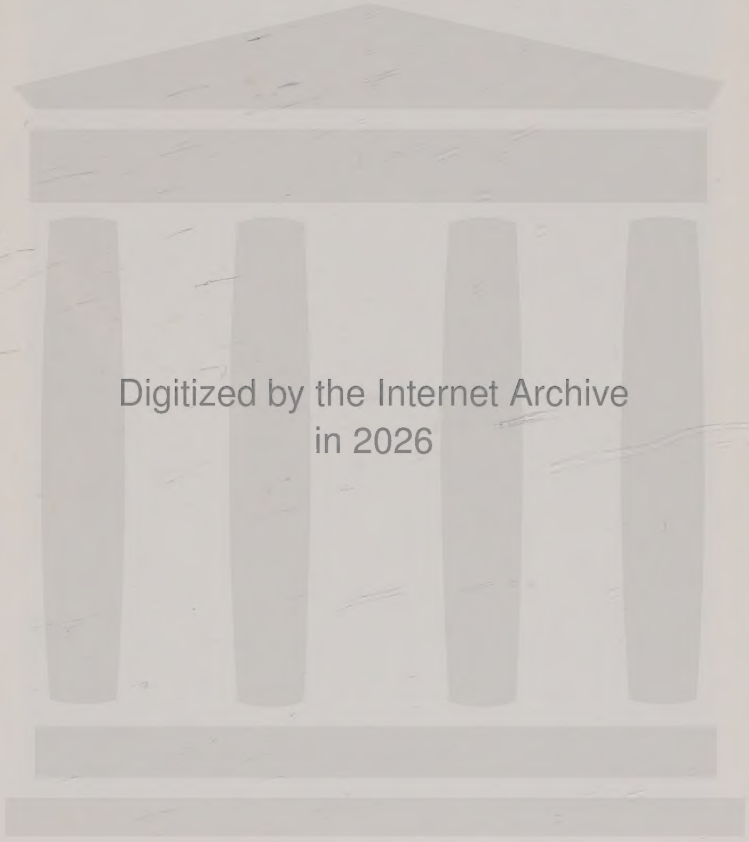
DISCARDED

Preface 1968

THE professional printer was an important Pittsburgh citizen at the time of George Washington's tenure as President. This fact is not very well documented, of course. Life in Pittsburgh was a pretty strenuous affair, 200 years ago. The struggle for prosperity, if not for survival itself, left little leisure for biographical record-keeping. Nor did it permit much concern for the curiosity of posterity. Such non-official history as was committed to paper at all was extremely vulnerable to fire and flood, which were familiar disasters until very recent times. Yet, proof survives that printed communication was recognized to be vital. Why else would men have taken the considerable trouble to transport presses across the forbidding Alleghenies—as we know they did—before the end of the eighteenth century? Why else, for that matter, would authorities permit such traffic, considering the awful problems of keeping open a single road, as a lifeline from the East? Obscure as it is, the recorded fact that presses operated in Pittsburgh, before 1800, is proof enough of printing's importance to the community.

The record is sadly fragmentary, into the early 1800's. If it were not, a prominent Pittsburgh printing company would undoubtedly celebrate a different sequence of birthdays than it does. Some names and some business relationships, prior to 1818, can be pieced together with reasonable assurance of accuracy. They suggest a continuous, though changing, printing-business arrangement through quite a few years prior to 1818, when the name Johnston first made its appearance on the "letterhead." Today's William G. Johnston Company traces its unbroken history back to that time, preferring not to strain for even more distant antecedents without adequate substantiation.

Even if one starts counting at 1818, a continuous business history of 150 years is a matter for pride. So are the character and accomplishments of William G. Johnston himself. Luckily for those who share an interest in Pittsburgh and its historical development, William G. *did* take the time to say a great deal about his life, his acquaintances and his times. Two volumes survive. One is a fascinating tale of William G's "holiday," with a number of other prominent Pittsburghers, to follow the Gold Rush of '49. The other is a detailed reminiscence of Pittsburgh and its citizens of a hundred years or more ago. Of the two, this latter seems the more appropriate as for the William G. Johnston Company's 150th birthday celebration and as a reflection of some of those qualities of civic and professional responsibility which the company still takes pains to preserve.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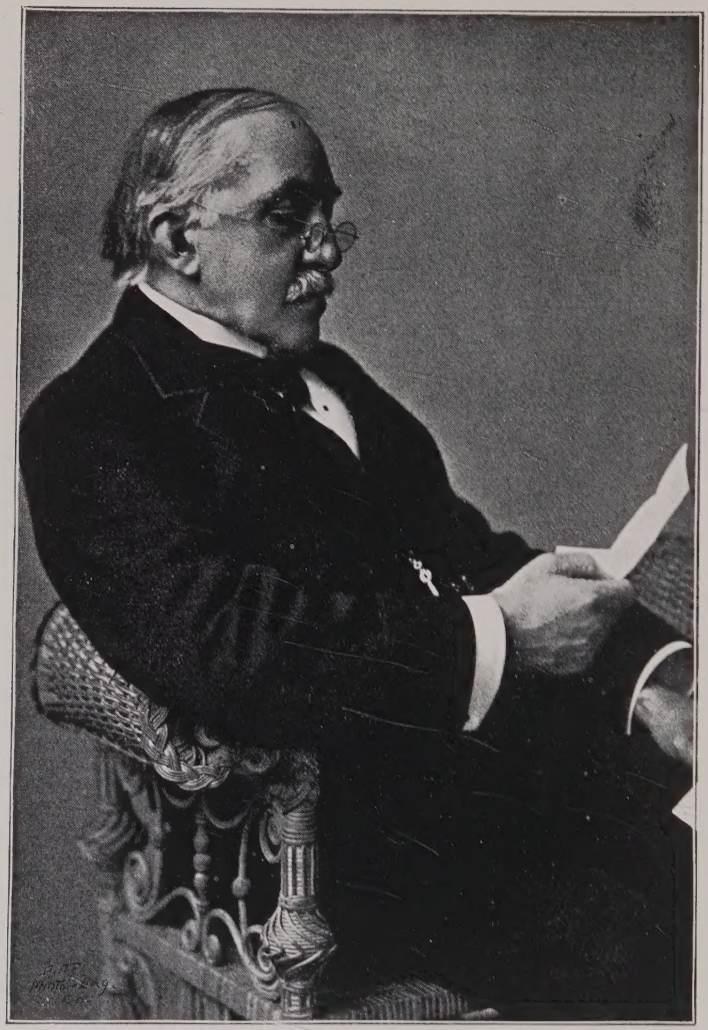

From photograph by Gray, 1897

Yours truly

Wm A. Johnston

LIFE

AND

REMINISCENCES

FROM

BIRTH TO MANHOOD

OF

WM. G. JOHNSTON.

"Lull'd in the countless chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies!"

ROGERS, *Pleasures of Memory.*

PITTSBURGH,
MCMI.

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WM. G. JOHNSTON.

Dedication.

TO HIS FRIENDS
IN THAT GREAT HIVE OF INDUSTRY,

PITTSBURGH,

WHERE THE MEMOIRIST WAS BORN
AND WHERE MOST OF HIS LIFE WAS SPENT,

HE DEDICATES
THIS VOLUME.

PREFACE.

THIS is a PITTSBURGH book; one that dwells largely upon the past history of our great city, giving numerous pictures of what it was from fifty to seventy years ago, and telling of many of those who may be said to have laid its foundation stones.

If in connection therewith are found incidents in the life of one who through much of the period named has been a unit among the many thousands of daily plodders in her marts of trade, this is due to the fact that originally it was not intended that these pages should be scanned by the eyes of book-reading people in general; but by those alone of an inner circle for whom they were specially prepared.

At odd intervals in the past fifteen years, the things herein were jotted down with no regard to consecutive regularity; and when recently rearranged in the order here found, the suggestion came, that possibly some of our fellow-citizens in their moments of leisure might desire to know the facts here gathered together, relating to the history of the place wherein their lives have been cast, few of which are elsewhere recorded; and to be given glimpses of many who once walked our streets, busying themselves in matters which so deeply concern those who now follow in their steps, and who worked out the prob-

lems by which the Iron City was first lifted into prominence, and upon the solution of which the men of to-day are rearing a mighty superstructure.

Hence the publication of this work in the form in which it now appears.

We need not, therefore, stop to answer any inquiry, however pertinent, as to what interest a general public may have in the biography of an individual no more conspicuous than a vast number of others who in the past half-century have been identified with the growth and industries of Pittsburgh.

It may be here stated that a considerable portion of ancestral history, which could interest only those for whom it was prepared, has been eliminated, and issued separately for their exclusive use. But inasmuch as it seems necessary for the completeness of a biography that there should be some reference to lineage, this has been done in the briefest manner possible.

And now, in making his bow to an audience in which, perhaps, many familiar faces may be found, the writer has but to add that if, by those composing it, a tithe of the pleasure is experienced in running over these pages that was afforded him in the task of bringing together what is herein written, he will feel himself amply compensated.

The Memoirist.

Guernsey Place,
Watertown, N. Y.
October 7, 1901.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Ancestry	1
II.	Paternal Ancestors through Three Generations—My Great-Grandfather, Grandfather, and Father	4
III.	Some Early Pittsburgh History	21
IV.	Birth, Childhood, and Early Recollections	36
V.	Glances at Men and Things of 1828—Pictures of Pittsburgh at that Period	52
VI.	Schoolboy Days	85
VII.	A Long Holiday—Sports of Boyhood	103
VIII.	A Schoolboy once more	126
IX.	Sunday-School and Church Connections.	157
X.	The Great Fire of 1845—End of School Days—Playing at Business—Men of Note	179

CHAPTER PAGE

XI.—Enrolled a Fireman—Member of a Literary Society—Enlist for the Mexican War 209

XII.—Political Matters 222

XIII.—The Heyday of Life—Young Men and Maidens—Suburbs of Pittsburgh—A Break in my Life—Farewell to Youth 277

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
William G. Johnston . . . *Frontispiece*	
Seal of City of Pittsburgh . . *Title-page*	
John Johnston—Silhouette	5
Mary Reed Johnston—Silhouette . . .	6
Samuel R. Johnston	12
Samuel R. Johnston—Silhouette. At Age of Five Years	13
Residence of Samuel R. Johnston . . .	20
Earliest Map of Pittsburgh—1761 . . .	21
Plan of Fort Pitt, 1758	22
Plan of Permanent Fort Pitt, 1759 . . .	23
Plan of Fort Fayette	29
Map of Pittsburgh, 1795	33
Monongahela Bridge at Time of 1832 Flood .	37
Printers' Banner, Centennial of Washington's Birth	41
Examining the Chute	43
Growth of a Century	64
First Court-House and Market-House . .	69

PAGE

First County Jail 72
Colonel Bouquet's Redoubt 81
Campbell's Plan of Pittsburgh, 1764 . . . 83
"You Bad Boy" 87
Oblivious to Strings 92
Pittsburgh Theatre 113
"Who dat Knockin' at de Doah?" . . . 117
Caught in the Act 130
"Knock that Chip if You Dare" . . . 139
Landing at Belle Vernon 142
The Western University 155
Third Presbyterian Church 163
First Presbyterian Church 172
Plan of Pews, First Presbyterian Church . 176
The Eagle Fire Engine 181
Bank of Pittsburgh after the Fire . . . 184
William Eichbaum 203
Fifth Avenue in 1845 206
Enlisting for the Mexican War 219
Seal of the City of Allegheny 228
William G. Johnston, from a Daguerreotype of 1848 277
Plan of Fort Duquesne 288
East Liberty Presbyterian Church, 1819–1848 . 292

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES FROM BIRTH TO MANHOOD OF

WILLIAM GRAHAM JOHNSTON

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES FROM BIRTH TO MANHOOD OF

WILLIAM GRAHAM JOHNSTON.

CHAPTER I.

ANCESTRY.

"Within the bounds of Annandale,
The gentle Johnstones ride;
They have been there a thousand years,
A thousand more will bide." *Old Ballad.*[1]

MY ancestors were Scots. Their ancient home was Annandale; and they were Presbyterians. Uniting in the resistance made by so many of their countrymen to the encroachments of prelacy and papacy during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., they shared in the storm of persecution by reason of which large num-

[1] Sir Walter Scott, in his novel, *Fair Maid of Perth*, chap. viii., quotes from this ballad. In foot-notes he speaks of the Johnstones, their home, lands, titles, coat-of-arms, etc.

The terminal "e" is one of those variations in the orthography of names once quite common throughout the British Isles. The English name Johnson is of different origin, having no connection with the Scotch name Johnston.

bers were driven to the North of Ireland as a possible place of refuge; and hence obtained the appellation Scotch-Irish.[1]

How wonderfully the Sovereign Ruler of the universe uses the wrath of man to praise Him in the working out of His designs. Permitting this hardy race of God-fearing men to be driven from their ancient homes, He planted them where, in the final shock of arms, they were destined to become the instruments for the complete and perpetual overthrow of the papal power and its miserable tools, the Stuart dynasty, in the kingdom of Great Britain.

Scarce a decade passes and King James, in his frantic efforts to regain the crown he had lost, selects the North of Ireland as his battle-ground; and at Derry and the Boyne defeat and disaster are measured to him at the hands of those he had so fiercely persecuted in Scotland and who so promptly and cordially rallied around the standard of William of Orange.

Three fourths of a century go by and George III. is playing tyrant with the colonies in America. Then it was that large numbers of Scotch-Irish, descendants of those just referred to,—these likewise a God-fearing, liberty-loving and tyrant-hating race,—not content with their lot on Irish soil,—deeming it but a temporary abiding place,—determined to seek permanent homes in the wilds of America. Many settled in North Carolina, and the first Declaration of Independence was that of

[1] "These persecutions continued twenty-eight years. By computation 18,000 suffered death, slavery, exile, or imprisonment, inflicted in the vain endeavor to destroy the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and to establish prelacy on its ruins."—Hetherington's *Hist. Ch. of Scotland.*

Mecklenburg,—the natural product of the sons of the Covenanters.

As a final result of the labors, sacrifices, and convictions of these of whom we have been speaking, in unison with kindred spirits throughout the colonies, a free and independent nation was established,—the best on the face of the earth. That the Scotch-Irish were large and hearty contributors to a consummation so momentous, is something of which their descendants have just cause to be proud, while humbly acknowledging the governing Providence which in the shaping of history chose their ancestors to be His instruments to that end.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

CHAPTER II.

PATERNAL ANCESTORS THROUGH THREE GENERATIONS: MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, GRANDFATHER, AND FATHER.

AMONG the Scotch-Irish who, prior to the Revolution, sought homes in America, was Robert Johnston, my great-grandfather.

In Ireland he resided in the townland of Killy Crough, a suburb of Castle Derg, County Antrim, about seven miles eastward of Strabane, and perhaps a trifle farther southeastwardly from Londonderry.

In the year 1769 Robert Johnston came to America by the only means then known of making transatlantic voyages,—in a sailing vessel. His companions were his wife, Eliza Sproul; their three sons, Robert, William, and John; and two daughters, Mary and Nancy. Their eldest daughter, Jane, wife of William Davis, remained in Ireland until the year 1801, when, with her husband and children, she also emigrated to America.

For his future place of abode Mr. Johnston chose Pennsylvania, and at once upon landing in America pushed westward with his family, through the giant forests of that noble State, until he reached the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, settling in the beautiful and fertile Cumberland valley, upon what was called Back

Creek, about twelve miles from Chambersburg, a neighborhood in which many families he had known in Ireland had already located.

In due course of time (date unknown) Robert, the father, died and was buried in or near Chambersburg.

JOHN JOHNSTON.—1802. AGE OF 37.

Not long after this event his widow sold the farm and removed to Chambersburg, in order that her two younger sons should be brought up to useful occupations, as neither felt inclined to pursue the life of a farmer.

William, the second son, was apprenticed to the tanning business, and John learned clock-making.

Robert enlisted in the Continental army, in a Pennsylvania regiment. He was present at the battle of Long Island, and it was his fortune to be taken prisoner and to be one of the few survivors of the long and inhuman confinement in British prison-ships in New York harbor.

MARY REED JOHNSTON.—1802. AGE OF 35.

His release occurred upon the evacuation of New York, when he returned to his home, barefooted and with scarce rags enough to cover his body, and these infested with vermin. Returning to the army, after a brief furlough, he remained with it until the close of the war.

My grandfather, John Johnston, the third and young-

est son of Robert, was born near Castle Derg, Ireland, on Sunday, June 16, 1765, and was in his fourth year when his father's family removed to America. I have already related the facts as to the family home near to, and later in, Chambersburg. It was at the latter place that John served an apprenticeship to the watch- and clock-making business.

In 1787, John was married to Mary Reed, and in the same year they removed to and established their home in Pittsburgh.

Mary Reed was born in Franklin County, Pennsylvania, Friday, August 14, 1767. Her father, Samuel Reed, was also a native of the same county, while her ancestors on that side, for a remote period, were Americans. Her father and several brothers served in the Revolutionary war, and there was not a man in the connection, bearing the name of Reed, of proper age, that did not likewise engage in that struggle.

The first residence and place of business of my grandfather was a house on Water Street, about midway between Market and Wood Streets, owned by General Adamson Tannehill. A few years after coming to Pittsburgh, he purchased the property on the northeast corner of Front Street (now First Avenue) and Chancery Lane and on this erected a three-story building, to which he removed, occupying it until his death. This was the third brick house which had been built in Pittsburgh. The first, according to Craig's *History of Pittsburgh*, was General John Gibson's, on Second Street, corner of Chancery Lane.

My grandfather, on his removal to Pittsburgh, began business on his own account, as a jeweler and watch- and clock-maker. He also made brass wire, and wire screens

for mills. In all matters of a public character he took an active part.

He was identified with many of the religious and benevolent movements of his day; he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the First Presbyterian Church, and his name, with that of each of his associates, appears as here given in the oldest minute that has been preserved relating to this venerable church. It bears date, "Meeting House, April 27, 1801.—Trustees present, Isaac Craig, John Johnston, John Wilkins, Ebenezer Denny, James B. Clow, Alexander Addison, George Stevenson, Andrew McIntire, and John Reed."

At the expiration of a term in 1806 he declined a re-election to the position, but was still called upon in subsequent years, by the congregation, to perform active duties.

It was during the period of his trusteeship that the log church, which occupied the well known site on Wood Street, given to the congregation by the heirs of William Penn in 1787, gave way to the brick edifice which preceded the more pretentious structure now fronting on that street.

The brick church, begun in 1804, was completed the following year, and Mr. Johnston was among the principal contributors toward its erection.

In the year 1804, the position of postmaster at Pittsburgh being vacant in consequence of the death of a late incumbent,—Dr. Hugh Scott,—President Jefferson, then in the third year of his first term, sought the aid of the Representative in Congress from this district,—Hon. John B. C. Lucas,—to fill the vacancy, who named John Johnston, and this appointment was duly made. Not having been consulted, and having no desire for the position

SIXTH STREET.

And. McIntire.	John Scull.	James O'Hara.	Ebenezer Denny.	John Johnston.	Wm. Steel.	PULPIT.	John Wilkins.	John Irwin.	Isaac Craig.	James Ross.	Wm. Dunning.	Wm. Cecil.
33	34	35	36	37	38		1	2	3	4	5	6

											8	7
Jas. Morrison.	Jas. B. Clow.	Geo. Stevenson.	30	9	Steel Semple	Nath. Irish.	John Reid.
		Jas. Robinson.	29	10	G. McGonegle.		
		Jno. Wilkins, Jr	28	11	David Pride.		
		Jno. Woods.	27	12	Wm. Anderson.		
			26	13	James Riddle.		
			25	14	Jos. McCully.		
			24	15	Robt. Smith.		
			23	16			
			22	17	Thos. Collins.		
		Wm. Morrow.	21	18			
		And. Richardson.	20	19	Alex. Addison.		

WOOD STREET.

VIRGIN ALLEY.

PLAN OF THE PEWS IN THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BUILT OF LOGS, IN 1788. SHOWING ALSO THE PEWHOLDERS.

Whole number of Pews	38
Number rented in 1801	31
Highest Pew Rent	$12.00
Lowest Pew Rent	9.00

tendered him, which very probably was not one especially to be desired, the appointee declined its acceptance; but at the urgent solicitation of the Representative and others he at length consented to serve; and respecting the question of desirability, he held the office a sufficient length of time to determine the fact. None of his successors have enjoyed the opportunity of making even an approach to his tenure of office, it having been continued through the second term of Jefferson's administration, both of Madison's, through the first of Monroe's, and into the second year of the second term of that President, viz., 1822,—a period of eighteen years.

After so long a service, being anxious to be relieved, his son-in-law, William Eichbaum, was, at his request, appointed his successor, and he also served for an unusually long period, viz., eleven years.

Thus the office was a sort of family affair for twenty-nine years. Mr. Eichbaum's service was through the last two years of Monroe's administration, throughout that of John Quincy Adams, through General Jackson's first term, and through the first year of "Old Hickory's" second term, when — in pursuance of the policy ascribed to Secretary Marcy, that "to the victors belong the spoils," — he was removed to give place to a hungry politician belonging to the party in power.

During the entire official career of Mr. Johnston the post-office was at his residence on Front Street, corner of Chancery Lane, and throughout the greater part of this period his only daughter Rebecca, who in 1815 became the wife of William Eichbaum, performed the main duties of the office; for even after marriage (not having changed her place of residence until about the time of her father's death) she continued at this occupation as

formerly, and the postmistress was known to her townspeople in general.

The first news of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, Sept. 10, 1813, came to Pittsburgh in a letter addressed to Mr. Johnston; and immediately on receipt of it he carried it to Mr. Scull, who issued a diminutive extra of the *Gazette* announcing the glad tidings to the inhabitants of the town; and this, in all probability, was the first extra ever issued by the Pittsburgh press. A copy is yet in existence, having been preserved in the family of Mrs. Eichbaum.

John Johnston was fourth in succession of the postmasters of Pittsburgh. The first, John Scull, editor of the *Gazette*, was appointed in 1787, the year of the formation of the Federal Constitution, and the same in which my grandfather removed from Chambersburg. It was one year prior to this that the *Gazette* was established.

The second postmaster was George Adams, who served from 1794, the year in which Pittsburgh was incorporated as a borough, until his death in 1801. The third was Dr. Hugh Scott, whom my grandfather succeeded in 1804.

In politics John Johnston was a Democrat; he was also a member of the Masonic fraternity.

He died on Friday, May 4, 1827, in the sixty-second year of his age. His wife survived him about twelve years, dying April 4, 1839.

The children of John and Mary Reed Johnston were a daughter, Rebecca, and a son, Samuel Reed Johnston,—my father. Rebecca, born Saturday, Aug. 25, 1792, lived to the advanced age of ninety years, dying on Saturday, May 4, 1882. Her husband, William Eichbaum, was in many respects one of the most noted men the

city has produced; for, although a foreigner by birth,[1] he was educated here and trained to the life of usefulness which gave him prominence as a Pittsburgher. Doubtless as this narrative proceeds I shall have more to say concerning him.

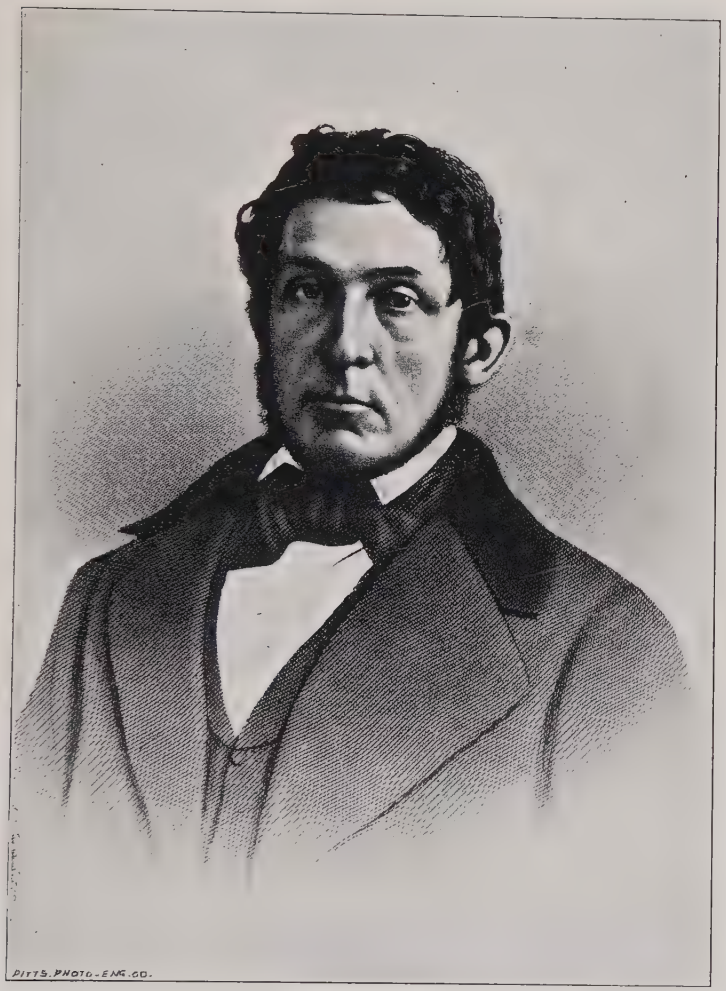
My father, Samuel R. Johnston, son of John and Mary Reed Johnston, was born Wednesday, July 26, 1797, in Pittsburgh, in the house built by his father, at the northeast corner of Front Street (now First Avenue) and Chancery Lane.

He received a thorough academic education, under circumstances peculiarly favorable; his instructors being men of mark, and widely known for their educational abilities. The institution was one from which the Western University sprang, and was incorporated as the Pittsburgh Academy, a charter having been obtained for it in 1787 from the State Legislature.

Among his instructors was Rev. Robert Patterson, the first graduate of Jefferson College, son of him widely known as "Father Patterson," a pioneer of Presbyterianism in the woods of western Pennsylvania; and to anticipate, this academic teacher was uncle of Robert W. Patterson, husband of the writer's daughter Elizabeth. Mr. Patterson was principal of the academy from 1807 to 1810.

Another instructor was Rev. Joseph Stockton, author of a once famous text-book,—"The Western Calculator,"—and one of the founders of the Western Theological Seminary. Mr. Stockton at an earlier period had been principal of an academy at Meadville, from which sprang Allegheny College. He also founded an academy in Allegheny, which occupied a little brick building in the centre of a graveyard on the West Common, from which

[1] Born at Monte Cenis, Burgundy, June 25, 1787.



From daguerreotype taken in 1850.

I infer it had been used as a place of worship, possibly by the First Presbyterian congregation, of which he was the first pastor. Mr. Stockton was noted as a fine Greek scholar. He succeeded Mr. Patterson as principal of the

SAMUEL REED JOHNSTON.—1802. AGE OF 5.

Pittsburgh Academy. I may add that he was father of Robert Clark Stockton, who became my father's business partner.

And still another of the academy's instructors at that time, and famed in the annals of our city, was Rev. Robert Bruce, D.D., who, when the academy became merged into

the University, was head of the faculty,—a proud position to occupy, since it was composed of men of eminent ability.

On finally quitting school, he became anxious to acquire a knowledge of printing, his attention doubtless being so drawn by the fact that his brother-in-law, William Eichbaum, was a member of the firm of Cramer, Spear & Eichbaum,[1] whose printing office was on Market Street (west side), between Front and Second Streets. My father was not regularly apprenticed to the business, but engaged in it rather as an amateur, working at will. His special fondness for it arose from the fact that it afforded him opportunities for the increase of knowledge upon a vast variety of subjects, the business being then almost wholly that of publishing miscellaneous works. His service, however, as a compositor, even in this unrestrained way, was brief, for he very early became one of the proprietors of the house; and ever afterward through life his duties were those of superintendence.

He was just entering his twenty-first year (1818), when his partnership with his relative began. In the year fol-

[1] Zadok Cramer was pioneer of the printing business in Pittsburgh, having begun in the year 1800; for a time he confined his attention to the publishing of primers and reading-books for youth. About two years later, adding a partner, the firm became Cramer & Spear. In 1810, William Eichbaum entering the firm, its style became Cramer, Spear & Eichbaum; and from this time onward the business of publishing was greatly enlarged. Mr. Eichbaum purchased the interests of his partners in 1815, and the business for the next three years was carried on by him solely; when (1818), my father becoming his partner, the firm became Eichbaum & Johnston, continuing until 1824; when the former disposed of his interest to Mr. R. C. Stockton, and the style was changed to Johnston & Stockton. The latter firm was dissolved in 1850, leaving no successors.

lowing, they became proprietors of the *Pittsburgh Gazette*, which they continued to publish until the close of 1822.

About the close of the year 1824, Robert Clark Stockton purchased Mr. Eichbaum's interest in the business, and the firm became Johnston & Stockton. Clark Stockton, as he was commonly called, was the son of a Presbyterian minister[1] — mentioned previously — and had learned the trade of book-binding in the house of Eichbaum & Johnston.

The book-store of this firm was on Market Street, west side, one door south of Third; their printing office was at the corner of Third and Chancery Lane, and their bookbindery in a small brick building adjoining in the rear.

It was here that they set up and ran the first power press west of the Alleghenies; and this, too, driven by steam. It was an Adams press and the pioneer of a style by that name which the craft long regarded as excellent. Could the press of which I speak be placed beside one of the present day, it would provoke a very broad smile. It was exceedingly cumbrous, the frame being of timbers a foot square, and the whole mechanical structure primitive in the extreme. It was in June, 1833, that it was set in motion, and it was kept running until September, 1836, when it was sold, prior to the printing office being moved to a four-story, commodious building, which the firm erected on Third Street, adjoining the Third Presbyterian Church.

Even as far back as the days of Zadok Cramer, the pioneer of book and job printing in Pittsburgh, there had been considerable publishing done in the town, and this increased with the growth of the place. To-day, if we ex-

[1] His grandfather, Robert Stockton, was a cousin of Richard, a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

cept an occasional work of local interest, there is nothing published here.

Being frequently in the printing office in my boyhood, I have a distinct remembrance of the style of the presses then in use, there and everywhere else. These were exceedingly slow in operation, and full-grown men did all the work. The first movement was to ink the type with a padded ball, such as copper-plate printers still use. Next the sheet, with the utmost precision, was placed upon a tympan; then what was called a frisket, hinged to the tympan, was brought down and laid over the paper to hold it in place. Next the tympan was lowered to bring the sheet in contact with the types, when by revolving a cylinder, the bed of the press was brought beneath the platen, or press proper, when by pulling a lever the impression was made. Finally the bed was rolled back, the tympan flung up, the frisket lifted, and lo! the result:—a printed sheet! All these various and exceedingly tedious movements were necessary for the most trifling job, as well as for the greater folios of a book. How exceedingly slow the world moved on its axis! The wonder is how so much was accomplished as even then was demanded, and how well the demand was met! When it is considered what vast strides have been made in printing-press mechanism since the second quarter of the century just past began, we cannot but marvel at the snail pace—or rather, no pace—in the march of improvements in the preceding four hundred years. Except that it was somewhat improved in design and finish, the press just spoken of was not widely different from the one to be seen in the Patent Office, Washington, upon which, in his early days, Ben. Franklin[1] had worked; nor can

[1] The Ben. Franklin here mentioned is the same whose descend-

it be claimed for it that it was much in advance upon that set up by Caxton in Westminster, or the one used by Gutenberg when his art was in its infancy; the latter being almost similar to the most ancient style of cider presses.

The first advance upon the method I have described was when rollers came into use, supplanting the ink ball. Then followed the important discovery that in printing, as in some other trades, boys might be of use. Previously, a few had been employed to "sweep out," or to run errands; but now it seemed possible that a step upward was in prospect for them: first to make of them "roller-boys," then, perhaps, in time, something higher; so it was that an increased number of them began to be used. Thus these little fellows—often called "printers' devils"—became initiated into the mysteries of the black art, and from their ranks commonly were recruited those who afterward became journeymen printers.

Although for nearly fifty years experiments more or less successful had been made in constructing power presses, or what may be termed printing machines, it was not until about 1838 that these began to be much used, and then only for a small class of work..

In 1825, Johnston & Stockton erected a paper-mill at Fallston, Beaver County, where there was and still is excellent water power. They made writing, printing, and wrapping papers, supplying these commodities over a widely extended territory.

In 1839, and again in the following year, my father was Treasurer of the city of Pittsburgh, having been elected

ant was refused membership in the Society of Colonial Dames of Albany, on the ground that her ancestor, through whom she claimed admission, was a mechanic!

to that position by the Councils.[1] In October, 1841, he was elected Treasurer of Allegheny County, and served the term of two years. Again, in 1846, he was by Councils chosen City Treasurer. James M. Christy succeeded him in the year following, but resigning in September to accept the secretaryship of the Pittsburgh Gas Company, my father was then chosen for the remainder of the term, and was elected again in 1848, and in each succeeding year until the close of 1851.

At the first organization of public schools in Pittsburgh, about 1835, he was chosen a Director in the First Ward, and served many years, occupying for a time the position of Secretary; Mr. William Eichbaum being President, and Mr. John Caldwell, Treasurer of the Board. As showing of what calibre it was then thought necessary that school directors should be, in addition to those named, there were George Albree, Richard Edwards, and Thomas Liggett, Jr.

Whilst his father had been a Freemason, he was opposed to the order and warmly seconded the efforts of his brother-in-law, William Eichbaum, who in 1829 took an active, leading part in organizing the Anti-Masonic party, which was not a mere local affair, but one which assumed prominence in many States. One of its triumphs was the election of Joseph Ritner as Governor of Pennsylvania in 1835; and yet earlier, in 1830, as the candidate of this organization, Harmar Denny was elected to Congress from Allegheny County. It was, too, on the Anti-Masonic ticket that my father was elected County Treasurer in 1841.

In national politics, my father early cut loose from leading-strings. His maiden presidential vote was cast

[1] There was no election to this office by the people until 1858.

for James Monroe, in 1820, there being at that time scarce any division among the people of the United States in political matters; partyism for a time having died out. This was the only occasion when he and his father were united politically.

Upon the reorganization of the Pittsburgh Blues, a military company which had served under General Harrison in the war of 1812, and was afterward disbanded, he became a member of it, was chosen Captain, and received his commission from Governor Heister, in 1821.

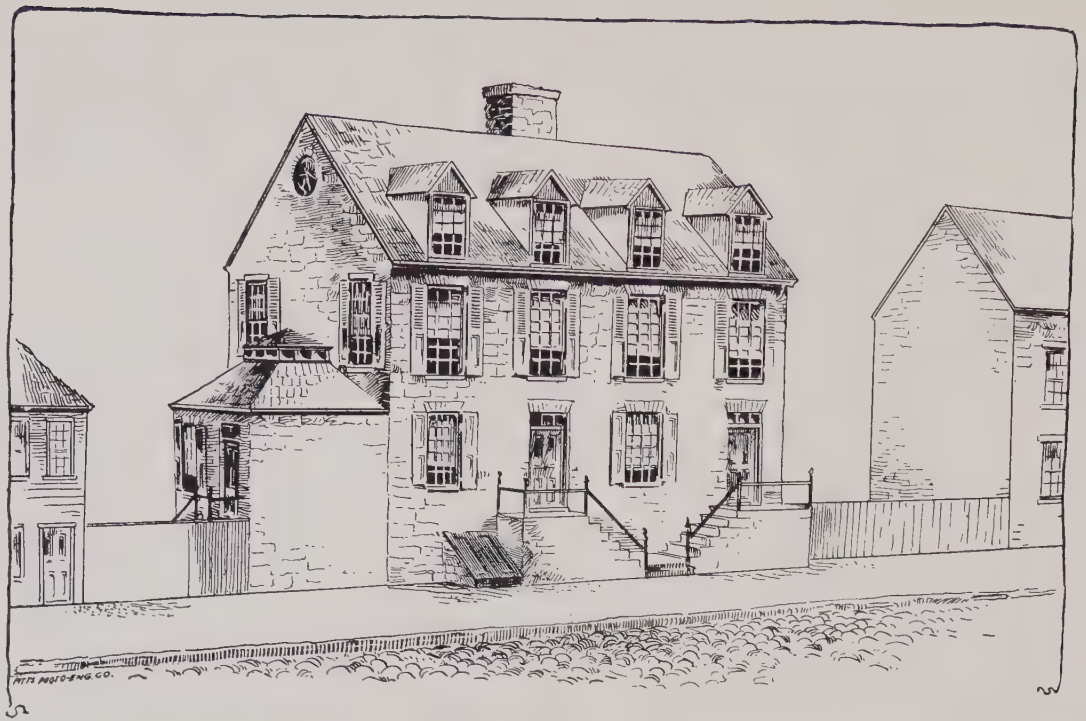
My father was a member of the First Presbyterian Church, to which from childhood, beginning with the old log "meeting-house," his steps had been inclined, under the guidance of a godly mother. In his gifts, and in the acts of his life in general, he was a conscientious Christian.

For over twelve years prior to his death he was a Trustee of the First Church; and during the latter half of this period filled the double position of Secretary and Treasurer of that body: and when the present house of worship was being erected he also served as treasurer of the building fund, toward which he was a liberal contributor. It was not his privilege to witness the completion of that building: a better, one not made with hands, awaited him.

On Tuesday, June 24, 1824, my father married Mary Nelson, niece of the late Major William Graham, in whose family she had been brought up from infancy, and it was at his residence, which occupied the site on which has been built the Dollar Savings Bank, that this marriage took place. Besides myself, there were born to my parents two daughters and a son—the late Samuel Reed Johnston, Jr. Their first residence was on the west side of Market Street, one door south of Third Street.

In 1835 my father purchased a property on the north side of Second Street, below Chancery Lane, running through to Third Street, to which the family removed. The dwelling, quite a large one, built of stone, was in a measure historic. It was erected in 1787 by a Scotchman. In 1804, and for a dozen or more years after, it was used by the first banking house west of the Alleghenies, — the branch of the Bank of Pennsylvania,— whose President was John Wilkins, Jr., and Cashier, George Poe, Jr. The family of the latter lived in the dwelling part. This bank was still in existence in 1815, when the Directory of the borough was published by James M. Riddle, father of the late Robert M. Riddle, of the *Commercial Journal.* At this time James O'Hara was its President, and Mr. Poe was still the Cashier. Among the directors were the following well-known citizens: Anthony Beelen, Thomas Baird, Boyle Irwin, Ebenezer Denny, and George Wallace. The first three I remember well, the last two died before my birth.

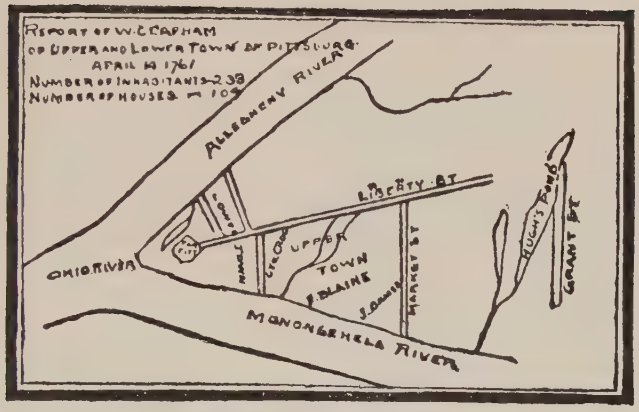
It was in the house just mentioned that my mother died, on Wednesday, April 24, 1839. It was destroyed in the fire of 1845, which began nearly opposite, at the corner of Ferry Street. My father rebuilt upon the same site, and it was here that he died on Sunday, September 17, 1854.



RESIDENCE OF S. R. JOHNSTON, DESTROYED IN THE FIRE OF 1845.

Used formerly by the branch of the Bank of Pennsylvania: the first banking house west of the Alleghenies.

NOTE.—On page 585 of a *History of Allegheny County*, published in 1889, will be found what purports to be the building above shown, and it will be there seen that the compiler of the history impliedly adds his testimony to its correctness, when he says, he "remembers it well." But inasmuch as it closely resembles the old jail, it is reproduced on page 72 of this volume, and the reader in comparing the two cuts in connection with the facts here stated, may find occasion to indulge in a quiet smile.



EARLIEST MAP OF PITTSBURG.

CHAPTER III.

SOME EARLY PITTSBURGH HISTORY.

IN a more extended record of my grandfather, John Johnston, than appears in the preceding chapter I had included a number of matters relating to the early history of Pittsburgh which I here transfer to this volume as they may be of interest to the general reader.

SOME EARLY STATISTICS.—ARTHUR LEE'S DESCRIPTION.

The whole number of houses in Pittsburgh, at the time of the arrival of my grandfather, did not, perhaps, exceed seventy. In the year previous (1786), according to a statement in Niles's *Register*, (vol. xxx, p. 436), there were but forty-three, as follows: "36 of log, 1 of stone, 1 frame, and 5 small stores." [1]

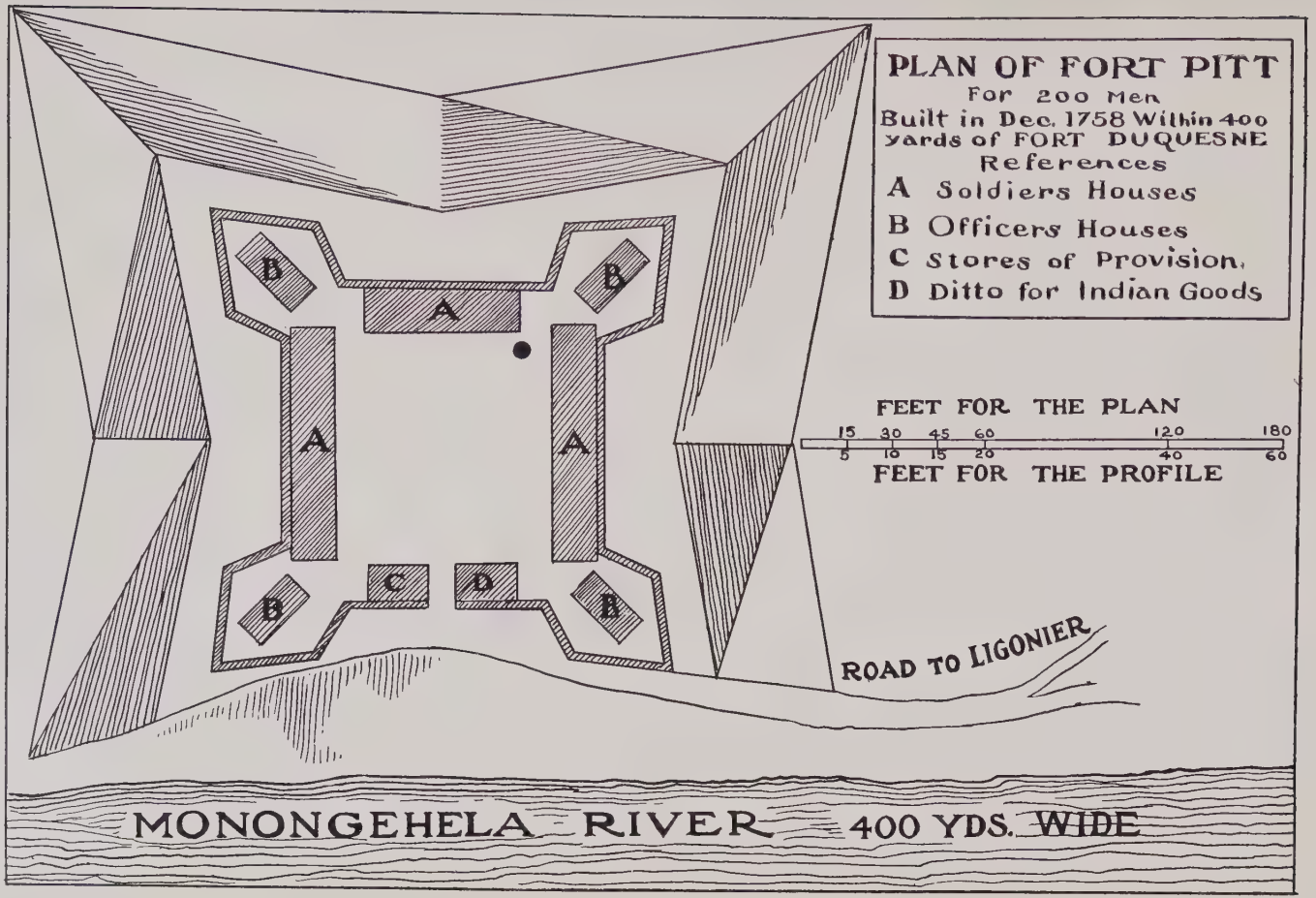
No one writes of the early history of Pittsburgh with-

[1] Statements as to the number of houses and population of Pittsburgh in its early days vary so greatly that it is impossible either

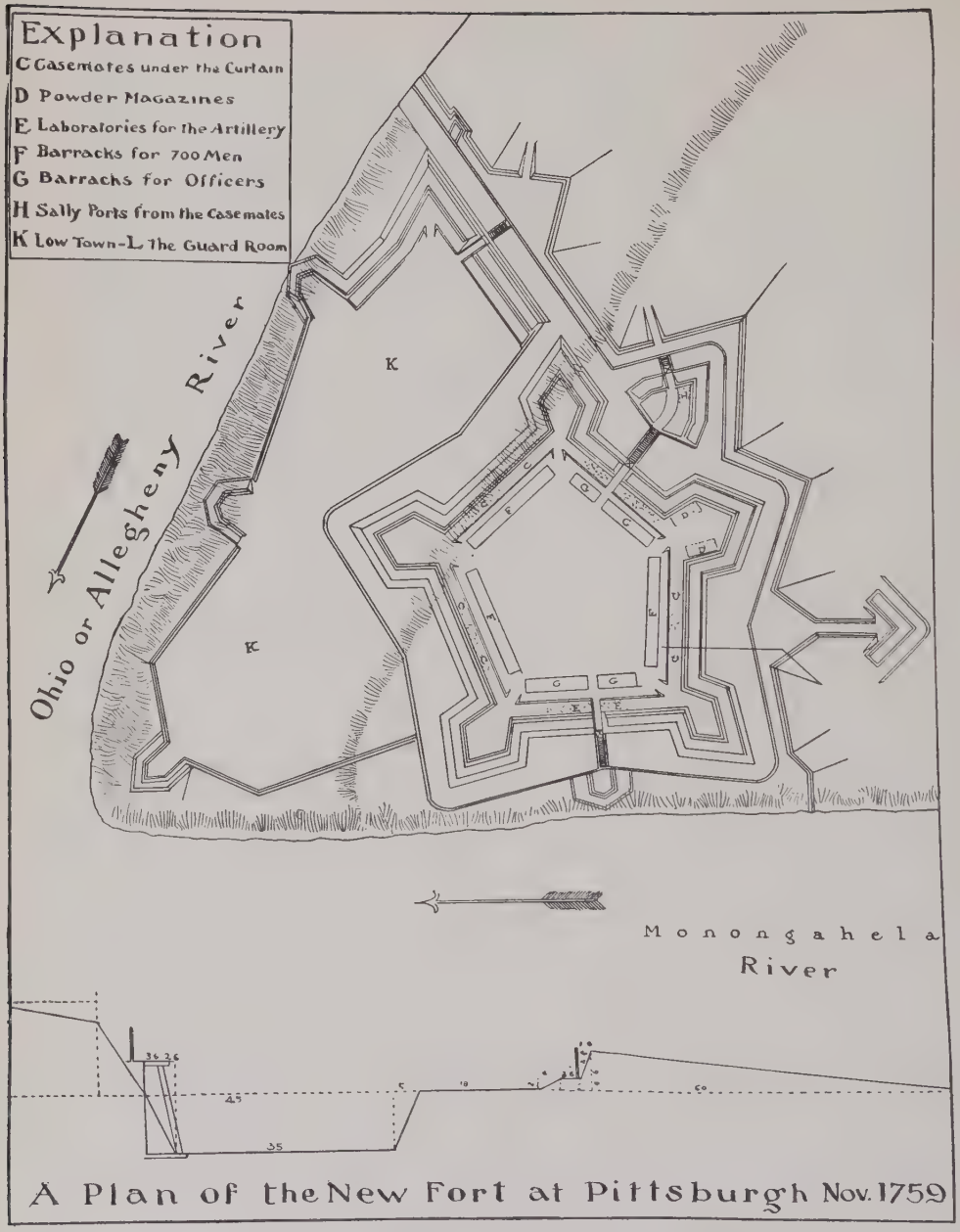
out quoting the remarks of Arthur Lee in 1784: "Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log houses, and are as dirty as in the North of Ireland, or even Scotland. The place, I believe, will never be considerable." Now, as we have Lee's opinion of Pittsburgh, let us, side by side with it, have Dr. Franklin's opinion of Lee. Four years prior to the date above given, in a letter from France, where he so ably represented the States, addressed to Joseph Reed, President of Congress, Franklin speaks of Lee as a "calumniator"; and after reciting some of his acts, adds: "I caution you to beware of him; for in sowing suspicions and jealousies, in creating misunderstandings and quarrels among

to reconcile them, or to arrive at correct data. The following examples illustrate this fact:

	Houses.	People.
Col. Burd's diary for 1760.—Houses finished, 146; unfinished, 19; huts. 36	201	149
Captain William Clapham, report to Col. Bouquet, 1761	104	
Exclusive of soldiers and their families living in town		233
George Washington's journal of 1770, fixes the number of houses at about 20, and says they are mostly occupied by Indian traders.		
Judge Brackenridge's statement in first number of *Pittsburgh Gazette*, July 29, 1786	100	1500
(Rather crowded houses.)		
The *Pittsburgh Gazette*, January 9, 1796, on data furnished by assessors		1395
Neville B. Craig's *History of Pittsburgh*, estimate for 1796 (p. 281)	102	816
William Eichbaum frequently stated that when he arrived in Pittsburgh (1797) there were the same number of houses as there were years in the century. (Close agreement with Mr. Craig)	97	
The Census of 1800		1565



THE FIRST FORT PITT.


Explanation
C Casemates under the Curtain
D Powder Magazines
E Laboratories for the Artillery
F Barracks for 700 Men
G Barracks for Officers
H Sally Ports from the Casemates
K Low Town-L. The Guard Room
Ohio or Allegheny River
K
K
Monongahela River
A Plan of the New Fort at Pittsburgh Nov. 1759

THE SECOND OR PERMANENT FORT PITT.

Scale, 300 feet to one inch. Scale of profile, 30 feet to one inch.

In the summer of 1900 the writer procured, from the British Museum, a full-size copy of the original plan of this fort, from which the above reduced engraving was made. This is the first time the plan has ever been shown in print.

friends, in malice, subtlety and indefatigable industry, he has, I think, no equal." Now, Pittsburgh can afford to stand the abuse of this dirt-flinging "calumniator," since in the issue it has become "considerable"; while Arthur Lee, with all his opportunities, did not. Of an illustrious family, he did nothing to add to its renown.

"Pile pigmy upon Alps, it is a pigmy still."

On October 6, 1791, according to Craig's *History of Pittsburgh*, Turnbull and Marmie were engaged "in pulling down Fort Pitt and in selling the materials of which it was constructed." The bricks were sold to two enterprising men of whom Pittsburgh must ever be proud, for they helped in the laying of her foundations. Both were officers in the Revolutionary war; and both served in the armies which ultimately restored peace on our frontiers, so often disturbed by the depredations of the Indians. I refer to Gen. James O'Hara and Maj. Ebenezer Denny. With the brick thus bought, they built the row of houses on Market Street, which extended from Second to Third Street. The latter resided in the one which stood at the corner of Third Street, and it was here that he died in 1822. The writer of these memoirs, as stated, later on was born in the house adjoining.

Major Denny was at the surrender of Yorktown, and was assigned the honor of planting our country's flag on the walls of the enemy's fortifications as soon as the terms of capitulation were agreed upon. In the Indian wars, he fought under Generals Clarke, Harmar, and St. Clair in their several expeditions; and as aide of the latter it fell to his lot to be the bearer of dispatches to the President, which he was required to deliver in person, announcing the terrible disaster which had overtaken the

unfortunate but exceedingly able and patriotic commander. He was not destined, however, to be the witness of a scene occurring almost immediately after his departure from the executive mansion, the counterpart of which had been seen but on one other occasion,—on the field of Monmouth, when Charles Lee disobeyed the orders of his Commander-in-Chief,—a tremendous outburst of passion ruffling the ordinarily calm breast of George Washington.

Mr. Denny was the first Treasurer of Allegheny County; was the first Mayor of Pittsburgh; and was father of three men worthy of being the sons of one so distinguished,—Harmar, William H., and St. Clair Denny,—and grandfather of Captain James O'Hara Denny, who commanded our Jackson Blues in the war with Mexico.

General O'Hara was among the earliest settlers around Fort Pitt, coming here in 1773. On the breaking out of the war for independence he entered the army as a private and was made captain of a Virginia regiment, but his principal service was as Assistant Quartermaster. As an elector in the first presidential election, his vote was cast for George Washington. At the time of the Whiskey Insurrection, he was Quartermaster-General of the United States Army, and in that capacity also he was with General Wayne at the battle of Falling Timbers, which put an end to Indian hostilities. He was prominently identified with many business enterprises in Pittsburgh; and among others, in partnership with Major Isaac Craig, he established the first glass-house, thus becoming a pioneer of an industry which has made our city famous. He died in 1819, at his residence fronting on the Monongahela, at the corner of West Street.

FORT FAYETTE.

On December 16, 1791,—three months after Fort Pitt was demolished,—General Knox, Secretary of War under President Washington, wrote to Major Isaac Craig, Quartermaster (father of the historian), directing him to procure materials for a block-house and picketed fort, to be erected in Pittsburgh, in a position to cover the town and protect public stores which would be forwarded from time to time.

I do not anywhere find it stated what was the immediate cause at that particular time for this order being sent, but conjecture that the Secretary must have discovered that a mistake had been made in destroying a much more formidable work than the one he proposed to have built; that instead of there being no longer any fear from the encroachment of Indians, this opinion was suddenly changed by the alarming news which had just reached Philadelphia,—the defeat of General St. Clair, which occurred on the fourth day of the month previous.

On the 29th of December, Major Craig, replying to General Knox, said that he was making every possible exertion to comply with his order, adding:

"Accounts from Fort Franklin, as well as your orders, urge the necessity of prompt attention to the defence of this place. By next post I shall inclose you a sketch of the ground and the work, that I have judged necessary; it will be erected on eight lots, Nos. 55, 56, 57, 58, 91, 92, 93 and 94; they belong to John Penn, Jr. . . . It is not intended to cover the whole of the lots with the work, but the portion not covered will be suitable for gardens, for the garrison. . . . I take the liberty of inclosing you two letters from Fort Franklin, and extracts of other letters of same date (Dec. 26), by which

it appears that that garrison is in imminent danger, and that the fidelity of the northern Indians is not to be depended upon. . . . I am mounting four six-pounders on ship carriages, for the block-houses; but there are no round shot or grape shot for that calibre here, the last being sent to Fort Washington."

On January 12, 1792, he again wrote:

"As there is no six-pound shot here, I have taken the liberty to engage four hundred at Turnbull & Marmie's furnace, which is now in blast. . . . Reports by the way of Franklin say that in the late action (St. Clair's defeat, Nov. 4, 1791), the Indians had three hundred killed and many wounded, that there were eight hundred Canadians and several British officers in the action. . . . I shall take the liberty of communicating to the inhabitants of Pittsburgh your assurance of such ample and generous means of defence."

On May 18, 1792, Major Craig wrote to General Knox:

"Captain Hughes, with his detachment has occupied the barracks in the new fort since the 1st instant. Two of the six-pounders are very well mounted in the second story of the block-houses. The others will be mounted in a few days. The work, if you have no objection, I will name Fort Lafayette."

As to the name, although Mr. Craig states that it was approved by the Secretary, it would appear from a letter quoted below, written one day later than Major Craig's, that the fort had already been named, presumably by authority of General Knox, and almost a week before the Quartermaster's suggestion; also in a modified form,—"Fayette."

A few years since, the Legislature of Pennsylvania

appointed a committee to collect whatever information they could in reference to the frontier forts within the State; and in their report edited by Dr. William H. Egle, State Librarian, the following description of Fort Fayette is given, this being an extract from a letter written May 19, 1792:

"The fort begun at this place [Pittsburgh] stands on the Allegheny River, within about one hundred yards of the bank, on a beautiful rising ground, about one fourth mile higher up than the old garrison of Fort Pitt. Captain Hughes of the 2nd U. S. Regiment commands the fort, which last Saturday, May 12, was named Fort Fayette."

In the next month following its completion and occupation, the army of General Wayne arrived in Pittsburgh, where it was intended it should rendezvous prior to his expedition against the Indians in the Northwest; and for a time a portion of his troops were quartered in its barracks. I may add that his cavalry encamped on Suke's run, near which stables for the horses were erected. This stream, coursing in the valley between Grant's and Boyd's hills, and emptying into the Monongahela, was then and long after very beautiful. Here, where it ran, in later times the Pennsylvania canal terminated; and yet later, here were laid the rails of the Panhandle Railroad.

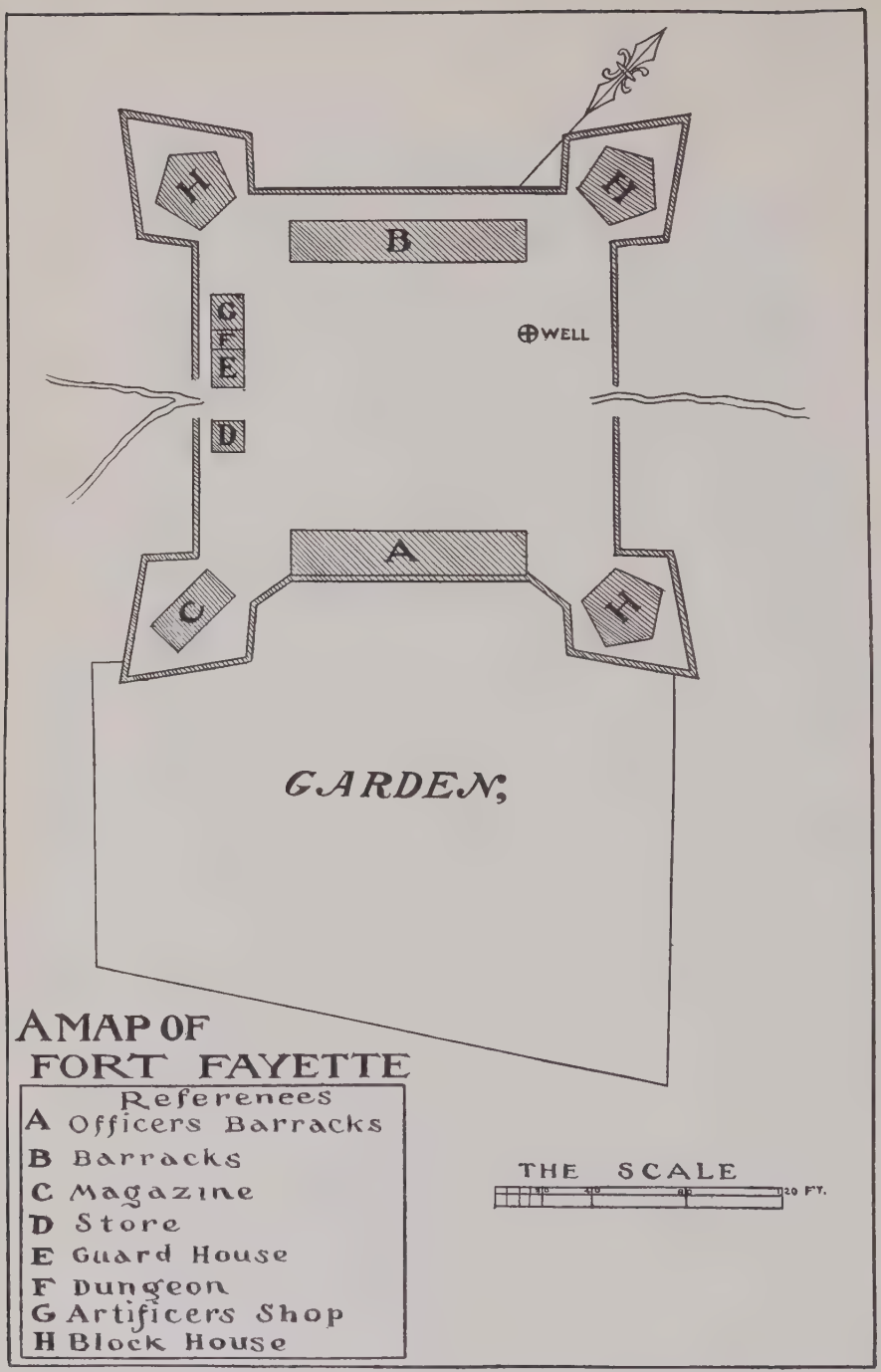
The bulk of the infantry belonging to Wayne's command encamped on the north side of the Allegheny, remaining there until the end of November, when another and more permanent camp was made on the Ohio, below where now is the village of Sewickley. The name Legionville was given this camp, the army being known as "The Legion."

In 1794, during the Whiskey Insurrection, some of the insurgents at their Braddock's field meeting talked of taking possession of this fort, its arms and ammunition ; but were overruled by more prudent counsels, when they sent a messenger to Major Thomas Butler,[1] then in command, that they would march peaceably by the fort into Pittsburgh, cross the Monongahela and return to their homes. His message in reply showed that he was fully prepared for whatever should happen,—" Your peaceable intentions will be best manifested by passing at a proper distance from the fort." They chose another route.

After the battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, the naval officers and men then captured were brought to Pittsburgh, and as mentioned previously, were imprisoned in this fort. This was the last use for which it was employed ; already, on August 2nd of that year, an Act of Congress had been passed for its demolition, and for the sale of the property upon which it stood.

I may now, leaping over a chasm of well-nigh a century, add that in 1884 the writer erected the building in which his business is conducted (on the corner of Penn Avenue and Ninth Street), upon the site of the south-east bastion of this fort, and that among the title-deeds handed down to him are two bearing the signatures of James Madison, President of the United States, and James Monroe, Secretary of State, for two of the lots, which as shown therein were sold at public sale on September 30, 1815, by authority of Congress. Prior to this the fort had been demolished. A portion of the property belonging to the government, extending from Penn Street to the river, was reserved. On this the two-

[1] This was one of the five fighting Butlers, two others of whom are referred to on a subsequent page.



Recently the writer obtained from the files of the War Department, Washington, a full-size copy of the original plan of this fort, from which the above reduced engraving was made. The plan has not previously appeared in print.

story brick building at the corner of Garrison Alley was erected, which has long been used as a recruiting station, doing service in this way both for the Mexican war, and our Civil war. The writer was familiar with it from his earliest boyhood, and remembers calling with his father at that time upon an army captain of our name stationed here, whose residence was in an adjoining building. Both Fayette Street and Garrison Alley, in that neighborhood, derive their names from the fort.

A few years since, in digging the foundations for a building on Penn Avenue, near the one erected by the writer, there were found a number of cannon balls lying close together, one of which was presented to me. Doubtless these balls belonged to the military stores, partly for the protection of which General Knox ordered the fort to be erected. Possibly too, these were cast by Turnbull & Marmie, from whom cannon balls were procured as stated in Major Craig's letter of January 12, 1792. The furnace of this firm was the first erected west of the mountains; it went into blast on November 1, 1790. Its location was on Jacob's creek, fifteen miles from its mouth, where it empties into the Monongahela,—a short distance from Brownsville, Fayette County. A few years later, another, the first erected in Allegheny County, was built by George Anshutz, grandfather of George A. Berry, Esq. It stood but a short distance from the spot where the Shadyside railway station now stands.

The plan of Fort Fayette, on the opposite page, appears for the first time in print. The legislative committee previously referred to endeavored to obtain a drawing of it, but were not successful. The writer, more fortunate, applied recently to the War Department

at Washington, and with but little delay was furnished with a fine blue-print, taken from the original on file.

RESIDENCE OF A RENOWNED PITTSBURGHER.

This stood on a large lot at the corner of Chancery Lane adjoining my father's residence. It is referred to in Craig's *History of Pittsburgh* as General Gibson's, and mentioned as the first which had been built of brick. Gen. John Gibson was a notable man. He was with General Forbes in the expedition which resulted in the acquisition of Fort Duquesne. At the peace of 1763 he settled in the neighborhood of Fort Pitt as a trader. At the outbreak of the Revolutionary war he commanded a regiment, and later had many encounters with Indians on our western borders. Of the convention which framed the constitution of Pennsylvania, he was a member. Subsequently he was a judge in one of the courts of our county,—or rather of Augusta County, Virginia, as at that time the dispute was unsettled as to what State this locality belonged, and Judge Gibson's authority was derived from Virginia, even though he considered himself as belonging to Pennsylvania when he helped to frame its fundamental law. Further, he was one of the founders of the First Presbyterian Church: I may add, too, that he was uncle of John Bannister Gibson, a renowned Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. A notable passage in the history of General Gibson was his connection with an event related in Jefferson's *Notes on Virginia*. In 1774, as there stated, Gibson had been sent into the western part of Virginia to negotiate terms of peace with the Shawnee towns, and at one of these he met Logan, a Mingo chief, with whom he had an interview, in which

occurred a speech by the latter which has gained wide celebrity for its wonderful diction, coming as it did from such a source. By many a schoolboy has it been chosen for a select oration, and the writer remembers having so employed it in his youth. It is full of pathos, very touching indeed, and remarkable, also, for its brevity. It opens with these words: "I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat"; then after other like statements, and mentioning his desire to be at peace with the whites, he recited the injuries received at their hands; the many murders committed by them, including even that of one in whose veins ran his own blood; and how terribly he, in turn, had been avenged. Then, after saying he rejoiced at a prospect of peace, he added: "But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Shortly before his death, which occurred in 1822, General Gibson conversed with some friends in relation to this speech, and whilst he would not assert that Jefferson had given the exact words, which because of their beauty and sublimity had so often been questioned as coming from an Indian, yet he could say that the *Notes on Virginia* contained the substance of the speech; adding that no translation could give an adequate idea of the original, the language of which was full of the most passionate pathos, and was uttered in tones of deepest feeling, and that in comparison with the speech as delivered, the translation was lame and insipid.

The house in which General Gibson had lived was in my boyhood, and up to the time of the great fire, occupied by the widow of a physician of note, Dr. James

PITTSBURGH IN 1795.

1. Peter Audrain
2. James Ross'
3. Ferry House
4. Morrow's Green Tree Tavern.
5. *Adamson Tannehill.
6. Samuel Ewalt.
7. *Presley Neville.
8. John Scull, where the Pittsburgh Gazette, the first newspaper west of the Allegheny mountains, was printed.
9. John Ormsby.
10. Samuel Sample's Tavern, where Washington stopped in 1770.
11. *John Neville.
12. *Isaac Craig.
13. *Abraham Kirkpatrick
14. *James O'Hara.
15. Col. Wm. Butler's widow.
16. Gen'l Richard Butler's widow.
17. Wm. Cecil, father of late Mrs. Brewer.
18. Dr. Nathaniel Bedford.
19 and 20. "Fort Fayette." (Should be shown to include Penn Street, then only opened as far up as the fort.)
21. J. Marie, afterward Jas. Ross.
22. Alexander Addison.
23. *John Gibson, the bearer of Logan's speech to Lord Dunmore.
24. *Major John Irwin.
25. The Redoubt at mouth of Redoubt Alley, built by Col. Wm. Grant in 1765.
26. Judge Brackenridge.
27. Watson's Tavern.
28. Charles Richards and
29. Benjamin Richards, colored
30. Black Bear Tavern.
31. Presbyterian Church.
32. Boat Yard.
33. James Ross.
34. James Robinson.
35. General Wayne's Stables.
*Officers of the Revolution.

36. N. E. cor. Front Street and Chancery Lane, residence of John Johnston, grandfather of Wm. G. Johnston. This was the third brick house built in the town. The post-office was here from 1804 until 1822, he being the postmaster.

other son, Richard, also settled in that county. Another, the youngest of the sons, C. James Agnew, was in my earlier years among my most cherished friends. The last two are long since deceased. There were, besides these, two lovely daughters, whom also I remember well; a son of the younger of these — Daniel Agnew Moore — married the daughter of my excellent friend, W. W. Card.

RESIDENCES OF TWO HEROES.

At the corner of Penn and Marbury (now 4th) Streets, there is still standing the log house in which had lived Col. William Butler; and immediately adjoining, but fronting on Marbury Street, is another, also built of logs, which had been the residence of Gen. Richard Butler.[1] These two were brothers, and there were still three others, and all had been gallant officers of the Revolution.[2]

[1] The date of the erection of these houses is not known. Tradition fixes them as next after Colonel Bouquet's redoubt. In all probability the log house of John Ormsby on Water Street, above Ferry, was built at a still earlier date. At all events these four rank not only as the earliest erected in Pittsburgh, but in fact the earliest west of the Alleghenies; and it is singular, that notwithstanding all the changes that have taken place around them, they yet remain.

[2] "Gen. Richard Butler was one of the most distinguished Pennsylvania officers of the Revolutionary army, and the eldest of five brothers designated by Washington as 'the five Butlers, a gallant band of patriotic brothers.' General Butler was in continuous service throughout the war, part of the time as Lieutenant-Colonel of Morgan's famous rifle regiment. He distinguished himself at Saratoga and Monmouth, and led one of the two storming parties at the taking of Stony Point. He was present with his regiment in the operations on James River, and at the capture of Cornwallis. He was second in command under St. Clair in his expedition against the Indians in 1791, and was killed in the

AN EMINENT PITTSBURGH MECHANIC.

An eminent Pittsburgh mechanic was one whose name will ever occupy a foremost place among those who have added renown to the workshops of Pittsburgh, lifting the mechanical arts to a high plane in this hive of industry, was James Thomson. In the early part of the last century Mr. Thomson came to Pittsburgh, from Chambersburgh, and set up a watch- and clock-making establishment on Market Street. Later, he engaged in steam engine building, and while thus employed, as a member of the firm of Thomson, Tomlinson & Co., built for the United States the steamship *Allegheny*,[1] which if not the first was

disastrous fight on the Miami River on the 4th of November of that year. A great-granddaughter of General Butler, Miss Eliza Irwin Butler, of Pittsburgh, married, in 1877, Nicholas Biddle, a great-grandson of Charles Biddle."—(*Autobiography of Charles Biddle.*)

Captain James R. Butler, who commanded the Pittsburgh Blues in the war of 1812, was a son of Gen. Richard Butler, and was born in the old house above mentioned. When his company was about to start on its long wilderness march to the Wabash country, he took it along Marbury Street, where his aged mother was still living, and calling a halt walked up the steps to the door where she was standing, to bid her farewell. On leaving her, she said in a clear voice, words which were distinctly heard and long remembered by the men: "My son, remember that you are a Butler, keep that name ever in honor; farewell, God bless you!"

[1] The launching of the *Allegheny* took place February 22, 1837, the day on which the writer was eight and a half years old, and was witnessed by him as he stood near the bow of the vessel, in the foremost rank of a great crowd assembled for the occasion. It is altogether possible that in securing so good a position he had crawled between the legs of many men who were inclined, had they had room enough in which to move their feet, to help him onward, though perhaps faster than he might have desired. Even yet he remembers seeing the great hull slide into the water as the props of the ways were knocked from beneath. A daughter of

among the earliest of iron steamers made in America. Ever held in high esteem, in 1841 he was called by his fellow-citizens to the mayoralty, then and for some years later accounted a position of honor, none but men of high standing in the community being thought worthy to fill the office. For many years, also, in fact until compelled by age to withdraw from all active labors, he was the engineer in charge of the city gas works.

John Tyler, afterwards President of the United States, then visiting in Pittsburgh, was chosen to name the steamer, which ceremony, however, was not performed until the vessel arrived at Cincinnati. Our country's flag was carried to remote ends of the earth by the *Allegheny*, and with it the name of the little inland town where she was built; but so insignificant was it then, it had not been heard of, and its very existence was doubted. To-day, if no longer ships are built on the head waters of the Ohio, it is nevertheless universally known that Pittsburgh forges the iron with which the greatest war vessels afloat are clad. I may add that since the *Allegheny*, other iron boats for navigating our rivers have been built in Pittsburgh, the first of these being the *Valley Forge*, built by Robinson, Minnis & Miller.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRTH, CHILDHOOD, AND EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,
The mirth of its December
And the warmth of its July.
On my brow, love, on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care,
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were."

I WAS born in Pittsburgh, on Friday, August 22, 1828, in a house built by Major Ebeneezer Denny, of brick taken from Fort Pitt at the time of its demolition, when as a post of defence against the encroachments of Indians it was no longer needed. Hence I think I may lay claim to being a Pittsburgher. This house stood on the west side of Market Street, one door south of Third, and was destroyed in the fire of 1845.

From 1830 to 1835 my parents resided on Front Street, below Ferry, and my earliest recollections go back to a period midway between these dates. Certain events of the early part of 1832, when I was but three and a half years old, have been ever fresh in my memory. One of these was the famous flood on February 10th of that year, when our rivers attained a height without parallel,

so far as we have any data; unless it be, as I have seen stated, that the flood of 1884 reached a level of three or four inches higher. Even should this be the case, the volume of water in the earlier flood was greater, inasmuch as the width of the streams in a half-century has been greatly contracted by the constant filling in of earth, rubbish, and ashes; their banks being a common dumping place. I remember well the sight of that vast body of water, and such evidences of its destructiveness as houses, barns, haystacks, and lumber borne along by its rushing current, as led by my nurse I walked along the bluff banks of the Monongahela.

THE MONONGAHELA BRIDGE AT TIME OF THE FLOOD OF 1832.

About two weeks prior to the flood, as an empty coal wagon hauled by four horses—one of Jacob Beltzhoover's teams—was returning from the city to the pits on Coal Hill, just as it reached the centre of a span of the bridge nearest the city end, one of the great wooden arches split,

and the driver, wagon, and horses were precipitated into the stream, and curious to relate no injury was sustained by either. The sinking of a pier occasioned the disaster. The bridge in the condition here related was one of the sights obtained that day, and a vast number of persons were there viewing it, as it was feared that the flood would sweep it away.[1] As above stated, I was accompanied by my good nurse, Mrs. Rosanna Biggs, or "Rosey," as we called her, who, I doubt not, made it part of her duty that both she and her charge should see all the sights, and thus through the conscientious performance of her self-assigned task, after the lapse of nigh seventy years, I am enabled to record what we then beheld.

I also have in recollection that at the time of this flood Mr. John D. Davis was building a dwelling-house on Water Street, below Ferry, the rear end of which was directly opposite my father's residence. The cellar walls had just reached the street level, and inside of them I saw a skiff floating in water. It was possible that by seepage, rather than by an overflow of the river banks, water might have entered the cellar, but the presence of the boat would indicate the latter, and this fact will enable any one who has never seen a flood in the Monongahela of equal proportions to that of 1832 to form a conception of it.

My memory carries me back about a month still earlier than the great flood, to a deep snow which had then fallen, the melting of which doubtless occasioned the flood. In depth it was about equal to my height. Paths through it had been dug around my father's house, and out to the front gate. To improve these paths was a matter which

[1] This bridge, built in 1816, was destroyed by the fire of 1845.

deeply engaged my attention, when, with a small fire shovel, I slipped out into the yard and began operations. My absence discovered, I was brought back with some degree of suddenness to the house, to confront a doctor, who on an examination of my tongue, and feeling my pulse and brow, sagely declared mine to be a case of measles.

Put to bed at once, "fippenny bits" were given me at regular stated intervals, to induce the swallowing of drugs for which I had no particular liking. I remember that for a time the window blinds were closely drawn and the room kept dark, in order that my eyes might be protected from the light. For a long while the impression was deep on my mind that the doctor had brought the measles; and, I was, moreover, unwilling to forgive him as being the cause of my fun being spoiled, when I was on the point of shovelling away the great banks of snow in the yard. Who the medicine man was, I do not remember.

A few years later, Dr. Sheply R. Holmes was our family physician. He was tall, erect, and uncommonly quick in his gait, appearing and disappearing as by magic. Around his neck he wore a white cloth in frequent folds, and so broad that it gave his chin an upward inclination; and as he was unusually florid, there was a suggestion that the neck-cloth was choking him.

Blood-letting was then a universal panacea for human ills, and every physician carried a lancet. I have in mind a vivid picture of Dr. Holmes, who stood high in his profession, applying his lancet to my mother's arm, as standing erect, she held it at full length, when in an instant the blood from an opened vein spurted forth in a lively stream toward a basin placed in readiness to receive it. After a sufficient flow of the vital current, the arm

was tightly bound with a wide ribbon, and then the exhausted patient, with a compassion hardly to be expected, was permitted to take some rest and enjoy respite ere other inflictions of the science of healing were administered. Farcical as such scenes would now seem to be, they were every-day occurrences, and contributed in no small measure to the support of undertakers and gravediggers. To this practice of phlebotomy the death of General Washington was due. How shocking it is to contemplate that one so illustrious could have been made the victim of such dense ignorance! Medical science is of slow growth, and in coming times the absurdities of the present day will doubtless be laughed at.

Another remembered event of the year twice already referred to was one which occurred when I was precisely three and a half years old,—the celebration of the centennial of Washington's birth, February 22, 1832. There was a procession through the streets of our city in which the various tradespeople engaged, many of them employing symbols of their respective occupations: thus, as I distinctly recall, the cabinet-makers carried a cradle, possibly a patriotic device, in allusion to the cradle of liberty, as well as an emblem of that particular trade. Whatever else I may have seen, this only is remembered, and I can readily account for its retention. My mother's uncle, William Graham, marched with the cabinet-makers, he being a manufacturer in that line of business, and she, as I stood on a window-sill of a house on Market Street looking at the parade, — her arms about me, — pointed out him after whom I had been named. Through all of the many years since then, that cradle — the one singled out in the procession — and the words spoken have been indelibly impressed on my memory.

A few years later, I became familiar with a banner which the printers carried on the occasion just referred to, for it stood then, and for a long time after, behind a printing press in the office of Johnston & Stockton. The pressman who carried the banner, and who also worked on the press referred to, was named John Knox. The device on the banner was an old-fashioned hand press, and beneath it was a couplet, which in later years I learned was from the pen of Judge Story:

PRINTER'S BANNER, CENTENNIAL OF BIRTH OF WASHINGTON.

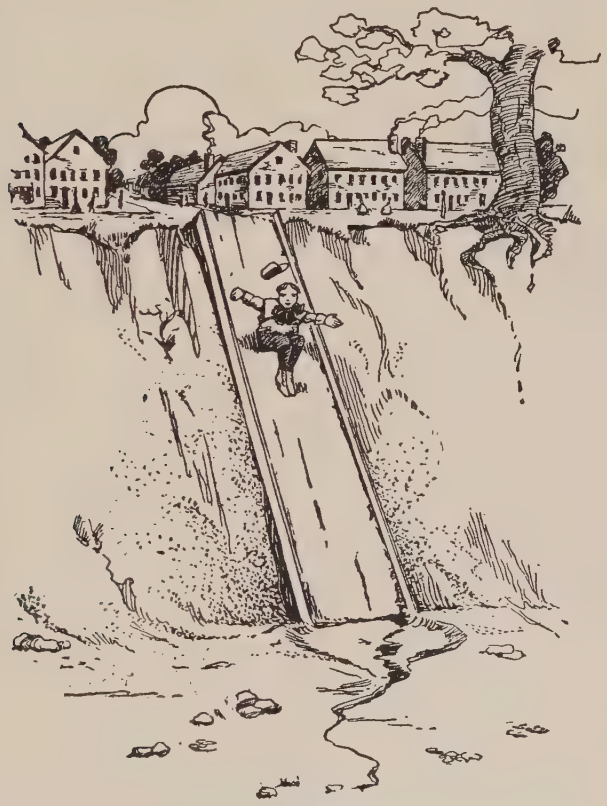
> "Here shall the Press the people's rights maintain,
> Unawed by influence, and unbribed by gain."

A recollection of a different character, belonging to two or three years later, is in my mind. Coming into the house one day with wet feet, I pulled off my shoes to dry them. I was alone in my mother's room, a fire in the grate had been recently replenished with coal, and I

selected a large lump, which lay on the top, as a suitable place for my wet shoes. Turning aside and busying myself in divers things, it was not until the odor of burnt leather attracted my attention that I discovered my shoes crisped and curled out of shape, and, of course, useless. Why might not this be accounted an illustration of a Scriptural expression: "While I mused the fire burned"? It is said that "a burnt child dreads the fire." I, however, have to confess that this lesson of my childhood did not produce the dread it should, inasmuch as in later years I was a sufferer from a similar cause, and under circumstances when the loss of a pair of shoes was indeed serious, the source of supply being distant; and had it not been that I possessed a duplicate pair, my situation would have been deplorable. This was on a night in the year '49, when at the close of a day's journey through the Utah Mountains (being *en route* to California), I placed my wet shoes by the camp-fire, and carelessly leaving them for a time, found them on my return ruined.

An adventure of my fifth year, which at the time overwhelmed me with distress, but which has often since provoked an inward smile, I feel forced to relate. I had undergone a thorough ablution, my nurse, Rosey, had done me up in my best bib and tucker, including an expansive linen collar spread out over my shoulders, beneath which passed a handsome ribbon; whilst a pair of shoes, worn for the first time, encased my feet: so that altogether I was feeling specially proud and well satisfied with myself. Thus attired, I was sent forth with instructions to "go and show yourself to your papa." My father's office was on Third Street, at the corner of Chancery Lane; but the Monongahela always had particular

attractions for me; and as the day was fine, and the river not much out of my course, I first bent my steps thither, going to the foot of Ferry Street, where was



EXAMINING THE CHUTE.

a chute made of heavy planks, which conveyed the contents of street gutters down the side of the precipitous river bank. My investigations on the day in question

included this chute; and without scarcely knowing how it happened, in a twinkling—in much less time than it takes to tell it — I found myself at its foot in a pool of filthy mire, which covered me from heel to crown. Of course I had incautiously stepped on the slimy boards at the upper end of the chute, and my feet lifted from under me, I had passed like a greased streak of lightning to the bottom, a distance of about twenty feet. Gathering myself up, I climbed to the top of the bank, and still remembering the errand upon which I had been sent, felt that it was a matter which must be performed, while the thought of returning home did not occur to me. Accordingly, I went in the direction which stern duty pointed out. On arriving at the corner of Third and Ferry Streets, the suggestion forced itself upon me that I would be more presentable to "papa" if the mud in which I was enveloped were dried, and seeing a cellar door there which would facilitate this design, I stretched myself upon it until the sun wrought a change in my condition, when I proceeded on my journey. Immediately on entering the sanctum of my father, I seemed for the first time to realize how sadly changed I was from what I had been when, bathed and arrayed in fine apparel, I started out; and I burst into a torrent of tears, whilst he, not able to restrain himself, laughed until tears coursed down his cheeks as profusely as they did on mine.

It was about this period in my life, that having a wart on one of my fingers, my father—presumably for sport, certainly having no belief in such nonsense — directed me how to charm it away. Giving me a knife, he told me to go into the yard of a neighbor and cut a small piece of meat from a steak which could be seen hanging

from a nail near the kitchen door; that the wart must be rubbed with the beef, which should then be buried in a spot where water falling from the eaves of a roof would moisten it. A necessary part of the cure was that the meat should be stolen, hence the reason for going for a shred belonging to a neighbor. I remember following the directions implicitly, but with reluctance; for though so young, I felt no little disdain at the preposterousness of such a cure.

I was but a few years old when negro minstrelsy had its beginning, the originator being one who went by the name of Dad Rice. I remember hearing of him when he visited Pittsburgh, about 1833–4, and can recall the names of some songs he sang. I have in memory also that about that time an intimate friend of my mother, belonging to the Ormsby family, when calling brought with her some sheets of music, and seating herself at the piano sang in a spirited manner one or more of the negro songs then popular, to the great delight of our household and of others who happened in at the time. One was "Dandy Jim of Caroline." The earliest of all negro melodies was one belonging to Rice's repertoire, entitled "Jim Crow." Another of the same period had a verse running thus, as I recall:

"The baboon married the monkey's sister,
Smacked his lips and den he kissed her,
Kissed her so hard it raised a blister,
Den set up a yell.
O what do you t'ink the bride was drest in?
A red silk gown and a green glass breastpin;
O she was quite interestin',
She was quite a belle."

To a Pittsburgher,—Stephen C. Foster—whom I remember well, born about two years before myself,— negro

minstrelsy owes more than to any other composer. His songs are known everywhere. Even on the far away banks of the Nile I have heard his melodies sung by native boys who seemed as familiar with them as are any of us. And who is there that does not know and admire them? Their beauty is recognized by the latest musical celebrity; and when instead of half-hearted, conventional applause, arising from an affected appreciation of a performance, something genuine is sought by the performer,—easily distinguished by its spontaneity,—the response to the *encore* is apt to be a soul-stirring melody, such as "Way down upon de Suwanee Ribber," which I remember Christine Nilsson employed on her visit to Pittsburgh about 1872, when the house was brought down in a manner characteristic of a Pittsburgh audience when overtaken by a spell of delight.

Shortly before my sixth birthday, it was my good fortune to see one who in the annals of Western life will ever hold a conspicuous place,—David Crockett.

Truth and fiction are so blended in the stories relating to his adventures, that by some people he has been regarded as a myth; or as a species of centaur,—half horse and half alligator. But any one who will read the simple though illiterate story of his life, written by himself, and brought down to within a few hours of his tragic death, will find the record of an honest man, a fearless patriot, and one whose life and death exemplified his motto, "Be sure you 're right, then go ahead." His story is one of uncommon interest, and in the hands of a biographer able to do him justice, he would rank among the heroes of the world. When I saw him he was on his way to his home in Tennessee, after serving two terms in Congress, and having just made a tour through New

England, visiting the principal Eastern cities, and receiving marked attention at the hands of many eminent men. It was on the afternoon of a Sunday in the early part of July, 1834, that I saw him. My father had learned of his arrival by stage on the evening previous, and took me to see him at his stopping-place, a tavern at the corner of Market and Second Streets, kept by George Beale,—"gentle Gordie," as his familiars called him. Entering the large apartment used for the double purpose of barroom and gentlemen's parlor, we found Crockett seated near a window conversing with a group of citizens, who, either through curiosity, or from a desire to pay their respects to the renowned visitor, had called.

In the chimney-corner, near where he sat, stood a fine rifle, of which he was proud. It was a present from some Philadelphians, and had been made specially to order for his use, and in such fashion as met his desires. Doubtless it was the same weapon which about two years later—March, 1836—Crockett used with such terrible execution in the Alamo at San Antonio, when, with Colonel Bowie[1] and other Texan patriots, he fought the Mexicans under Santa Anna. In the hand-to-hand conflict which ensued, the array of gleaming bayonets which encircled them was met by rifle balls which mowed down the swarthy host as ripened grain before the reaper's blade.

For a time, the dense human wall surrounding them melted away, encouraging them in the thought of ultimate triumph. But however courageous and prolonged

[1] The Bowie knife famous in Western life, especially in the encounters of gamblers and roughs in general, owes its name to this man, who originally designed it.

a resistance may be, when an opposing force is so overwhelming in numbers, there usually is but one ending, and so it was in this case. The little band was at length overpowered, and the slaughter which followed was without show of quarter: indeed the preference of these hearts of oak was death rather than surrender. History repeated itself in another Thermopylæ.

At the close of the fray, six Texans were yet alive, and of these Crockett was one. The numerous guard required to usher them, when taken prisoners, into the presence of the Mexican commander bore proof of the fact that they were yet unconquered, and that their dauntless spirits were still unbroken; for against fearful odds they were ready to renew the conflict, when in cold blood they were murderously shot down. Standing recently on this historic spot I could not but associate the name of Crockett with that of Leonidas; and his brave Texan followers with the famous Spartan band.

At the battle of San Jacinto the death of Crockett and his comrades was grandly avenged, when loud above the roar of artillery, the war-cry of the little army under General Sam Houston was, "Remember the Alamo!" and Texan independence was won!

Upon a monument in the old State House at Austin is an inscription to these Texan heroes which in its conception is wonderfully beautiful:

"Thermopylæ had Three Messengers of Defeat—
The Alamo had None!"

But to go back from the rattle of artillery and the noise and smoke of battle to the quiet shades of Beale's tavern, where we left Colonel Crockett taking a day's rest after his journey over the mountains; we have but

to add that on the following morning he took passage with Captain Stone[1] on board the steamer *Hunter*, and proceeded on his way homeward.

When Texas was admitted into the Federal Union, and General Houston was a representative of that State in the United States Senate, I remember seeing him, as one of the lions of the day, as he sat in the cabin of a Mississippi steamer lying at our wharf, when *en route* for his home.

In those days, statesmen of the West and South were accustomed, in their journeying to and from the National Capitol, to pass through Pittsburgh. Between Washington city and Brownsville they travelled in stages over the national turnpike; and in steamers running upon the Monongahela, Ohio, and Mississippi Rivers they found comfortable means of transportation. Usually they stopped in Pittsburgh over night, and our newspapers noting the fact enabled any desiring to do so to obtain glimpses of the great men of the nation, when in the morning they went on board the steamers. It was thus that in 1851, on the steamer *Messenger*, I saw Jeff. Davis, who at a later day headed the slaveholders' rebellion. I might also name many others, vastly greater, though less notorious, whom in like manner I saw from time to time.

Speaking of Mr. George Beale, who kept the tavern where Colonel Crockett stopped, I am reminded of an incident in his career, happening many years after the event related. He was then keeping an excellent restaurant and well-furnished bar in the same house which

[1] There were three brothers of this name,—Stephen, Daniel, and Charles,—prominent among the pioneers in the navigation of Western waters. I remember them all; with the second I was particularly well acquainted.

for thirty-five years past has been used by the Mechanics National Bank. Going back thirty years more, a branch of the United States Bank was quartered in it. From this latter institution our host of the restaurant at one time secured a loan, and when his note fell due offered in its place another with the discount added in. The cashier, not being familiar with this mode of banking, declined a renewal, which made his customer very indignant, and to show his contempt, as he turned to leave, he said: "D—n you, I'll sell whiskey over your counter yet,"—and as we have shown, he did.

An incident of the political campaign of 1838, which resulted in the election of David R. Porter for Governor of Pennsylvania, is yet distinct in my remembrance. Its oddity greatly pleased my boyish fancy, while I doubt not it was an efficacious scheme for arousing the unterrified Democracy of that day to the importance of saving the country by turning out at the approaching election. The occasion was a barbecue, and it was advertised extensively in hand-bills scattered abroad through the counties of western Pennsylvania. When the great day came around, the jubilant host assembled on a large sand-bar in the Monongahela River about opposite the mouth of Wood Street; and there, having erected a spit and kindled a fire, they roasted an ox; and all present were invited to partake of the feast thus prepared. A bridge of flatboats, extending from the shore to the sand-bar, afforded a highway for passing to and fro.

In a winter somewhere about the same time, I recollect seeing large wagons, heavily laden with coal, crossing on the ice when the Monongahela was frozen to a great depth. And on an eighth day of January, of perhaps the same winter, a military company, the Jackson Blues,

in celebrating the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, paraded on the frozen river.

I remember, too, a winter pageant, possibly also of the same period, which went by the name of Snag Marine. It was gotten up by the river men, at a time when a goodly depth of snow had fallen, and when the presence of ice interfered with navigation. Sitting in yawls, mounted upon runners, and drawn by two or more pairs of horses hung about with strings of merrily pealing bells,—with flags flying and bands of music filling the air with stirring music,—they paraded the streets of the city. The procession was enlarged by numerous sleighs of citizens falling into line; for all took an interest in the Snag Marine; a jubilee that had been long looked forward to, and was long remembered when past.

The things related in this chapter, however trivial they may seem, are so impressed upon my memory that they are constantly reappearing; so that now, following the bent of a natural inclination, I have again conjured them up.

CHAPTER V.

GLANCES AT MEN AND THINGS OF 1828.—PICTURES OF PITTSBURGH AT THAT PERIOD.

"As when benighted on some desert plain,
With one small spark the wanderer lights a flame,
Which spreading far reveals to him again
The distant hills from whence at morn he came;

"So doth a look, a word, a tone, oft cast
O'er memory's waste a momentary blaze,
And light amid the vistas of the past
The long-forgotten scenes of other days."

GENTLE reader, it is possible that I could have conversed with many men whose memories embraced the time when not a white man lived where Pittsburgh stands; yea, men of sufficient age, who, had the opportunity been given them, might have stood at the "point" where the Allegheny and Monongahela meet, on the 22d of November, 1753, with George Washington, when all around was a dense wilderness, and he penned these memorable words: "I spent some time in viewing the rivers and the land in the fork, which I think well suited for a fort." Those of whom I speak might also have borne arms in the neighboring ravine, July 9, 1755, when Braddock met his disastrous defeat; and

their recollections would comprise the entire struggle between England and France for territorial possessions on this continent, which terminated on the Plains of Abraham.

But it is not my purpose to relate happenings within the recollection of men older than myself, but such alone as come within the period of my own life, and I make no claim to being a Methuselah; though it may seem strange that what I am about to narrate should have taken place within the brief compass of threescore years and ten.

All will agree with me, I think, in saying that the world's greatest progress in knowledge, in advanced thought, in important inventions and in enlightenment in general, belongs to the present century, and more especially to the last seventy years. And it is to this latter period that the present chapter is confined. So accustomed are we to a constant revelation of things hitherto hidden, that we are apt to forget that ours is specially an age of wonders if our attention is not occasionally called to the fact; and once in a while we need comparisons to awaken us to a sense of our onward march.

But three of our Presidents were dead when my life began, and two of these, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, were but two years in their graves. Madison and Monroe were living in retiracy.

In passing, I cannot forbear mentioning what is among the most remarkable events in American history; one having connection with three of these four Presidents. Adams and Jefferson were not only signers of the Declaration of Independence, but specially conspicuous in the committee which framed it. Monroe, to further the principles of that instrument, bore arms in the struggle

that ensued, and, with Jefferson, was concerned in the negotiations which secured for us Louisiana territory; a transaction which likewise entitled all connected therewith to be numbered among the immortals. But as to the event so extraordinary to which allusion is made above, all three of these illustrious men died on the nation's natal day,—Adams and Jefferson on July 4, 1826, precisely half a century after that on which they inscribed their names on the Declaration; and Monroe, five years thereafter, on July 4, 1831.

To regard all this as mere chance is a delusion that fetters reason, and is to join hands with him who in his heart hath said, "there is no God." Moreover, in an occurrence such as this there is vastly more than a striking coincidence. "A sparrow doth not fall to the ground without your Heavenly Father." Chance is an element unknown in the government of the universe; the hand that created all things controls all things. There was no more room for chance terminating the lives of these three eminent men on a day so celebrated in our country's annals, and one so closely associated with their public acts, than there is for chance to fix the periodicity of celestial bodies with that exactness which science has made known to us. Nor are events in the lives of individuals more definitely, or more determinately fixed, than the destiny of nations. God rules! The Omnipotence supreme at Yorktown, Appomattox, and Santiago still has sway.

Continuing the thread at the point where broken off, John Quincy Adams was then occupying the presidential chair, and a few months had to elapse ere the election would take place which was to make Andrew Jackson his successor. One of the signers of the Declaration of

Independence was then still living, and through four years beyond, his life was extended,— Charles Carroll of Carrollton. This, the latest survivor of that band of patriots, was born 1737, and consequently was eighteen years of age at the time of Braddock's defeat; accordingly in this fact is found corroboration of a foregoing statement.

Numbers of the officers of our Revolutionary war were yet alive, among these, General Lafayette, who but three years prior to my birth paid a visit to Pittsburgh when making a tour through the United States. I might here remark parenthetically, that on this occasion (as is stated by Lavosier) Lafayette recognized in a marked manner, as one who had been his companion in arms at the battle of Brandywine, Joseph Patterson, great-grandfather of *our* Joseph Patterson.

Many soldiers of the Revolution were then still living. Webster it will be remembered, in the great oration delivered at the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument (June 17, 1825), had as a part of his audience a number of those hoary-headed veterans, to whom he turned, as in a patriotic burst of eloquence he addressed them with words beginning: "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bountifully lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder-to-shoulder, in the strife of your country." For a dozen years or more I was accustomed to seeing remnants of that noble army which gained our independence; and I remember in particular that quite a number of them in 1840 rode in carriages in the procession through our streets, at the time the mass Whig

convention was held in Allegheny.[1] Survivors of the war of 1812 were numerous; among them the gallant James R. Butler, who commanded the "Pittsburgh Blues," and Major John Willock, John D. Davis, Col. Elijah Trovillo, Capt. Edw. F. Pratt, Gen. Joseph Markle, Col. Bill Diehl, Nathaniel Patterson, Geo. V. Robinson, Maj. Wm. Graham (my uncle), and Ben. Richards, a very respectable colored man who as a servant had been with the Blues; also, as in the commissary service for a few months, James Anderson, wagon-master; his brother, Paul Anderson, forage-master, and Capt. Robert Beer, teamster. With almost all of these I was personally acquainted.

Queen Victoria was but nine years old when I was born, and had to wait other nine before beginning her long and successful reign. William IV. was still wearing the English crown.

But thirteen years had passed since Napoleon met defeat at Waterloo, through a combination of circumstances altogether fortuitous, among which superior generalship cannot be reckoned; thus closing a career peerless in grandeur, and more wonderful than any to be found in all history. And seven years only had gone by since at St. Helena he was overthrown by a mightier than Wellington, and in so saying, I beg pardon of the gentleman with scythe and hour-glass in bringing him into comparison with one at whose efforts in his particular line he perhaps would smile rather broadly.

Charles X. was on the throne of France, having four

[1] It was also the case at the great Whig convention, held in Baltimore in May of that year, when Webster, Clay, Crittenden, Ogden Hoffman, Millard Fillmore, and other illustrious men made addresses, that a great number of the old soldiers of the Revolution were there and rode in carriages.

years previously succeeded his brother, Louis XVIII., Napoleon's successor. And the Revolution which was to make Louis Philippe (then in exile) King, was an event of history yet to be. Louis Napoleon, or as better became him, the name given by Victor Hugo, "Napoleon la petit," was also in exile employing his stupendous genius in those plots which he imagined were on a par with the strategy of his great uncle, but which ultimately landed him a prisoner in the fortress of Ham. Though as luck would have it,—the adage "A fool for luck" occasionally coming true,—he at length lighted right side up on the French throne, having first taken care to make it appear that the people of France had chosen him President of the republic; when with power within his grasp he was able to execute the *coup d'état* which secured for him further elevation.

As I write of the past the thought comes to me that "peace hath her victories renowned as war"; her triumphs are indeed of vastly more moment than changes of dynasties, coronations of kings, or the toppling of the crowns of empires; and what a host of these have I witnessed. I had but recently passed my second year when on September 13, 1830, the railway from Liverpool to Manchester was opened for travel, and Stevenson's locomotive was regarded a success. Then, and for a long time after, the stage-coach was the usual conveyance for land travel. I might here remark, as a curious fact, that a celebrated scientist, Baron Dupin, in a lecture before the French Institute, and also in a work published by him in 1826, *Voyages dans la Grande-Bretagne*, declared that locomotives could never move, owing to the weakness of their hold on rails, and that horses could never be dispensed with for purposes of locomotion: and even

later than 1830, his views were authoritatively repeated in the École des Ponts et Chaussees, the public institution where state engineers were educated at the expense of the government. Another very eminent scientist, Arago, about the same time, in a lecture argued against the boring of railway tunnels, as they would prove dangerous to the health of passengers passing through them.

After the building of the English railway above mentioned, a few more years elapsed before the construction of any was begun in the United States, while now (July, 1900) there are 147,061 miles under control of twenty-eight giant corporations.

Ocean travel was still accomplished—as in the age when the Phœnicians ruled the waves—by means of sailing vessels. The first steamer which crossed the Atlantic was the *Great Western*, which reached New York from Bristol, April 23, 1838. It is related that on the same evening when this vessel reached the city whither it was destined, Professor Silliman demonstrated to the satisfaction of a large audience in one of its lecture halls the impossibility of steam navigation on the ocean.[1]

A third of the present century had passed, ere a better illuminator for either palace or cottage supplied the place of a candle. Lamps were in use; but sickly flames, wreaths of smoke, and bad odors were the results ordi-

[1] The statement has been made that a steamer, the *Savannah*, built in the city of Savannah, Ga., sailed from thence to St. Petersburg, as early as 1819. It seems hard to believe that in the South, where the mechanic arts have never made much progress, this could be so; but for the honor of our country, we may hope that it is true; still, without satisfactory evidence, we cannot fully credit the fact; and especially since it would spoil a good story.

narily attained. In my schoolboy days our reliance for studying at night was a "tallow dip." A candle of higher grade—a kind yet familiar to travellers in Europe —was also in use; while a more aristocratic article, for drawing-rooms, especially on state occasions, was the spermaceti candle. Accompaniments of these, now rarely met with except in curio collections, were snuffers, used in trimming wicks; extinguishers, for putting out the lights when no longer required; and trays to place these upon. A gas company was chartered in 1810 in London, but it was long after that ere gas was used to any extent in lighting cities; it was regarded as "unsafe, unhealthy, and expensive." Strange as it may seem, it was on these grounds that its introduction in Philadelphia was opposed for a time; Horace Binney's resolutions to this effect conveyed the common sentiment of the day. Philadelphia, however, always has been counted slow.

I was in my teens when the hog fought the whale for supremacy, and in the end sperm oil had to succumb, lard oil gaining the victory. But about the year 1860, a Drake[1] whipped the hog completely, and petroleum lights the world. In our cities of to-day the fight is between electricity and gas manufactured from coal; and the days of the latter are numbered, though the battle may be long and vigorously fought.

To return to the older times, as already observed, our studies were conducted by candle-light; so also all work, reading, sewing, etc., depended upon that brilliant

[1] Colonel Drake about this time sunk the first well in Venango County from which petroleum was produced. As a remarkable fact, the Century Dictionary, which contains almost everything, does not so much as name him, one of the greatest benefactors of mankind.

luminary; and it was customary in announcing night meetings to state that these would convene "at early candle-light." Among errands which as a boy I was called to perform, was going at stated intervals for a dollar's worth of tallow candles to the soap and candle shop of Mr. Geo. W. Jackson, on Fourth Street, below Ferry; and it was ever one of my delights when on this mission — counterbalancing its drudgery — to go into the chandlery to see the processes of manufacture. How transfixed I was in watching the dipping of cotton wicks, arranged on long poles, into the boiler filled with melted tallow, by which were made the commoner grade of candles just mentioned; or, in witnessing the pouring of purer fats into rows of tin moulds to make the better quality known as "mould candles!" Nor do I forget the vile smells arising from the rendering of fats, always so offensive to the nostrils of the neighborhood, and occasioning loud complaints. This, however, did not prevent the determination on my part, that when I grew up I should be a tallow chandler.

It is plain that, in considerable measure, darkness still brooded over the face of the deep; and that a new creation was yet to dawn, when a Drake and a Westinghouse should pronounce the fiat as of old, "Let there be light!"

I have been a witness of the supersedure of quill pens by steel pens. In my school days the latter were unknown, while the former, now seldom if ever seen, were used exclusively, as for long ages past they had been by every one. Their supremacy, too, was maintained even after the introduction of metal pens for many years; partly because elderly people in general were loath to part with them, but more especially for the reason that

imperfections hindered the adoption of the new invention in counting-houses, where naturally the use of pens is greatest. Had it been found impossible to remedy these defects, it would seem that in order to meet the demand of the present day, the world's principal occupation would have been that of raising geese.

I may say, too, that I was in at the birth of what it would not be difficult to prove is the mightiest force the world has known,— the Steam Power Printing Press. I am aware that a dozen years or so before I saw the light of day, the *London Times* was issued from what was called a power press; but its mechanism and speed hardly justified the use of the name.

Thus, in a desultory manner, I have been speaking of some of the notable changes I have witnessed, and just as they have flashed across my mind. Time would fail me to mention a tithe of the marvellous inventions belonging to the past three quarters of a century. In all previous ages the world has made no approach to them, either in the vastness of their number or the greatness of their importance to mankind.

Men younger than myself have witnessed the beginnings of such marvels as the Daguerreotype, and its successor, the Photograph; the Sewing Machine, the Telegraph, the Telephone, Electric Lights and Motors, and a thousand other wonders; while we may well believe that as yet we are only standing upon the threshold, and that what in the future are to be unveiled will so far outstrip what are now seen and known as to make all former triumphs of the genius of man appear as nothing.

I must not forget to mention a circumstance connected with my earlier days which may seem curious when we

consider the great abundance of silver now in our country. Spanish silver money was then in general use, more of it being in circulation than there was of American coinage. There were pieces which passed by the name of "fips" or "fippenny bits," valued at six and one fourth cents; "levies" or "eleven-pence," which passed for twelve and a half cents; and "quarters," worth twenty-five cents. These coins were mostly worn quite smooth, but so long as it was possible to see any device they passed freely, the fact of being worn smooth not affecting their value as mediums of exchange, except in the case of the "quarter," which only passed for one fourth of a dollar when two pillars could be seen, otherwise it was reckoned at twenty cents, the value of an odd coin then in circulation which never had pillars stamped on it. Mexican silver dollars were abundant, much more so than those of our own mint. This foreign coinage was more or less in use until the war of the Rebellion, as was also paper money, issued by State banks, which flooded and cursed the country. Much of this, called "wildcat," was issued by irresponsible institutions, mostly in the West, which were constantly exploding. Added to this worthless trash were floods of counterfeits of bank-notes, so that it was necessary to be constantly on the alert. Every merchant was obliged to keep counterfeit detectors; these were publications issued monthly, describing all known counterfeits, and fixing the percentage of value of all genuine bank issues; that is, showing the rate at which banks of deposit, or money brokers, would receive them. The grand National Bank system adopted by our government in the third year of the war, while it provided the country with a stable currency, also prohibited all State bank

issues. This was among the many benefits accruing to the nation by reason of the Republican party coming into power; and like other measures of its creation and adoption, insuring widespread prosperity. Opposition of course came from the Democratic party, its special mission being to run counter to whatever proceeded from its opponents, as well as to take the wrong side of every question. Sitting upon the tail of progress as it flies onward, its constant cry has been "Whoa! whoa!" Respecting monetary affairs, from the days of Andrew Jackson to the present time its aim has always been to secure for us the blessings of an irredeemable currency; its profound theory being that a half-dollar is of the same value as a whole one, when so declared by legislative action.

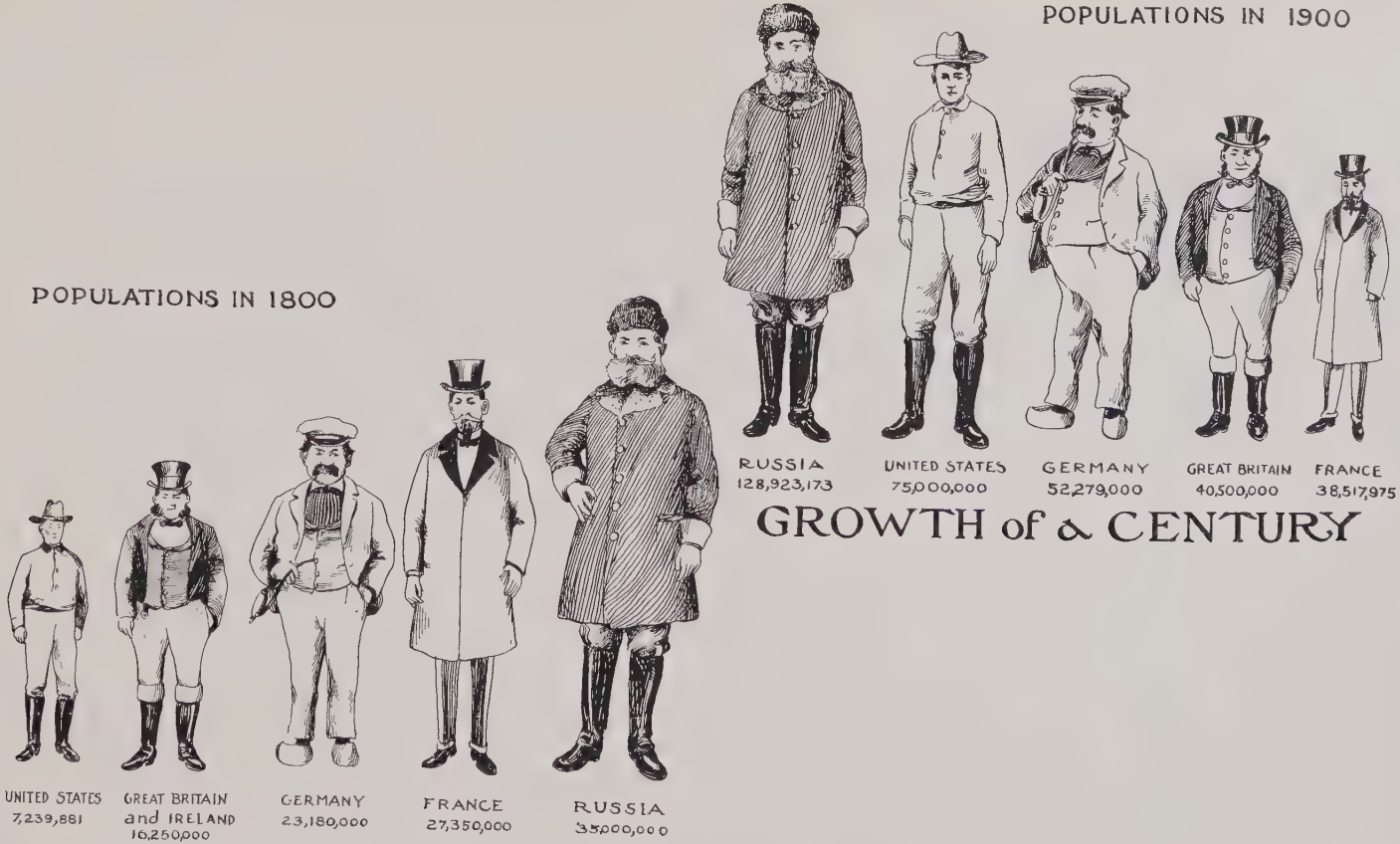
And now, after divers glances backward, in the taking of which I have sufficiently established my longevity, I will add some things concerning Pittsburgh at the time when first I opened my eyes upon it. It had then a population of 15,000, and Allegheny County, exclusive of the city, had 22,500. To-day, according to the census of 1900 just taken, including with Pittsburgh's 320,000, what properly belongs to it, twenty abutting towns with 150,000, and Allegheny with its 130,000,—these forming one and not two dozen populations,—there is shown an enumeration of 600,000 people!

Under proper conditions, as doubtless will prevail ere the next census is taken, Pittsburgh, instead of being counted the tenth city of the United States, will take rank as fourth or fifth; New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia having precedence, while a close race for the next positions will then have been shown between St. Louis, Boston, Baltimore, and Pittsburgh.

And now, using the figures just given, in comparison with those of the seventeen States of the Union in 1790, when the first census was taken, the following results are shown: they are over eighty per cent. of what then was the most populous State, Virginia, the only one outnumbering Pittsburgh of to-day. This fact presents a rather different outcome than was expected by a prominent Virginian in 1784, when he said, "The place, I believe, will never be very considerable."

The second State as to population was Pennsylvania; but so small were her figures then when placed alongside those of her second city in the closing year of the nineteenth century, that it would be necessary to throw nearly one half of the population of New York into the scale to tip the beam the other way. Of the remaining States, the population of two, and in some instances three, would have to be combined to equal the mark set up by the Iron City in Anno Domini 1900. The population of the then seventeen States was a little short of 4,000,000; while now it is estimated at 76,000,000; or nineteen times greater. Pittsburgh in 1790, as nearly as can be ascertained, had five hundred inhabitants: compared with the number now, what a stride has been taken; a multiplier of twelve hundred being required. Ought not Tubal Cain to be proud of being Pittsburgh's patron saint!

The population of the United States in the year of my birth, 1828, was less than 12,000,000. The vote cast at the presidential election of that year was 1,156,328. There were then but twenty-four States, and all excepting Missouri and Louisiana were east of the Mississippi. The vast territory beyond acquired from France, out of which was carved the two States just mentioned,


POPULATIONS IN 1800
UNITED STATES 7,239,881
GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND 16,250,000
GERMANY 23,180,000
FRANCE 27,350,000
RUSSIA 35,000,000
POPULATIONS IN 1900
RUSSIA 128,923,173
UNITED STATES 75,000,000
GERMANY 52,279,000
GREAT BRITAIN 40,500,000
FRANCE 38,517,975
GROWTH of a CENTURY

extended to the Rocky Mountains and was then and long after inhabited by roving tribes of Indians and a few whites engaged in trapping and trading. There were yet to be obtained, first the Oregon country, finally acquired by treaty with Great Britain in 1845; and second, Texas, the largest State in the Union, annexed in the same year; and third, what in 1848 was obtained by robbery—the strong against the weak—and by a douceur of $15,000,000 to Mexico to make the transaction have some appearance of being honorable; though the purpose, to extend the area of slavery, was never realized. One thing, however, was accomplished: our boundary was extended to the far-off Pacific,—a natural boundary, one of great security, making our country unassailable; impregnable as Gibraltar when once a few fortifications are built. And yet, making light of our position of undoubted safety, and neglecting the warning of the wise and far-seeing Washington as to entangling foreign alliances, we are brought within the toils of a reckless policy of expansion.

And now to return to contemporaneous events of the year 1828, Magnus M. Murray was then Mayor, and was the fourth in order holding that position since the incorporation of the city in 1816. The first Mayor, Ebenezer Denny, died in 1821; the second, John Darragh, died a few months previous to my birth; and the third, John M. Snowden, I remember well in my youth and early manhood. His death occurred in 1845.

There were no graded and paved wharves along the rivers as now. The Monongahela wharf was thus improved long prior to that of the Allegheny. Along the former river, according to my recollection, there was a high, rugged, irregular, and precipitous bank, extending

from "the point" to Grant Street; and upon the side of this there grew in undisputed sway, amid deposits of ashes and miscellaneous rubbish,—a soil in which it always thrives best,—that most ungainly plant—Jamestown weed. Along the brow of the bank were yet remaining many primitive forest trees, with great gnarled roots above ground, forming seats, which in pleasant weather were often occupied by wharf-rats and other loafers. The roadway, unpaved and its general condition miry, was of varying width from the line of the houses on Water Street to the edge of the bank. At the mouths of Wood and Market Streets, there was enough of grading to allow drays and other vehicles to descend to the steamboat landing. At Ferry Street such was not the case; here there was a precipitous chute made of heavy planks to receive the discharge of water from the street gutter, and to prevent the banks wearing away. One of my early adventures in connection therewith was related on a previous page.

The city in shape was triangular; the two rivers and Grant Street forming its boundaries. There were four wards, viz.: West, South, East, and North, subsequently changed to First, Second, Third, and Fourth; the annexation of Bayardstown, in 1837, made the Fifth ward (now the 9th and 10th). Many streets were unpaved; two wooden covered bridges spanned the rivers, one crossing the Monongahela at Smithfield Street, the other the Allegheny at St. Clair,—now Sixth Street.

The aqueduct of the Pennsylvania Canal was not built until a year later (1829); and the first canal-boat crossing on it arrived in Pittsburgh from the East on the 10th of November of that year. Its site was nearly that of the bridge of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago

Railway. The canal running eastwardly from the end of the aqueduct occupied the space which is now Eleventh Street, and was wider at this point than elsewhere. Here it was called the canal basin, and its width permitted the tying up of boats without obstructing the passageway. The terminus of the canal on the Monongahela was reached by a tunnel through Grant's hill, now used by the Panhandle Railway.

Jones' Ferry, by which the Monongahela was crossed at the foot of Liberty Street to a point opposite, was one of the great institutions of that time. The boats were propelled by horsepower. About a dozen years later, steam power was introduced, and at a still later date the boats began running to the mouth of Sawmill Run, continuing until the point bridge killed their trade.[1]

The county court-house stood on the west side of Market Street in the Diamond; it was built of brick about the year 1789. The main building, in which the courts were held, was two stories in height, with a hipped roof, and surmounted by a peaked steeple, used as a belfry; for when the courts convened, the crier, old Mr. Kinzer, whom every one knew, rang the bell, as he also did when fires broke out. This main building covered an area of about seventy feet square. The court room, occupying the ground floor, was paved with brick about double the size of ordinary building brick. Supporting the floor above were six or eight fluted wooden columns,

[1]A map of Pittsburgh, published in 1830, has marked on it a steam ferry-boat running across from the foot of Liberty Street. Possibly as early as that steam may have been tried and afterward discontinued. I have no difficulty in remembering the exact facts as given above; moreover, of having often in my boyhood ridden on the boats, and been especially attracted by the horses toiling on the treadwheel.

about two feet in diameter, having Corinthian capitals, and resting upon square panelled pedestals. These, I remember, were severely gashed, having been found convenient by loafers for testing the edges of their penknives. The Judges' bench against the west wall faced the one entrance, from Market Street. On either side of the doorway were fluted pillars carrying a slightly ornamented pediment. There were wings to the right and left of the main edifice, one story high, each having two rooms with entrances from the street. The several county offices were in these wings; the Treasurer and Commissioners occupied those toward the south; and the Register and Recorder (offices then combined in one), and the sheriff, had those toward the north.

On the opposite side of the street from the court-house was a semicircular market-house, which in its sweep enclosed most of the Diamond on that side. Its wide, projecting roof supported by brick pillars gave shelter both on the inner and outer parts of the circle for the benches of country people, who on each Wednesday and Saturday came hither to sell their butter, eggs, and other produce. On each side of the interior were rows of stalls, with benches and blocks, where the butchers sold their meats. Encircling the whole was a brick pavement along the curb of which farmers, gardeners, and marketers stationed themselves as they offered fruits and vegetables for sale.

The new court-house on Grant's hill was finished and occupied in 1841; but a number of years elapsed before the old one was torn down to give place to the commodious two-story market-house now standing there. Meanwhile within its walls, which had often resounded to the eloquence of Hugh H. Brackenridge, Alexander Addison, James

Ross, Steel, Sample, Henry Baldwin, Walter Forward, Richard Biddle, Thomas Collins and his two exceedingly

COURT-HOUSE AND MARKET-HOUSE.

amiable and able sons-in-law, Wilson McCandless and William B. McClure, besides many others whom I might mention, there were statedly assembled quite a number

of hearty-looking, jolly, joking, and ever smiling butchers, adorned with the snowiest of aprons, armed with great knives and cleavers, and ever ready to deal out roasts, steaks, and sausage to all comers. The two wings of the venerable edifice were the first to be taken down, and for a number of years their places were occupied by some rudely constructed sheds to give additional accommodation to the dealers in meat, while along the entire frontage roofs projecting over the sidewalk were built, beneath which venders of country produce found shelter. The large, familiar lithograph made by Krebs correctly represents all this, while the drawing here given shows the building in the days of its glory, as remembered in my youth. On the opposite side of Market Street, as shown in the picture, stood the semicircular market-house just mentioned: at a still later date it was removed and in its place was erected City Hall. This also is a historic building, and events connected with it will ever make it memorable. On the evening of the 19th of May, 1860, a rousing meeting of citizens was held here to ratify the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for the presidency. Among those present were many of the Pennsylvania delegates to the Chicago Convention, — including the candidate of the Republicans for Governor in that year, Andrew G. Curtin,—then returning to their homes. As the nomination of Mr. Lincoln was largely due to the part they had taken, the enthusiasm of the large assemblage, inspired by their presence, was intense, nor did it in the least abate in the city until the greatest of our Presidents was securely seated in the Chair of State: nor in thus saying would I pluck a single leaf from the laurels encircling the brow of Washington.

Another evening is memorable, that of April 15, 1861,

three days after the firing on Fort Sumter. City Hall was densely crowded with people who were determined that the Rebellion should be crushed at whatever cost. The intensity of the feeling exhibited on that occasion I have never seen equalled. On taking the chair to which he was called, the venerable Judge Wilkins, then in his eighty-second year, spoke a few words in which he denounced the treason that had burst forth in the South. The fire of his youth was rekindled, and his form shook with anger. Many stirring speeches were made, and among the speakers were Colonels Sam. W. Black and Oliver H. Rippey, both of whom fell in the war which ensued.

But I have yet to name the event for which more than all else Pittsburghers have cause to be proud of City Hall. Owing to its situation our city was a point through which more troops passed in their movements east and west, than any other in the country, and from early in 1861 until the close of 1865, a subsistence committee, through the contributions of the citizens, supplied all these with refreshments in a bountiful manner, at whatever hour by day or by night they arrived in the city. In this way over four hundred thousand of the boys in blue were served with meals or lunches in City Hall.

Pittsburgh at times is as a sleeping giant, but once aroused, after shaking her locks and stretching forth her arms, she exhibits a power unspeakable. In 1864, at her Sanitary Fair for the benefit of our soldiers in the field $360,000 were raised.

When a boy, and old enough to do so, I was accustomed to accompany my father to the market-house to assist in bringing home the baskets containing his purchases. He always went quite early, for the best of

everything was then attainable; proving the truth of the adage, that "the early bird catches the worm." The butchers' stalls were all lighted up with candles, but when we went among the country folks, we had to grope our way in the dark, as they never provided themselves with lights. But knowing where to go we made our way with but little difficulty. In the cold, frosty mornings of winter, it always seemed to me that the butchers were more cheery than at any other time. Everybody knew everybody then, for the town was not grown big and important; and the butchers and their customers had always words of greeting and sallies of good humor when they came together.

THE JAIL.

A small stone building, two stories high, with closely barred windows, three above and two below, and a door in the centre, studded with nail-heads about as large as

copper cents, approached by five or six steps running sidewise, and having their outer end enclosed by an iron railing, was one known to every man, woman and child as the jail. Another stone building—jail-like also, and scarce a whit more cheery, was the one in which my school days were brought to a sudden close by the fire of '45,—the Western University on Third Street, above Smithfield.

The only church edifices I can recall, and I think these comprised the whole, were the First and Second Presbyterian churches; the former occupying the site still retained by that congregation, the latter on Diamond Alley near Smithfield Street, where Marshall's machine-shop stands; two Methodist Episcopal churches,—one at the corner of Liberty and Hay (now 4th) Streets, and the other at the corner of Smithfield and Seventh Streets; the Seceders' church (Dr. Black's) on Oak Alley; another psalm-singing church, of different type, on Sixth Street above Smithfield (Dr. Bruce's); the German Protestant Church, corner of Smithfield and Sixth Streets; St. Paul's Cathedral, where another and statelier one belonging to the Roman Catholics now stands; and Trinity Episcopal,—occupying the site of the present elegant edifice. There were besides a few other small, one-story churches, in different parts of the city, the names of which I cannot now recall. The churches on Hay Street and Oak Alley are the only ones which have not been rebuilt; but the former has been so frequently remodelled that it is questionable whether it is still the same building. All were remarkably plain, rough brick structures, but Trinity had an outer coat of plaster, rough-coated in imitation of stone; while a Norman clock-tower, Gothic windows, and several turrets showed an attempt at architectural pretensions.

The principal hotel, "The Exchange," stood at the

corner of Penn and St. Clair Streets on the site now occupied by "The Anderson"; a smaller one stood where is now "The St. Charles"; while another, also of small dimensions, stood on Fifth Street, between Market and Wood. There were still others, though not styled hotels, which accommodated men and beasts from rural districts, mainly on market days. The oldest of these was the Black Bear tavern only recently destroyed by fire. This possibly dated back to about 1781. It stood on a lot adjoining the grocery building which Edward Heazelton built, afterwards occupied by Haslage and later by France; and it faced the alley running from the northeast corner of the Diamond to Fifth Avenue. In front of it was a large wagon yard with sheds for horses, and it was here that the tents of menageries and circuses were often erected.

Ben Weaver's, at the corner of Wood and Fifth Streets, where now stands the First National Bank, was an inn of the olden time, and one of great importance in my childhood days. It had extensive stabling, and was the headquarters for stage lines to the East and West.

Travelling was not an every-day affair then as now. It was an event in a man's life to go a few hundred miles. The stage rule was, "first come first served." Accordingly, when so important a crisis in one's life arrived as that a journey was to be undertaken, seats in the stage were secured by having the proposed traveller's name entered on what was styled a "way-bill," noting the place of starting and destination. The first in order of registration had the choice of seats. Each voyager's place of residence was also noted, for the stages called from house to house to pick up the passengers; while in a great "boot," at the rear of the stage, was

placed their baggage. The stage-driver was usually a man of magnified importance; and as his lumbering vehicle raced the streets, he kept up a constant cracking of a long-lashed whip, for the double purpose of keeping his team in lively motion, and attracting attention to his superior horsemanship. To assist in loading up, the stage agent usually went the rounds with the driver. A call always included the post-office, from whence the mail-bags were taken, and these also were deposited in the "boot." Hence, then, Ben Weaver's tavern in the third and fourth decades of the past century was a place of as great importance to the Pittsburgh of those days as is the Union Depot now.

McMaster's "Spread Eagle" tavern was another important hostelry. The Seventh Avenue Hotel occupies its site. Here wagoners who were in charge of a considerable portion of the freight transportation of those times found their headquarters; and it is doubtful whether the Duquesne Freight Depot is half as important a place now as was McMaster's tavern then; for the whip-cracking and swearing were tremendous. They knew full well that they were successors of those who only were able to transport goods by means of pack-horses; for in the bygone days, the mountain roads being scarce more than trails, nothing on wheels could be used. They had progressed far beyond such primitive modes, and a single wagon of theirs could carry as many goods as forty pack-horses. No wonder they felt proud, and could rip out oaths that made the atmosphere of the "Spread Eagle" perfectly blue.

I remember well their great covered wagons drawn by six horses, the saddle-bows surmounted with bells, the merry jingling of which, amid the loudest of whip-

cracking, attracted considerable attention as they drew up at the store door of Johnston & Stockton. Usually in these conveyances were brought bales and crates of rags from country stores along their route, to be exchanged for books and papers. For these goods, and for others already boxed and in waiting, the result of orders by mail, they usually called on the day following, when ready for a return trip. Goods of other descriptions had also to be picked up at neighboring stores; as, for example: drygoods from such houses as Hampton & Smith, or Wm. Bell & Son; groceries from Bagaley & Smith; hardware from Logan & Kennedy or Darlington & Peebles; soap and candles from the chandlery of Geo. W. Jackson; queen's-ware from James Park & Son, etc. It was in this manner that considerable commerce was carried on between Pittsburgh merchants and those eastward or westward, not located upon the canal or upon the Ohio River.

The great bulk of travel and freight transportation, however, in my boyhood, to and from the East was by canal. As previously stated, the Pennsylvania Canal was opened for business about one year after my birth.

Passenger boats started on their eastward voyages from the canal basin between Penn and Liberty Streets, each evening, about eight o'clock, and this at that hour was usually a very busy place. Crowds composed of friends and relatives of travellers usually gathered to witness their departure; while loafers and loungers in general made up scenes of bustle and excitement. An arm of the canal extended to Wayne Street (now Tenth), midway between Liberty and Penn Streets, so that freight boats were brought to the rear of the great warehouses fronting those streets, belonging to the transportation compa-

nies of Clarke & Thaw, Taafe & O'Conner, John McFaden, and the Binghams. Leech & Co.'s warehouse was on the main line of the canal, on the north side of Penn Street. Samuel M. Kier, and H. & P. Graff had warehouses to the eastward, at the foot of the hill on which the High School has been erected.

Transportation by the rivers was, of course, great. River steamers of that, their initial period, were odd-looking craft in comparison with those we are now familiar with, though I am unable to point out the differences or venture a description. Many of the boats which I frequently saw in my younger days belonged to the earliest navigating the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, following close in the wake of the pioneer steamer, *New Orleans*, built and owned by Fulton,[1] Livingston,[2] and Roosevelt in 1811. Among the steamers above referred

[1] This was the celebrated Robert Fulton, who four years previously built a steamer which ran on the Hudson, and who thus obtained credit for building the first boat propelled by steam. This, however, is due to John Fitch, who in 1787, demonstrated the practicability of steam navigation by a small craft which plied up and down the Delaware River, but who for want of means was unable to build a boat of sufficient size to show its usefulness in carrying passengers and freight. It is singular that so important an invention could have slept for twenty years. Fulton's efforts eventually made it a success, while to steamboat building he gave an impetus that has never ceased, but constantly grown.

[2] This is another name famous in American history, Robert R. Livingston, eminent as a statesman and jurist; and associated with Jefferson in the two important events which gave him renown, having with him been on the committee to draft the Declaration of Independence, and as minister to France aiding in the purchase of Louisiana territory. He was engaged in all of Fulton's efforts to advance steamboat navigation. To the third of this trio, Mr. Roosevelt, was the charge of constructing the *New Orleans* given.

to, were the *Lady Washington*, *Lady Byron*, *Lady Madison*, *Farmer*, and *Statesman*, all, I think, built between 1812 and 1823.

I have more or less recollection of the captains of many of these boats, for they had business connections with Johnston & Stockton, and on numerous occasions I saw them. In general they were a noble class of men and of more than ordinary intelligence, for their business often brought them into connection with the most prominent persons in the States bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and it frequently happened that, being together for days on board the boats, they sought companionship one with the other, when their conversation naturally embraced topics of the times. One concerning whom many anecdotes were related was owner and commander of the *Arabian*,—"Billy" Forsyth, as he was familiarly called. The following is one of the stories. Having often suffered from the peculations of clerks, on one occasion, when hiring a new one, he questioned the applicant thus: "Well, young man, have you a new gold watch?" On being answered affirmatively, it was found that this was the sole requisite for the position.

A small portion only of the city was supplied with water through pipes when I was an infant in arms. The water-works on the Allegheny, a square below the St. Clair Street bridge, and the reservoir on Grant's hill, between Fourth Street and Diamond Alley, were built in 1827; but in many streets mains were not laid for several years later.

Up to my eighth or tenth year, fire engines on duty were often supplied with water from the rivers or from wells, passed in buckets by long lines of men. This was owing to the non-extension of water-pipes, the scarcity of

fire-plugs, and perhaps deficiency of supply. The buckets used were made of heavy leather, and were kept in the engine-houses, and at the residences of citizens generally.

In those days each engine company had a useful corps composed of more elderly citizens, who were called fire wardens, which possibly at a later day was supplanted by the city police. The wardens carried long poles, and when goods from a burning building were removed to the street, they were protected by a barricade, which these officers with their poles formed around them.

The streets of the city, at this time, were dimly lighted with oil lamps. Sperm oil was used; not petroleum, or even lard oil, both of which were yet to become productions of the future. It was not until 1836 that gas-works were built, and gas was not turned on for use until April 7, 1837.

The night-watchmen cried each hour and half-hour, as they went their weary rounds, and added some information as to the state of the weather, thus: "Half-past eleven o'clock, and a starry night," or "Two o'clock, and a *foine, clare mornin'*." I cannot recall the date, but it was not at so distant a time as it ought to have been, when this foolish custom, so serviceable to burglars, ceased.

In those days, and for a long time after, all the families of the city using ice obtained their supplies from one dealer in this commodity,—Thomas McFadden, who stored his ice in a deep underground excavation at the corner of Ferry and Fourth Streets. The ice was taken from the Allegheny River, below the St. Clair Street bridge.

When I began life, slavery days were not at an end in

Pennsylvania, for under the law abolishing it, certain slaves had yet a time to serve. In my library is a file of a Pittsburgh newspaper, the *Statesman*, and under date of July 17, 1830, is an advertisement which reads thus: "For sale. The time of a black boy, who has ten or twelve years to serve. Enquire at this office." Large numbers of those who had been slaves were living in the city, some of whom I knew. One, named Judy, was an old and much-valued servant in my father's house; and there were others whom I remember, unexceptionable in their deportment, respectful ever, respectable under all circumstances, and by all respected.

And now, a word as to some features of the dress of gentlemen. Swallow-tail coats of French broadcloth were quite commonly worn, not simply, as now, on occasions when that style only is admissible, but as an every-day dress. The collars of coats came well up, higher than at present,—often, indeed, as high on the back of the head as the ruff of Queen Elizabeth. Stiff stocks, walling in the neck as though to resist stubbornly a siege of invaders, were much worn. Their covering was either of silk or satin, and always black. Equally common were black silk cloths, muffling the neck by twice encircling it, and finished with a bow-knot in front. The head-gear in common use was of the stovepipe variety, though much taller than modern ones of that sort, and the sides of some were concave. They were styled "beavers." The nap was long and not smooth or glossy as the silk hats now often worn by gentlemen, and always by the Beau Brummell class.

In addition to what I have just been attempting to describe, styles of dress belonging to the previous century were occasionally to be seen, worn by elderly gentlemen;

such as knee-breeches, fitting closely above the calves of the legs, where they were met by black silk stockings. Other accompaniments were low shoes ornamented with great silver buckles. Queues were also worn. Judge Riddle, father-in-law of Judge Shaler, was among those whom I remember as thus attired. He also was addicted to a brown, shad-bellied coat, so that Addison, had he seen the Judge walking arm in arm with Sir Roger de Coverley, would have noticed nothing strange or incongruous in the spectacle. Sitting in the church pew which he occupied, just in front of my father's, it was always a temptation, and one hard for me to resist, to pull the queue with the neatly tied silken bow at its extreme end. James Kelly, of Wilkinsburgh, was the last of the race of queue-wearers about Pittsburgh.

THE REDOUBT.

In my boyhood, besides the redoubt built by Colonel Bouquet in 1764, there was yet another relic of colonial days standing,—the magazine of Fort Pitt. I have somewhere seen the statement that it was torn down when the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was about to erect the Duquesne freight depot; this, however, is a mistake, as it was destroyed long prior to that time; and I remember seeing the stone of which it was constructed used for the rear wall of a stable belonging to Morton's tavern, which was close to the site of the magazine. When

the Duquesne depot was about to be erected, in excavating for it there were found logs about thirty feet in length and sixteen or more inches square, handsomely hewn, and joined at their ends with wooden pins. Many persons examined them, but no one was able to tell anything as to their purpose or by whom they had been owned. Even Mr. Craig, born near the spot,—in the little redoubt, it has been said,—was puzzled and wholly unable to satisfy the many inquiries on these points. Doubtless they were part of an underground magazine, or other work, either of Fort Duquesne or Fort Pitt. I secured one of the wooden pins and have it yet, though possibly it should be among the relics in the old redoubt which the "Daughters" have in charge.

This reference to colonial times is a reminder of an address recently delivered by the ablest English statesman of the present day,—Lord Rosebery,—when he was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University, its subject being "The British Empire." What to Americans is the most interesting part of this address, is that wherein he shows what might have happened had William Pitt, when he became Prime Minister, not left the House of Commons to accept a peerage, but remained there to guide the policy of his country. Had he done this, according to his view, the thirteen colonies would have been preserved to the British Crown, and we to-day would be loyal Britons. And further,—what to us is even more interesting, — he points to the fact that there would have been "a self-adjusting system of representation, and in due time, when the majority of seats in the Imperial Parliament should belong to the section beyond the seas, the empire would have been moved solemnly across the Atlantic." [1]

[1] New York *Independent.*

PLAN Of Lots in PITTSBURGH ~ 1764.
By Col. John Campbell

To extend the prophetic line of vision of this great Liberal leader a trifle farther, we may add, that the Houses of Parliament, instead of being upon the banks of the Thames, would possibly now be on the shores of our more lovely Monongahela, and nigh the city named for the Great Commoner.

It is better, however, as it is; we are as near to the English people as we ought to be. We want no alliances other than cordial relations. Oil and water will not unite; to have mingled more closely would have checked our wonderful growth; and the war of Independence was needed to develop the grandeur of character, the steadfastness of purpose, and the foresight of those who participated in that struggle. Had it been otherwise, a giant which was soon to arise must have been strangled in its cradle. Progress even yet would have been an

> " . . . . infant
> Mewling and puking in its nurse's arms."

As we have just been speaking of colonial times, as a matter of interest relating thereto we shall here introduce one of the earliest maps of the locality of Pittsburgh, known to have been made. It is a copy of what is commonly called the military plan of Pittsburgh, made in 1764 by John Campbell by order possibly of the Commandant of Fort Pitt. It embraced the four blocks bounded by Water, Ferry, Second, and Market Streets. Upon it, long after, some one ignorant of the facts attempted to mark the location of the houses of eight early settlers, and hence recent writers have been misled. It was only possible for two of these to have been built when the plan was made. One, Semple's tavern, was erected in the same year, which was also that of Colonel

Bouquet's redoubt. It stood on the southeast corner of Water and Ferry Streets. Washington on his second visit here in 1770 lodged in it, and mentioned it favorably in his journal. The other was the house of John Ormsby, who came with General Forbes in 1758, and settled here soon after. This house, built of logs, is still standing on Water Street, a short distance from Ferry Street, and was the earliest house of substantial character built west of the Alleghenies, and possibly antedates Colonel Bouquet's redoubt. General Gibson was here as early as 1763, but it is not known where he lived. The house Mr. Craig mentions as Gibson's, on the corner of Second Street and Chancery Lane, whilst the first built of brick, was not erected till about 1784. General Neville, according to Mr. Craig, did not reside here until the time when the Revolutionary troubles began. John Scull, General Tannehill, and Judge Brackenridge came still later. The latter tells us in the first number of the Pittsburgh *Gazette*, that he came in 1781. These are the houses that have been marked on Campbell's plan, and not in a single instance are they properly located.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL-BOY DAYS.

"O! would I were a boy again,
When life seemed formed of sunny years,
And all the heart then knew of pain,
Was swept away in transient tears!"

MARK LEMON.

AT the time when my school days began, throughout Pennsylvania private schools alone afforded the means for educating our youth; public schools, or "free schools," as at the outset they were called, were not established until a year or two later.

Prominent, at this period, and for a long time after, among the schools in Pittsburgh, was that of the Misses F——. Their residence, in which the school was held, was a little two-story brick house on Front Street below Ferry. It is still standing, and its present number is 72. Both boys and girls were taught there, the latter always largely in the majority. About the spring of 1834 I was enrolled with the pupils of this school. Children from many prominent families of the city were in attendance, and I recall such names as those of Wood, Bissell, Townsend, and Ogden, though were I to attempt to collect the names of all who patronized this well-remembered institution it would be a task similar to that of compiling a

directory. There I made a beginning in the three elementary branches of learning, — R—— R—— R——. Before my sixth birthday I could do some "readin'." I remember my first lesson in "ritin'," when I was taught the art of making "pothooks." But my recollection as to the third of these studies, "'rithmetic," is possibly more distinct, as I figured on a slate, and that fact recalls the subject of slate-pencils. One day a pupil of the opposite sex, coveting a brand-new slate-pencil which she saw me using, concocted the fable that it was her property, and that I had stolen it. Upon my denial of the soft impeachment, Miss N——, the younger of the two teachers, took me into an adjoining room and whipped me for the double sin of lying and stealing. I endeavored to establish my innocence by producing from my pocket several other pencils, exact counterparts of the one in question, wrapped in brown paper. These I had brought from my father's bookstore, where slate pencils abounded, and so I informed Miss N——; but the production of what I presumed was incontestable proof only brought me additional punishment, since, for my utter depravity, she confiscated the lot, and sent me whimpering back into the school room.

Children whose homes were at some distance from the school usually brought their dinners in little baskets, which they were permitted to deposit in the same room where I was taught how wicked it was to lie and steal. Some of the little misses occasionally complained that the teachers were in the habit of sampling the contents of their lunch baskets, taking out such tidbits as pickles, preserves, cakes, etc. From my experience as to slate pencils, I thought there might be ground for the accusation.

I recall an incident which I sometimes have thought

was an example of refined cruelty. Shortly after the pencil affair, when at some recitation I was standing near Miss N——, she inquired whether I liked her or Miss

"YOU BAD BOY."

J—— bester. The recent whipping I had received at her hand was of course fresh in my mind, as it was also in her mind; and fearing a repetition of it, I made the

answer which fear dictated and which she took pleasure in extorting from me. How like the cat toying with the mouse it has wounded, now a respite, and again a shake!

Corporal punishment was a fundamental principle in the government of schools in those days; and there was no violation of the principle in this particular school. A heavy rattan, loaded at the end with a ball of lead, was always within easy reach, and was used with frequency for the correction of children none of whom, I believe, were above the age of twelve. And even the leaded end was at times used on the heads of refractory youths, by their temporary guardians; and in one case, at least, a lifelong injury of a serious character was inflicted.

Miss J—— was short in stature, quite sallow in complexion, and her face always wore a stern, or rather, vinegar, expression; but in truth, she was the more amiable of the pair; indeed, so far as my observation extended, the lack of this quality was confined to her sister who was tall, fair, and without any noticeably unpleasant expression of countenance, unless it was occasioned by a slight upturning of the nose.

Miss N—— succeeded in getting a husband. I imagine she was chief in authority in that household. Miss J—— remained through life a spinster.

An incident connected with this school which deepens my impression concerning one of the noblest men I ever knew, comes to me now with newly awakend pleasure. One day when a travelling menagerie had come to town, and the pulse of every child beat high in expectation of being an eye-witness of so notable an event, my uncle, Mr. William Eichbaum, called at the school and obtained permission from the ladies in charge to

take the entire troop of youngsters to a place on Market Street where they might witness the grand cavalcade which already was filling their little heads with imagined delight. His request was accompanied by the promise that all should be well cared for, and be returned in safety. I scarce believe that one man in ten thousand would ever conceive of such a project, much less put it into execution. This illustrates the character of the man, his kindness of heart, his thoughtfulness for little children; and I may add that, to the latest hour of his noble life he was ever the same.

As with children in general, I had my child-love. Our next-door neighbors, the T——s, had a daughter, Margaret, of my age, and we were inseparable. In after years we were again neighbors, on the West Common in Allegheny, when she, lovely in form and features, sweet and gentle in disposition, as I had known her in childhood, was the noble wife of one worthy to be her husband. But this is apart from my story. Margaret and I attended the F—— school, and it may be imagined that one of us always waited for the other, either at her garden gate or mine in going, or at the schoolhouse door on returning; and as we went, with books and slates in bags slung over our shoulders, we tripped along light-hearted and joyous. For some reason, after a time she left that school to attend another, and I perforce must follow, when again hand in hand we daily wended our steps together to what would now be called a kindergarten. The house in which this school was held was a small, one-story, long, frame building on Liberty Street, nearly opposite the head of Pitt Street (now 5th), and was standing as late as the spring of '85, when it gave way to the march of improvements. Its presiding genius

was a kind old lady, a Mrs. Henderson, a name which for many years had passed from my memory, though her blessed self was ever embalmed there. Recently, however, by a stroke of good fortune I recovered what so long had been lost. Of the branches taught, one was astronomy. The good old lady moved all the benches in the centre of the room aside, and with a lump of chalk marked the positions and orbits of a number of planets. A lot of gilded balls and stars fastened to sticks were placed in the hands of the youngsters selected to represent the heavenly bodies, and each child was shown its position and intended movements. The largest ball, about twelve inches in diameter, represented the sun; in which character I shone resplendently on numerous occasions. Occupying, of course, the central position of the system, revolving on my own axis, and the lesser lights moving majestically around me in their respective orbits, I felt duly proud. Our good mistress led the school in song, as the planetary bodies were set in motion; while infinite delight overspread the features of every little one present. It was somewhat of an illustration of the dawn of creation when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

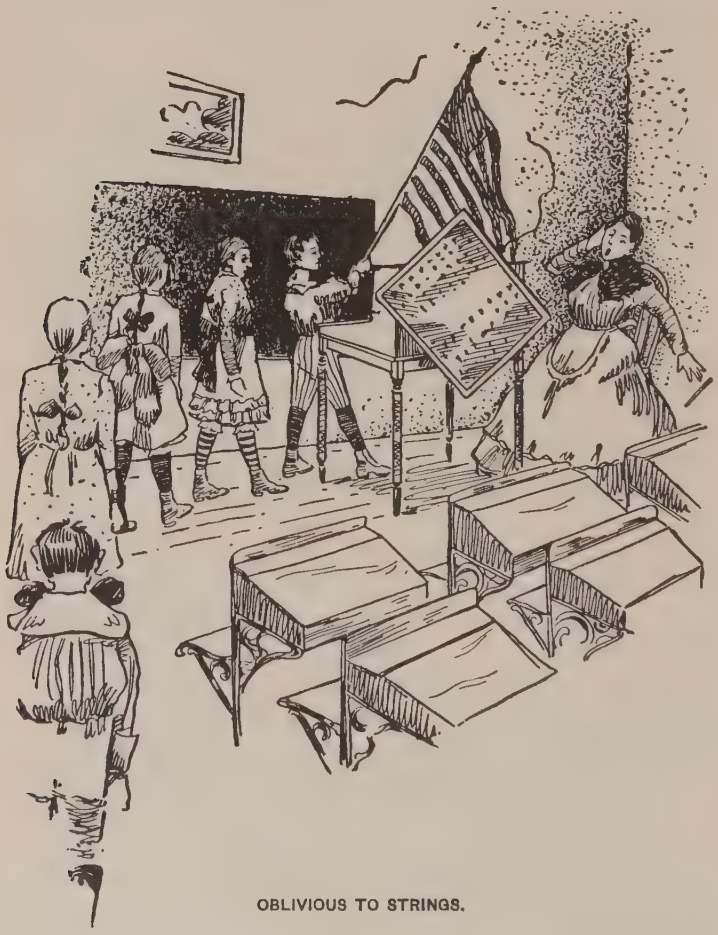
Another exercise of this charming school has also, through these many years, been sacredly preserved in the storehouse of memory, and with it an occasion in which I was the hero of the day. The entire school, in single file, was arranged around the room. It fell to my lot to be the leader, and a flag—the star-spangled banner—was placed in my hands. The old lady's chair of state was on a raised platform at one end of the room; behind it was a bookcase, and between the back of this and the rear wall a space was left so that the children in

marching, which was a frequent exercise, would have nothing to interrupt them. On the top of the bookcase was a board about three feet square containing the multiplication table, and this was nicely poised to its position by a string connecting it with a nail driven into the wall. Now, when the good dame handed me the flag, she pointed to the string and cautioned me that when the head of the procession reached the place where the bookcase stood, I should instantly lower the emblem of our country's glory. The band,—that is, the old lady,—struck up, and off we started, our little bosoms swelling proudly as we marched forward, keeping step to the music of the Union. Elated beyond measure, so much so as to be completely oblivious to such humble things as strings, at the proper time I forgot to lower the starry banner; so the staff came in contact with the cord, which instantly snapped, and down came the multiplication table with a noise perfectly stunning. The marching for that day was ended.

The next school I attended was on Third Street, above Wood, taught by a Mrs. D——. The memories that cluster around that school may be likened to the confused recollections of a hideous nightmare. The textbooks were equally cheery objects. I remember one,—Tytler's *Universal History;* — its leaves of an unpleasant dark shade were compactly printed from small type, and the subject-matter was as dry as the flesh of a mummy. And there was a geography which presented to the youthful mind for its contemplation, on the very first pages, such delightful and inviting themes as spheres, hemispheres, poles, equatorial and zone lines, etc.

Children were seldom then, as is too often the case

now, permitted to handle much money. What fell to my lot, as to some others I knew, found depositories to which



OBLIVIOUS TO STRINGS.

we resorted with little delay, and as much frequency as possible. One of these was the humble store of a Mrs.

Matty Moore, famous, as all juveniles were aware, for its taffy. Another was the confectionery and candy store of Mr. Peter Beard, on Wood Street, where rows of jars of toothsome sweets made our eyes sparkle in beholding them, while they proved irresistibly tempting; especially as we had bitter experiences that the big copper cents, as also the half-cents then in common use, wore great holes in our pockets.

My next educational experience began early in the year 1836, at the First Ward public school on Ferry Street, between Fourth and Liberty Streets. The school building was the first erected expressly for that purpose in Pittsburgh. Previous to its opening there had been for a short time a public school in an old frame building at the foot of Irwin Street, possibly for the children of the Fourth Ward. Public schools in Pennsylvania were then in their infancy. The law creating them was passed in 1834, and met with such violent opposition that there was danger of its repeal. Thaddeus Stevens and Governor Wolfe were its warmest supporters, and mainly through their efforts this measure which has proved so beneficial to the State was carried.

The boys in attendance at the First Ward school numbered perhaps one hundred, and occupied one large room on the second floor. Their teacher was a Mr. Anderson. The school for girls was on the third floor. The two were distinct institutions; there being no connection between them, each having its own entrance doors and stairways as well as instructors. As Mr. Anderson had no assistants, he adopted what was called the monitor system: *i. e.*, the master taught a dozen or so of the more advanced pupils, who were known as senior monitors, and these in turn instructed a lower grade called junior monitors.

The remaining scholars, divided into classes of convenient size, recited to the junior monitors, of which I was one. A badge and chain of brass, hanging from the neck of each monitor, denoted his rank. It was a source of amusement to me that many of those I was called upon to teach seemed nearly twice my size, and that the taller they were the more stupid they appeared to be. This system was not calculated to make diligent students, for the monitors were shifted about, instead of uniformly being set over the same classes; and, in consequence, a lesson to which some attention had been given, was made to answer for a number of recitations. I was not long in ascertaining this fact, and sometimes took advantage of it in cheating those placed over me, not realizing who it was that was most defrauded.

Mr. Anderson loved toddy, not wisely but too well, for it frequently obtained ascendency over him. He likewise had a fondness for cigars, and it was no unusual occurrence for the master to exhibit himself on his high platform, with feet cocked up on a desk, while in graceful curls the smoke floated to the ceiling.

I remember an occasion when he sent one of the larger boys to a corner grocery for cigars, directing him to bring one of them lighted. The order was implicitly obeyed, for on returning, the boy was seen smoking with great vigor, and advancing to the platform, in presence of the entire school, he transferred the cigar from his mouth to that of the teacher, who seemed unconscious of the fact that anything improper had been done. Mr. Anderson heeded the advice to teachers found in a couplet of Byron's "Don Juan,"—

> "O ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations, . . .
> I pray ye flog them upon all occasions."

Never was any one more in accord with Solomon in the use of the rod; he employed it unsparingly and on several occasions he flogged the entire school, with the exception, perhaps, of a half-dozen boys, of which number I happened to be one. I was never able to account for this wholesale, indiscriminate punishment, unless the master was prompted by imbibing too freely. As to the few exempted from chastisement, two, like myself, were sons of directors, and this fact may have had its influence. Respecting my own case, whilst aware of being specially favored, and finding it agreeable to be so, yet I sometimes feared losing caste with other boys, who in general dislike the favorites of a teacher even more than they do a good thrashing; but I do not think I ever suffered in their estimation, and doubtless would have known it had it been the case, for boys are seldom chary in making plain their hostile feelings. I am conscious, moreover, of kindnesses oft repeated on the part of many, and that I had not an enemy among them all. On one occasion, however, when the master was royally under the *influence*, not a single exception was made; the sons of the directors were dragged in a common net with all others. That was, indeed, a notable day; steam was at high pressure. In a voice that betokened a storm beginning, Jacob Horsely and Hugh Slicer (two of the largest pupils) were called forward. Instantly obedient, they were commanded, as on some previous occasions, to "go down to Jones' ferry, cross the river, and take the path leading up the side of Coal Hill, and each of you cut and bring back a good bundle of rods, and mind ye, don't be long about it." They went, and were not long gone,—perhaps two hours; for the hillside then was covered with forest trees, and rods were readily procured. These were cut by them in

lengths of about four feet and were neatly trimmed. Each, with a great bundle swung over a shoulder, returned to the schoolroom, and when just inside the door, as perhaps was prearranged, they flung their burdens simultaneously with their utmost force upon the floor. The noise was deafening, and Mr. Anderson, who was quietly napping, was suddenly awakened, and just as suddenly he called out, "You, Jacob Horsely, and you, Hugh Slicer, take off your coats." Their compliance was instantaneous, and he, coming down, ordered one of them to mount a desk, which he did by stretching himself across it, face downwards. Thereupon a trial of the rods began, and the pedagogue laid on heavily. Each boy in turn throughout the school was called up, and punished in the same way. Last of all, and to my utter surprise and horror, I too was called, when from past experience I had begun to think such a thing impossible. Nevertheless, I responded with alacrity, but was only required to hold out my hand, upon which the rod came down with sufficient force to make it smart considerably. But the greater pain, was the mortification felt, in having to undergo any punishment, even though exempt from the humiliation of lying over a desk. I, of course, deserved no more consideration than others, but the knowledge that others were accustomed to such treatment, and I was not, occasioned this bitter feeling.

The invention of friction matches belongs to the year 1834; and like most inventions of the age, of the better class, the merit of it belongs to our country. How indispensable to our comfort are those now seemingly insignificant, but beyond measure useful, articles; and consider the condition of mankind, in the long black nights of centuries when they were not known.

Wood was not at first used in making matches, but pasteboard cut in strips about an inch and a half wide, and slit like the teeth of a comb. When a light was wanted, a tooth, so to speak, was torn off, and this drawn between a folded piece of emery paper, the combustible materials with which it was tipped became ignited, causing a report, and emiting a strong sulphurous odor. Our schoolboys, with the natural tendency of youth to investigate scientific mysteries, soon became deeply interested in the new invention, and for a time it was the most engaging toy to be found.

Fizz, fizz, fizz, went the matches, here and there, and Mr. Anderson made strenuous endeavors to discover the urchins causing the disturbance. By the time he would reach the spot from which a noise proceeded, the odor died away, and on being interrogated there was profound ignorance on the part of every boy.

One of the wholesale whippings of which I have spoken, was brought about on one occasion by a regular field-day in match firing, in which the boys indulged themselves. After that, I have no recollection of again seeing matches at school.

"Lucifer matches," and "locofoco matches," were the names by which they were called at first.

Members of the Democratic party were in those days called "locofocos" by their opponents, and the name stuck to them for many years. Even yet, in *Webster's Dictionary*, it may be seen among the definitions of the word locofoco, "a member of the Democratic party," while in an explanatory note it is stated that at a meeting of Democrats in 1834, held in Tammany Hall, New York, with a view to stop a certain discussion, some-one turned off the gas; but a member of an opposite clique

relighted it by means of the newly invented matches, and from this circumstance the name—locofoco—became attached to the party in general.

Having again wandered from the old public school, let me, as I do most lovingly, return to its shades once more. Our teacher, Mr. Anderson, for the exercise of his talents found vent in one particular direction,—elocution. In this he was an enthusiast, and hence a most excellent instructor; possessing, too, the gift of inspiring others with his enthusiasm. Moreover, as during the winter, exhibitions in oratory were given, he was enabled to pull wool over the eyes of the public, and of the directors, an essential part of it.

Great crowds of well-dressed people came out on these occasions, and from what they saw they formed favorable opinions respecting the school, and were led to believe that the management, in all respects, was what it should be. The program consisted of dialogues and select orations, and weeks were bestowed on the preparations for the exhibitions, and other studies meanwhile were largely neglected. It was found essential that the room should be elaborately decorated with evergreens, while some motto was conspicuously paraded on the walls, as "Knowledge is Power." A blaze of candles in bright tin sconces hung about the walls, and lard-oil lamps suspended from the ceiling, added lustre (smoke, and the fumes of burnt wicks, also,) to the scene. After each exercise there was an applause, more or less loud, according to the number of relatives and friends of the performer who might be present, as these could always be counted upon for starting these expressions of public favor, whatever the merit of the prodigy whose gifts of eloquence were so astounding. The gratification felt,

that each family was to become the proud possessor of an orator, was truly great, and the swelling of many bosoms a natural consequence.

It was my lot to be especially favored by having assigned me a number of parts on these occasions. Once I was Cato, in a debate supposed to be taking place in the Roman Senate; and, again, I represented the son of William Tell, and was immortalized when an apple that had been poised on my head, was supposed to have been shot through the core by an arrow from the bow of the Swiss patriot,—though in point of fact the arrow had gone behind the scenes, and another one, penetrating a different apple, had mysteriously taken its place. For the great danger through which I was imagined to have passed, I excited much sympathy on the part of the audience, particularly the feminine portion of it. I am not aware that anyone fainted, but being the son of a director it was accounted respectful that I should be roundly applauded.

On one of these stirring occasions, for an oration, "The Man of Ross" had been assigned me, but at my mother's suggestion I recited instead, Addison's ode, "The Spacious Firmament on High," etc. There can scarce be a doubt that I acquitted myself with great credit, since in my various efforts there had been a gradual ascent—from Rome to the Alps, and from the Alps to the very heavens.

The mention on a previous page of Jacob Horsely, brings him vividly to remembrance, and once more I behold him, as my thoughts revert to those school-days, when, as well as for a number of years after, I saw him frequently. Physically, he was one of the most powerful men I have ever known, and although in some way, and before I met him, he had lost an arm from the elbow

down, this did not seem a drawback; indeed, I have even thought that the possession of the stump, for some unexplainable reason, increased his strength. In later years when for a brief time I ran with the "machine," being a fireman, as is afterwards related, Jake was the chief mainstay whenever a fight with the men of other engines was begun. To us he was a Goliath of Gath, and the trembling Israelites arrayed against us viewed him with terror; for although his height was not six cubits and a span; and though upon his head he wore no helmet of brass; nor was he armed with coat of mail; neither had he greaves of brass upon his legs, nor target of brass between his shoulders,—yet his arm was like a weaver's beam, and the weight of his fist as six hundred shekels of iron. Our foemen had no longing to get into a scrimmage when Jake was about, for he was apt to handle them roughly.

As to himself, he was not averse to what was only natural and could not be helped: so rushing into a mêlée, he could single out the chief bully of the adversary, and throwing his ponderous weight against him, the two would be seen rolling on the hard cobble stones; but our champion was always sure to be on top, when, whilst his stump clinched his antagonist with a grip a bear might envy, his disengaged arm was free for vigorous action, and his sledge-hammer-like fist moving up and down with rapidity, caused streams of claret to flow from the enemy's nasal protuberance, not forgetting, before finishing the job, to imprint marks about his eyes which would give them the appearance of being surmounted with goggles.

I had no fondness for such spectacles (no pun intended) and only viewed them as I would a brutal dog fight, and

yet—such is youth—I always felt deep satisfaction in knowing that ours was the winning dog, whilst intensely proud of "our Jake." To me he was always so gentle; never meeting me without a winning smile, as in tones soft and tender he accosted me in the most familiar terms, making me feel that if ever I got into trouble, and he was about, I could count on his coming to my rescue; and any who might think of playing the bully with me would soon repent their folly. As the years sped by, I lost track of him, and am unable now to say what became of him.

There was another First Ward schoolmate of whom I must speak, one whom through the most of my life I seldom lost sight of. We were not, indeed, intimate, and I would be sorry to tell it if we had been; but almost from childhood till late in our lives we kept up some acquaintance. He was a few years, perhaps as many as ten, my senior, and on that account, it may have been, when we met, he was accustomed to speak familiarly; while I in turn called him "Wally," his name being Wallace Covel. From an early age he became a sot, and for many years figured in the police reports, the usual paragraph being: "Wally Covel was again sent to Mt. Airy." The Jail on Grant's Hill was long known by that name.

This life-acquaintance was mainly kept up by a casual meeting on the street, though sometimes Wally honored me specially by a call. On all occasions a temporary loan was sought, and when with admonitory advice I shelled out a quarter, he freely admitted his shortcomings, but never failed to assure me that he had taken his last drink, and that I could rely upon it, that what I now gave would not go as some others had gone.

One day not long since, after quite an intermission, he

called to see me. He was perfectly sober, decently clad, and looked cleanly, while he talked as though fully conscious that his life had not been well spent. There was a pathos in the words he uttered which I did not expect, and, as I took him by the hand and quietly slipped into it a piece of coin, I had a sorrowful feeling that it might be the last; and it was. I never again saw or heard from him, and I doubt not but that the clods of the valley now cover him, as I say, "peace to his ashes."

It was in that period of my schooldays of which I have just been speaking, that my acquaintance with novel-reading began. In Bentley's *Miscellany*, an English periodical, the earliest writings of Boz appeared, and from it, whilst spread at full length on the floor of my room at home, I devoured *Oliver Twist* with an eagerness never forgotten. Recently, in re-reading it, I found that so deeply was each character and scene impressed upon my mind that it was almost like attempting to glean something new from the alphabet or multiplication table. Dickens's writings have ever since held a warm place in my regard, though Thackeray's and Scott's I value yet more. Of single novels, I place Dr. Warren's *Ten Thousand a Year* in the front rank of all, while for purity of diction Oliver Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* is, in my opinion, without a peer.

CHAPTER VII.

A LONG HOLIDAY—SPORTS OF BOYHOOD.

"Happy the school-boy! did he prize his bliss,
'Twere ill exchang'd for all the dazzling gems
That gaily sparkle in ambition's eye.
Sorrow 's unknown, or if a tear be shed,
He wipes it soon; for hark! the cheerful voice
Of comrade calls him to the top or ball;
Away he hies, and clamors as he goes
With glee which causes him to tread on air!"

KNOX.

IN the spring of 1837 my schooling was suddenly, and for a long season—three and a half years—interrupted by a serious mishap which befell me. One day my parents, noticing a limp in my gait, for which on being questioned I could not satisfactorily account, at once called in a skilful German surgeon. More successful than they, he induced me to put on my thinking cap, and elicited facts from me which fully accounted for my lameness. My recollection aroused, I was able to tell that a month or more previously, while running rapidly, my feet encountering some frozen snow had slipped from under me in opposite directions, causing me a fall and a sharp pain which made me cry out. Springing to my feet again, I ran on, and without a second thought as to my accident until the questions of the good doctor

brought the whole scene to remembrance. Thereupon he quickly ascertained that my left hip had been sprained, and in the neighborhood of its joints an abscess was formed, while outwardly there were evidences of considerable swelling. Thus, injuries, which through life have caused me more or less of suffering seldom known to any beside myself, had a beginning. Further than this, I have at times been restrained from indulging in activities which would have afforded me much enjoyment. Leeching, lancing, bandaging, and other surgical operations were performed, as for many months, a severe sufferer, I was confined to my bed.

For reasons now unknown to me, other physicians succeeded Dr. Saxe, among them Dr. Addison. I remember how I once tried to evade his efforts to lance my then well-scarred hip. Stretched upon a sofa, and in the exact position which the operation required, all was in readiness, and I was apparently submitting with great patience and composure. Turning his back for an instant to pick up from a case lying upon a table, the proper instrument, I felt my opportunity had come, and springing toward the door, was quickly at the head of the stairway, when my father's hand, firmly but kindly, rested on my shoulder, and I was brought back to the rack of torture.

Throughout a second year suppuration continued at the injured part, but I was permitted to hobble about at will. Skilful physicians and vile quacks, with whom also I was occasionally afflicted, were equally successful in affording me no relief. At length I undertook my own cure, and to get rid of doctors made it appear that one, Dr. Whitaker, the most miserable quack I had encountered, had effected a cure. My remedy was simple. I had noticed that left to itself the sore was inclined to

heal; the great difficulty was that a too sudden closing up might conceal inflammation which would again break forth. I accordingly, for a time, used a needle daily to puncture the wound, and continued thus until there was no longer any pus to flow from it. Lameness, however, at times, of greater or less degree, has ever since been my heritage.

During the period in which I was confined to the house, by advice of my physicians, I drank wine to strengthen my system, a jug of which was kept in a pantry adjoining my bedroom, and I was accustomed to crawl thither and help myself. Beside the wine jug, which held a gallon, stood a great jug of whiskey, about double the capacity of the other. After a time, I grew tired of the wine, and an occasional trial of the contents of the companion jug made me form a favorable opinion respecting it, so I accustomed myself to its use to build up my wasted frame, always taking care that when through drinking the glass used should both smell and taste of wine, an easy matter, accomplished by rinsing it with that liquid. One day, however, after having drunk, I heard footsteps approaching, and in my haste to put things to right, dropped the cork belonging to the smaller vessel into the great mouth of the whisky jug. Soon after, inquiry was made as to what had become of the missing cork. I remained silent, but from that time forth feared to again drink of the coveted liquor, lest I should be found out.

Among those who visited me during my long confinement to bed was my aged grandmother (my father's mother). The dear old lady never came without some toy or trinket to amuse or interest me. Once she brought me an old pinchbeck watch, and I became quite expert

in taking it to pieces, and in restoring part to part. Something at length got wrong, and the works would not move. I tried pouring water through them, but this, and a thorough shaking proving ineffectual, I desisted in all further attempts to keep it running. In all my days since I have been a wretched mechanic, never knowing or learning anything about machinery, even when having much of it in view. Looking wise, however, enabled me to pass as though having some skill. Other of my grandmother's gifts, now recalled, were a tortoise-shell snuff-box, still in my possession, a jews-harp, and a dog-knife.

My earliest instructress, Miss J—— F——, and my recent tutor, Mr. Anderson, were also,—in great kindness, notwithstanding the wicked things I have said concerning them, among those who visited me; one bringing confections, and the other books, as gifts to console and comfort me, and to drive off the tedium of the sick-room.

Part of the summer of 1838 I spent pleasantly at a fashionable resort, called the Mt. Emmett Hotel, situated on an eminence overlooking the western suburbs of Allegheny. It was kept by a genial Irishman,—Hugh Sweeny,—who with his warm-hearted wife, I hold in grateful remembrance for their constant kindnesses to me. Their table was specially noted for its excellence. During my stay, there were other permanent boarders, and also a constant stream of visitors, from the first families of the two cities. The latter in their carriages came in the afternoons; the gentlemen finding amusement at ten-pins, while the ladies seated upon the spacious verandas, which ran on all sides of the building, engaged in social intercourse blended with fancy needle-work. Among the families whom I recall as frequent visitors were those of Thomas M. Howe, Sylvanus Lothrop, Robert C. Stockton,

David Stockton, Robert S. Cassatt, James Anderson, and Thomas S. Clark. Supper, supremely delicious, of which spring chickens and waffles constituted a part, was always one of the chief delights of Mt. Emmett; and the aroma of that dining-hall regales me afresh as in thought I once again sit at the sumptuous board and scan the familiar faces of our generous host and of each of his refined guests. Supper over, all sought enjoyments ever associated with the porches, and in the few remaining hours that glided but too quickly by, there was a commingling of the fumes of Havanas with the hum of voices; —the latter often uplifted in songs of sweetest melody.

Looking down from that hilltop, the then borough of Allegheny, half town, half country in aspect, lay considerably to the left, while immediately below, and taking a long sweep to the right, toward the Ohio River, where is now a teeming population, were farms, gardens, and the rural residences of many wealthy citizens.

In the following summer, I spent about two months at the Point Breeze tavern, kept by a Mrs. Parker. (As I write—October, 1886,—this house is being demolished, its site to be included in the grounds of Mr. William Carr.) Its situation was at the junction of the Greensburg Pike and the Fourth Street road; a short distance east of East Liberty. I would be better understood now, perhaps, were I to say that it stood where Penn and Fifth Avenues meet. Mrs. Parker's was a resort similar to that of Mr. Sweeny, and frequented only by a class of people similar to that patronizing his establishment. The suppers served were likewise truly delicious. Even yet I recall the frogs, so daintily cooked, and the savory smell which filled the long, low dining-room, where a table groaning with every sort of delicacy was surrounded

by guests such as I have described. I usually spent the afternoons watching the gentlemen play at ten-pins; I knew them all, and all knew me.

Dr. Jonas R. McClintock, whose father lived just opposite, was occasionally among the afternoon and evening guests of this house. His third term as Mayor of Pittsburgh terminated the previous winter. He was but twenty-eight years old when elected to that office, and by many was called the "boy Mayor," though he showed himself equal to every emergency. Still earlier, (1833) he was Captain of the Duquesne Greys organized in 1831, with Major Baker of the Arsenal then at its head; at which time the doctor was first lieutenant. His was an uncommonly striking figure on our streets; tall, erect, conspicuous among ten thousand; and as for gracefulness of carriage, but few men within my recollection have approached him. His wife, the fourth of Major William Graham's six charming daughters, was my mother's cousin. I was in that summer a frequent and always welcome visitor at the residence of Dr. McClintock's father, and many delightful hours I spent in the grand old woods just back of the house. Alas, the woodman's axe has been there, and nothing of the forest remains: but the house is still standing, though like the boy's jack-knife, so frequently has it been renewed in parts, that a doubt exists as to whether it is the same dwelling. Nothing, indeed, of its ancient rusticity is to be found. After his father's death, when it became the home of Dr. McClintock, he remodelled it completely. And again, by its present owner, my very genial friend, Mr. George Singer, to whom by a similar tie I am related, it has undergone many changes.

My landlady, Mrs. Parker, made some pretence of

curing certain physical disorders; and possibly it was because of her supposed ability in this line, that I became an inmate of her house. Most surely, I was dosed with a vile decoction, to the extent of numberless quarts, by the old lady.

Little did I then think that in after-years my own delightful home, with many olive plants round about my table, was to be in that vicinity. And in mentioning this I am also reminded of a drive taken, about the same period, in the same neighborhood, with my father and Major William Graham, when for some reason — mud possibly — we diverged from the road, and taking a by-way through a forest, became lost and wandered about considerably before being able to regain the highway. As nearly as I can now determine, the place of the incident was in the vicinity of the location of Fifth and Highland Avenues, not far from Point Breeze, and convenient to the place where, as mentioned a moment since, my future home was to be.

This was then a farming country, and there were many large tracts of woodland, but when I moved into it, it was becoming in a gradual way a place of residence for city merchants; and stately dwellings were beginning to take the place of the more humble rural abodes. But changes vastly greater have occurred since then; and it has become the home of an immense population; and while by reason of its numerous country seats it yet retains a semi-rural appearance, it nevertheless is a city, or part of one, having paved streets everywhere, gas, electricity, water privileges and all else pertaining to city life.

In 1839 and for six years thereafter, the eastern line of the city was marked on the stone parapet wall of a bridge

over a ravine lying between Grant's Hill and Boyd's Hill, at the foot of the decline beyond Ross Street. East of that point, as related elsewhere, there were but few houses, and as I there show, it was not difficult to name them all.

In the winter previous to my sojourn at Point Breeze, I attended a singing school in the Third Presbyterian Church which adjoined my father's residence. It was taught by a Mr. Gilbert, who, in connection with a Mr. Taylor, had other like schools in different churches. I was fond of music, and eagerly learned the admirable ballads, choruses, etc. taught, but did not apply myself sufficiently to learn to read music, — a lifelong regret. Kingsley's *Social Choir*, a work in two volumes was used in the school, and the excellence of its selections, I have not seen equalled. Its songs are those which never grow old, and will not die; among them were "The Last Rose of Summer," "John Anderson, my Jo," "Robin Adair," "Oft in the Stilly Night," and such like melodies. From its treasured leaves I learned Dr. Muhlenburg's delightful hymn, "I would not live alway," — as sweet in rhythm and melody now as then; and ever associated with my mother's death, which happened about the time my acquaintance with the dear old song began.

Mr. Gilbert gave concerts in the Third Church, his scholars, numbering many hundreds, occupying the galleries. On one of these occasions I sang in a duet; or more properly perhaps, I sang the duet, for my intended second was so abashed, he did not open his mouth. The air was "The Canadian Boatman's Song,"—"Row, brothers, row, for the night comes on."

My amusements at this period, as I went hobbling about because of lameness, were such as boys in general indulge in, only omitting the more active sports requir-

ing sound limbs and quick motions. I could not play ball or "shinny," fly kites or trundle hoops, but I engaged in marbles, and amused myself in many other quiet ways. I was intensely interested in fire engines, and acquired sufficient knowledge to construct a model of one, fashioned after those the men dragged about, and so as to throw water. I made a full-rigged ship, but as it was too large to sail in a bath-tub, and there were no ponds convenient, in order to set it in motion I mounted it on wheels. I made paper balloons and was successful in getting these aërial ships to sail amid the clouds. Firecrackers came within the line of my manufactures, and I was well satisfied in knowing that I could outdo those brought from China, in the matter of noise. Then I cast cannon, and as I was not expert in getting quickly out of the way in case they burst, I made them of lead, so that in bursting no harm could befall me.

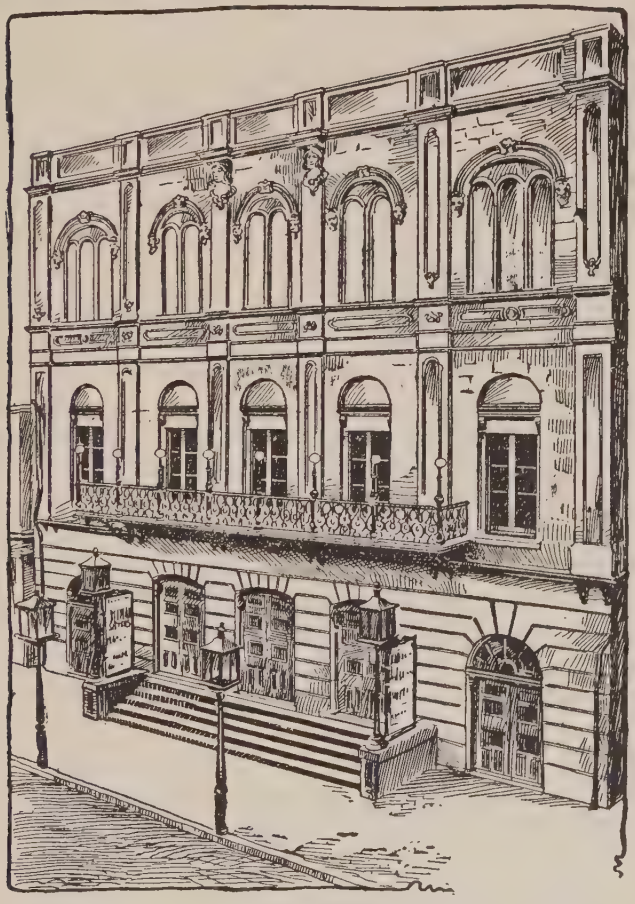
Catching pigeons was also among my industries. With a pyramidal case constructed of laths, and a figure-4 trap baited with corn, I was able to fill a barrel with these birds. After holding them thus as prisoners for a day or two, not knowing what use to make of them, and having some feeling of compassion toward them, I magnanimously restored them to liberty.

About my father's printing-office, there were always boys whom I could seduce from their work to aid me in the congenial sports I had on foot. One of these was Charlie Glenn, whom I regarded as a superlative genius, as he was up to everything. For a long time Charlie contrived to do double duty; answering promptly when wanted by the pressman at the ink rollers, but rather more willing to have remained with me to aid in my various pursuits.

A year later than the time of which I have been speaking, my leg having become stronger, I was able to indulge in many exercises which in my weaker condition I had been obliged to forego, and now Charlie's devotion to me was if possible greater than ever. He patronized liberally every circus that came to town, by "hooking in," and was well known to the police for his skill in this direction. He had, too, a companion equally expert,—Sam Evans,—in late years the efficient superintendent of the city fire department. Charlie and Sam were never satisfied to enjoy a circus alone, but were always anxious that their friends should participate in their pleasures. Accordingly, just as soon as their feet rested on the tan-bark on the inner side of the tempting canvas, they would make a quick and bold stride toward the doorkeeper, procure checks for their more timid acquaintances, and again steal in, either by a sudden dash past the much engaged ticket-taker, or by crawling beneath, or climbing over the tent wall. In this way I was occasionally admitted to the famous circuses of Stickney and others, sometimes being indebted to Charlie, and at others to Sam.

My first visit to a theatre—the old "Drury"—was by means of the same sort of complimentary ticket. In those days, what we now call the parquette, and consider the choicest position, was styled "the pit," and ranked next to the gallery both in cheapness and character. The frequenters of the pit, though usually composed of the lower classes, boisterous in demonstrations, and often very ill-behaved, enjoyed, by reason of their favorable location, the best of opportunities for forming opinions as to the grade of performers, and were accounted as among the most discriminating critics. The actors all under-

stood this; and the elder Booth, Ned Forrest, 'Gus Adams, and other stars of the day (or night) were always anxious



THE THEATRE.

in their endeavors to satisfy the pit. But all this is only introductory to my story.

The entrance to the pit was by an outside stairway leading to the basement; then through a long and narrow passage terminating at a small door close to the seats of the orchestra. The doorkeeper stood at or near the foot of the stairway referred to. On the occasion of which I began to speak, my friend Charlie led me to the door, and asked me to remain there for a few moments. Gliding down the steps and rushing past the ticket-taker, before that surprised official had time to recover breath, he returned and demanded a check. Of course there could be no refusal, for such unbounded impudence brooks no denial, and there was no such nonsense as discomfiture. With the check in my trembling hand I entered, a more fit subject for ejection than was he who gave it to me.

Scarcely was I seated when on looking around I found Charlie at my side, and soberly scanning the play-bill. I well remember the play—"Paul Pry"—and how amused I was; and how surprised by the strange transformations occasioned by the shifting scenes; but I was unable to overcome a feeling—the result of education—that I was then on the downward road to perdition; and there was something ominous too in the name of the place in which I sat,—the pit. It was perhaps this experience which led to some private theatricals, set up in the cellar of my father's house by Charlie Glenn, Tom R——, another printer's devil, and myself. I painted the scenes, and we played "William Tell." I do not recollect that any audience was ever present.

It was in that cellar, quite a deep one, that I met with an accident which nearly cost me my life. One day, while in pursuit of my multitudinous engagements, a countryman brought a barrel of cider which my father

had bought, and desired me to aid him in lowering it down the flight of stone steps into the cellar. As I advanced, he held the barrel by the chines, poised on the topmost step which was at an elevation of about eight feet above where I stood. Just as I reached the foot of the steps, the barrel slipped from his fingers, instantly prostrating me at full length as it rolled over my body, fortunately, however, with great rapidity. My father arrived at the moment of the accident and picked me up, cold and apparently lifeless. Brandy and other restoratives were employed, and ere long I was able with straws to suck from the bung of that barrel my share of the cider.

Among other accomplishments I was fond of walking on stilts, not hesitating to strap them tight to my ankles and below the joints of the knees, as did the inhabitants in the south of France, according to pictures I had seen. They, no doubt, had some method of releasing their enclosed limbs from the straps, which I had not. It is perhaps worth mention that by some miraculous intervention my neck was not broken.

Of course I flew kites, trundled hoops, and played at marbles,—at the latter played "keeps"; not so much against my conscience as against my pocket, for I seldom won. The few coppers I was able to scratch together were expended at Slade's, either for taffy or marbles.

I had at times a companion in mischief, one who in after years went with me to California in search for gold, —William B. McBride. I recall one of our exploits. My father's stable fronted on Third Street, and immediately opposite in a large, double house lived a highly respected, high-toned, wealthy, and pompous colored barber, named Vashon, who had a daughter, Mary, black as the ace of

spades. It was said that Vashon indulged the hope that he might be able to marry the charming Mary to a white man, and was ready to pay a handsome sum to one who should prove so fortunate as to lead her to the nuptial altar. This hope was not realized; but a negro named Colder, whose skin was so white he might have passed for a Caucasian, had the happiness to win the hand and heart of Mary. But to resume: one dark night McBride and I posted ourselves by an open door in the hayloft of the stable, having previously, by means of a string, formed connection with the big brass knocker on Mr. Vashon's door. A gentle pull brought Miss Mary to answer the knock. She retreated—perhaps it was a mistake—the wind probably. Another pull, and again she came, only to be disappointed. A third pull, and this time she brought a candle with which she peered into the darkness, up and down the street, when, discovering the string, she applied the flame of the luminary, and we shut up shop for the night.

When speaking of the printing-office boys with whom, both in and out of working hours, I found companionship, my pen drifted into some other current, or I should have mentioned besides Tom R——, another brother, Alex., more steady-going, more correct in his deportment, and altogether more reliable; who in later years became one of the proprietors of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* Tom, at the outbreak of the Civil War, went south, joined in the rebellion, and may or may not have survived it. The family to which they belonged was in humble circumstances, their father being a poor but industrious mechanic. His shop and residence in one was in a diminutive brick building on Ferry Street, near Front, and I was a familiar guest in their household. Alex. was quiet and

reserved; Tom active, impulsive, and but little given to thought.

"WHO DAT KNOCKIN' AT DE DOAH."

I remember a caper in which Tom and I once engaged. One night in the printing-office we had a picnic all to ourselves. After the repast we took the bones of a chicken we had eaten, and twisting them into some

resemblance of spectacles, fastened them about the eyes of a bronze bust of Franklin, with which one of the presses was ornamented. On the following morning when the pressman began work, the bones by the jarring of the machinery fell and caused some derangement. It was at once suspected that I was the author of the mischief and on being accused, I did not deny the fact, but took good care for a while to keep at a safe distance from the pressroom.

The printers in general were kind and friendly; with some I was a favorite, and they taught me very early to set type. Among the selections which I put into type and ran through the press, were the song "Rosin the Bow," and the famous alliteration:

> **"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,**
> **Boldly, by battery, besieged Belgrade," etc.**

It was somewhere about this period that I made a visit to Walker's Mill. The mill, about nine miles from Pittsburgh, is yet standing, and is near a station of the Panhandle Railroad, to which its name is given. The Walkers were old settlers. Isaac, the father, was a white-haired and white-bearded patriarch; and such was the impression which his venerable appearance occasioned that I have often thought, were a painter desirous of portraying Moses on canvas, he could not have had a more excellent model. Going back a generation, his father, also named Isaac, had been arraigned, with about twenty others of his neighbors, and ignominiously and brutally marched to Philadelphia between files of a mounted military escort, because of some supposed connection with the celebrated Whiskey Insurrection. After suffering yet more by five months of close

confinement in a loathsome jail, and all the while unable to ascertain the cause of their arrest,—no indictment whatever having been drawn up, — they were at length permitted to return to their homes. For false arrest, for having been forcibly taken beyond the jurisdiction of their home court, if to any they were amenable, and for the inhuman imprisonment to which they were subjected, their cruel captors, as also the influential public officials at whose dictation these acted, could and should have been punished severely; but, through ignorance of their rights as citizens of a free government, the sufferers did not bring their tormentors to an account.

The Isaac Walker's family which I visited, besides himself and wife, consisted of three sons and two daughters. For many years they furnished my father's family with butter of unsurpassed excellence, and it was thus an acquaintance began. I remember going with Ewing, the eldest son, a strapping big fellow, in a great empty wagon drawn by four horses, to visit his father's family. He went frequently to the city carrying loads of flour in barrels, and as on this occasion, usually returned empty. The road, after crossing the hills bordering the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers, led through the valleys of Chartier's Creek and Robinson's Run, crossing the latter very often. The country was one of rare beauty, and for picturesqueness can scarcely be surpassed. I was then too young to be much attracted by the beauties of nature, but the impressions of a few years later are indelibly imprinted on my mind, when with a number of companions I sometimes went to Murphy's dam on the Chartier's to catch fish. Just beyond the hilltop where the road begins to wind down into the valley, a panorama

was spread before us, which when once seen could not easily be forgotten.

It was at Walker's Mill that I learned to play checkers. Isaac, the second son,—third of that name in successive generations,—taught me. Whole and half grains of corn were used as men, and the board upon which we manœuvered was of corresponding simplicity.

I often accompanied the reapers to the harvest field, and found pleasure in watching the operations of the stalwart men as they cradled the ripened grain. Gathering, binding, setting up in cocks, loading and hauling to the barn, and there the threshing out, were matters which interested me. The flails with which the threshing had been formerly done on the barn floor were still there, hanging from the rafters; for until recently they were in use as they had been in the days when Naomi bade Ruth go down by night to the threshing floor of her kinsman Boaz, to watch the young men winnowing barley by the aid of rushlights. But a new era had dawned, and the use of threshing machines had begun, and horse-power was employed; the use of steam for such purposes was yet a thing of the future.

One day while in the grain field, the reapers found a great black snake, which after clubbing they delivered to me. With a string a yard or so long I made connection between the reptile and one of my ankles, and started for the house to give the women a scare. It so happened that they were standing outside of a door, as I ran toward them, and seeing the snake following me, they rushed with brooms to my rescue; but ere they reached me I was met with a surprise of an alarming character, for on looking backward I discovered that the snake was not only not dead, but retained enough vitality to be-

come disengaged from the string, and was moving rapidly. Fortunately, its fear was equal to mine and it very soon sheltered itself beneath a corn crib. Whether I succeeded most in frightening the girls or myself was the question of the hour.

I have a remembrance of the family gathered in the kitchen, watching the operations of Polly and Jane, as they cooked the supper by a log fire in the large open fireplace. I fancy I can see the wreaths of steam curling up from numerous pots and kettles; while I know that in the Dutch oven, half buried beneath live ashes, as luscious a cake is baking as any that ever passed between mortal lips.

Supper over, and Ewing, tall and muscular, and James, the youngest son, less in height, but stout of limb and exceedingly sinewy, have gone out, presently to return, bearing on their broad shoulders a great back-log to replenish the fire. The tallow dip which lighted the table as we sat at the evening meal, losing the little brilliancy it then put forth, is itself almost lost to sight; less, however, owing to the thief which in a flowing stream of fat wastes it away than to the lurid flames mounting up from the fresh, plied fuel—flash following flash, while showers of sparks from the crackling log burst forth as from a miniature battery.

And present to my view on memory's canvas, from which no tint has faded, while all the lights and shadows come to me with the freshness of yesterday, is the assembling for family worship. The central figure in my picture is vested with life; no master could make it more so. It speaks! and on my ear, in sweetest accents, fall the trembling tones of the venerable patriarch, as again I hear him read part of the 119th Psalm. Oh, how the

words with which he closes the sacred volume seem to well up from his heart, as from the heart of the sweet psalmist himself,—"Rivers of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not Thy law."

On Sunday, all went to church, each having a horse on which to ride. The church was at Noblestown, four miles distant. I remember that the road lead through a deep, dark ravine in which they told me, a man had once been murdered. A fit place for such a deed, I thought, as looking about I had some expectations of meeting the villain, or the ghost of his victim. It was a Seceder church we attended; and its pastor was Dr. James Rodgers, who shortly afterwards was called to Allegheny. On the occasion of which I speak, he preached a very long sermon, after which there was an intermission of half an hour, during which the members of the congregation sat upon the gravestones in the churchyard, conversing about the crops, as they partook of the luncheons each family had brought. Then the good doctor went at it again,—taking care that part first, as to time, should have no advantage over part second;—and if the latter did not effectually drive out the former, then the skill of cramming must have greatly surpassed that ordinarily experienced.

After an interval of fifty years, in all of which time I had seen little of any of the members of the Walker family, and not once the eldest son, an old man came to my place of business, and, inquiring for me, I left my desk to see him. "Are you William Johnston?" was his salutation. My answer given, he continued, "I guess you don't know me"; but, without hesitation, I replied, "Aren't you Ewing Walker?" The old man seemed startled at my recognition. He was much changed, but

there was something about him which recalled to my mind the stalwart teamster who in the long ago took me in his wagon to Walker's Mill.

About the same period I also made frequent visits to Fallston in Beaver County, where Johnston & Stockton had a papermill, a store stocked with goods of every description, and numerous tenement houses. A hearty welcome always awaited me there in the family of the general manager, William Cannon, at whose house I usually stayed.

I found recreation in rowing a skiff on Beaver River, in fishing above the dam, and in catching turtles below it in the numerous holes worn by the action of the water. I also rode frequently on horseback in the country roundabout.

Once while visiting Miner & Merrick's bucket factory I was desperately smitten with the charms of a young woman whom I discovered at work in the paint shop. The soft influence diffused itself through every fibre of my ten or eleven years' frame;—she was about eighteen. It was indeed a severe case, both as to its suddenness and grip. That so much loveliness should be engaged in the degrading occupation of painting buckets—some red and some blue (the insides were invariably painted white) was a shock to my sensitive nature! The circumstances were such that they seemed to warrant a resort to poetry to give proper expression to the thoughts which both impressed and oppressed me; and a balm for my troubled breast was found in the couplet:—

> "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

But the momentous question was not one of mere

sentiment, and whole volumes of poetry would not have sufficed. There must be some practical solution. In legendary lore, I had read of gallant knights rescuing fair ladies from dismal dungeons, where they pined in solitude, and of conveying them to their own castles for safety. Why should not I emulate examples so worthy? Why not release from her galling imprisonment, and from contact with begrimed paint-pots—associations not less vile than any dungeon keep—this beautiful creature, immured in the paintshop of a bucket factory? Fate decreed that I should be the instrument for her liberation; the knight to carry her to a place of safety, and that refuge, Hymen's altar! When I consulted Sam Hillis,—brother-in-law of Mr. Cannon,—and invited his assistance, he so nearly went into convulsions with laughter that I was obliged to abandon the project, and leave the fair maiden to her dismal fate.

The first boots I ever wore were a pair which Marcus Tullius Cicero Gould, of New Brighton, had purchased for his son; but alas! before the poor boy could enjoy so much as a single day's wear of the boots, he sickened and died, and I in some way fell heir to them. Whether he bore the name of his father, with the addition of the word "Junior," and this proved too much for his feeble frame to bear, I never learned. Mr. Gould was a stenographer; as such he practised in the courts, and was the author of a work on the science of short-hand writing. Whether influenced in this direction by an overwhelming conviction that there should be some method for abbreviating long sentences, such for example as his name, I am unable to say. He became famous for stirring up a great excitement as to the future in store for New Brighton, which was to become the centre of the universe. A tre-

mendous bubble was raised; real estate became inflated, and when the collapse came Gould, having faith in his fiction, failed, as did many others who had pinned their faith to his coat-tail, when it was flapping in the whirlwind he had created. In the midst of this excitement a large hotel was built, but not finished. Some years later it became the "Merrick House," and sustained an excellent reputation; its proprietor, Mr. Merrick, knowing how to make it a success. During one of my visits there, about the year 1840, the culture of the silkworm was a mania which had taken hold of many in New Brighton; and the hotel building was at that time being used for the purpose named. I visited the establishment, and witnessed the operation in various stages, as exhibited in different rooms. It was interesting and instructive, but proved a financial failure, its projectors being brought to grief. This was known as the *morus multicaulis* craze.

Fifty years ago it was a considerable journey from Pittsburgh to New Brighton. Boats starting from the foot of Wood Street ran daily, landing their passengers at Rochester, from whence they were carried by hacks to the towns on Beaver River as far up as the one called Brighton (now Beaver Falls). Travelling by these modes of conveyance occupied almost an entire day; an hour now by some of the railroad trains is all sufficient.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCHOOLBOY ONCE MORE.

"O! don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master, so kind and so true?"

THERE was never any discussion at home that I can recall, in reference to my long absence from school; but I presume that physical weakness occasioned by the injury to my hip joint was the sole cause; and it may have been thought that the confinement of a schoolroom would be injurious, while exercise in the open air would prove helpful to me. At all events, as I have shown, I was in no way restrained, and exercised the fullest liberty. Engaging in whatever pastimes I preferred, I was in no wise reluctant in getting whatever help I wanted to make the hours pass pleasantly. At length, however, the time came when my vacation should end, and it was without the slightest regret that in the fall of 1840 I resumed study, entering as a scholar at the academy of Mr. Henry Williams, which occupied a house on the bank of the Allegheny River, fronting on Hay Street.

Mr. Williams was an excellent teacher, painstaking, earnest, and conscientious; and I made rapid progress in my studies. He was moreover a Christian man, and each morning the school was opened by the reading of

Scripture, singing of some familiar hymn, and by prayer. The late John A. Warden, long my intimate friend, and I were notably his favorable pupils; and we were rivals then and in the year following. Warden had the advantage of being one year my senior; he was very robust, and had been continuously at school. Physically I was weak, and by reason of long illness had not simply lost time and opportunity, but the habit of study. Nevertheless, I manifested diligence, which, while it met the approval of my teacher, doubtless stimulated my rival to an activity which might otherwise have been wanting. I was not long in recovering lost ground, and in acquiring new territory; but I so spurred Warden that I was unable to overtake him. As for the rest I cared nothing; all others seemed to lag behind; I had none to spur me.

I remember that the now venerable Henry P. Cain[1] once dropped in during school hours, and upon invitation made some remarks which I have never forgotten. He said that paths of usefulness are open to everybody in this country; that the diligent only would meet with success; and it might be that one of the boys he addressed would become President of the United States. That honor never befell any of us; one, however, did become —pitcher of a baseball club.

One of our favorite amusements was "shinny"; this we played in an alley just back of the schoolhouse; and I recall the fierce struggles we had, dangerous in fact, and the casualties were frequent and at times severe, so that at length Mr. Williams was obliged to put a stop to the game.

In winter we coasted. Wickersham's sawmill was our

[1] At the time this was written Mr. Cain was living, but since then has passed away.

favorite rallying-place for this sport. It stood on a high bank of the Allegheny, about half-way between the schoolhouse and the Point. When the river was frozen, so that logs could not be brought to the mill, we took possession of the incline up which they were hauled, and coasted with our sleds from the top of it far out upon the ice-covered river.

Saturday mornings were devoted to practice in elocution, and in this branch of education Mr. Williams was enthusiastic, possessing, too, an ability to teach which I have seldom seen equalled.

On the afternoons of Saturdays, many of the boys were accustomed to meet at Leonard's board-yard on Penn Street, just below St. Clair. Here they would form into two companies, one to ascend to the top of a board pile, that for the time being, in a somewhat quixotic sense, was a fort, which with wooden swords they were required to defend; while the other constituted an attacking party, and, similarly armed, scaled the fort, precipitous on all sides,—an act always attended with great peril. Wounds and bruises were the usual incidents of these encounters, while the enjoyment was enhanced by the consideration that here there was no master to curb the sport. Of the boys thus engaged, some were from other schools. Now and then my memory calls the roll, and one by one they pass in review before me,—the McKnights, George and Henry; George Grant; Jack and Bob Burgess; the Sterlings, Sam and Bill; the Mowrys, Grant and George; and the Darlingtons, Ed and Evans. I see them all plainly, but not one answers the call. All are forevermore gone!

"They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again."

The last two, noble boys, genial companions, took their

first lesson in warfare upon those board piles; one laid down his life in the real strife at South Mountain, in McClellan's Antietam campaign; and Lieut. Evans Darlington, less fortunate, died in an army hospital from disease contracted in camp.

"Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided."

In the second year of my connection with Mr. Williams' academy, it was removed to the basement of the Third Presbyterian Church, on Ferry Street, corner of Third.

While here I had a pugilistic encounter, besides which I had but one other through life. Jim S——, son of one of our most eminent lawyers, a strapping big fellow for his age, boastful of his muscles, and with strong inclinations to show his dexterity in the "manly art," was among my schoolmates, and intimates as well. One day at recess, feeling I suppose the Goilath welling up in him, he bantered me to single combat. Having no desire in that direction, particularly with an antagonist so superior in size and strength, I declined the favor. He however persisted, and at length clinched me about with his arms, while with a quick movement of one foot he essayed to trip me, but was not successful. A crowd of boys gathered about us with the interest usually manifested on the street, when from every direction men and boys hasten to witness a dog fight. It is so inspiring, you know! Well, we tugged and tusseled doggedly, and somebody's legs giving way, we tumbled, and somehow I found myself on top, while my antagonist, by some chance, lay face downward. As it happened, a puddle of dirty water where a brick in the pavement had been removed, was close to the proximity of his nose, and this

fact was full of suggestion. With one hand I lifted his head from the cold, hard bricks upon which it rested, and

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

with scarce too much of gentleness, pressed it down once or twice against the same cold, hard bricks, causing a

flow from his nasal protuberance which changed the muddy pool to a claret color. The encounter was close by the schoolroom door, and our dominie's attention being directed to the fray he came out, and lifting me by a slackened part of my nether garments which seemed to invite his grasp, he released my antagonist from further peril. Acquainting himself with the circumstances which led to the combat, Mr. Williams did not inflict upon me any punishment, and the same immunity was extended to my vanquished foe, whom possibly he thought sufficiently chastised. No dregs of enmity followed; on the contrary we were ever after the best of friends.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion, S—— and my antagonist in educational contests,—Warden,—were residing in St. Louis. Both were born and bred Democrats, and the weather-cock of their sympathies naturally pointing southward, they allowed themselves to be drawn into the so-called Confederate army. Joining with some military outlaws of Missouri, they went into camp,—Camp Jackson I think they called it,—but a small force of loyal troops being sent against them by Gen. Lyon, they were taken prisoners. Warden soon after returned to Pittsburgh, and as was generally understood, was heartily ashamed of his military experience. Entering into business, he became quite successful. Losing health, he went to Europe in quest of it; returning without finding it, his death occurred in a brief season thereafter, and now

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

The Camp Jackson experience was not enough to awaken a loyal conscience in the breast of S——. With

the persistence shown at school, his "voice was still for war." He clung to the rebel cause, but whether he fought till the close of the long struggle I am unable to say. On the return of peace he was back in Pittsburgh, and had some connection officially with a railroad. But on account of his participation in the rebellion, he received no hearty welcome at his old home; rather, the cold shoulder was turned toward him, and he did not remain long.

Among my schoolmates was one Joe Kirby of Vicksburg. Joe and I, along with others, were fond of making great kites and of sailing them when the wind favored. One Saturday afternoon a stiff breeze was blowing, and we resorted to the Monongahela, and were soon delighted in beholding our aërial sail with its mighty tail mounting upward toward the sky, until every inch of cord was spun out. But presently discovering a mass of densely black clouds rolling up from the west, we felt that a great storm was approaching. Alarmed at the prospect, and happening to recollect that a preparatory meeting for the communion service of the following day was then being held in the First Presbyterian Church, the happy thought struck us that within the walls of the sacred edifice was a fitting place to find shelter during a hurricane. Execution quickly followed the suggestion, and soon we were snugly seated in the gallery of the old brick meeting-house, and the sole occupants of that part of the building. As boys are unconsciously apt to do, we created some sort of disturbance which drew the attention of Dr. Herron to our presence, who, being possibly interrupted in his solemn discourse by the noise we made, looked straight in our direction, while deliberately and with marked emphasis

he uttered some words which might not be in the manuscript, if the barrel[1] in which he kept such documents is ever found. As near as I can recollect they were as follows: "Those boys in the gallery must keep quiet; I wish parents would keep their children at home, or from going up there." The clouds had gone up the Allegheny or somewhere; the storm from which we ran had not half the terrors of that to which we had flown.

I learned to swim and to skate during the time that Mr. Williams' school was nigh the Allegheny, and became greatly attracted toward the stream both in summer and in winter; accordingly, much time was spent both in and upon it. I did not take to the water naturally as a duck, and for a long while made no effort in learning to swim. One day, however, I fell from a raft where the water was beyond my depth. I sank, but rose again, and once more went under, and, as is often said, would not have again arisen, but a companion near at hand, swimming, came to my rescue. After that experience I became anxious to learn, and did learn; and ever since have found it an accomplishment which when once acquired can never be forgotten.

Mr. Williams was in the habit of drilling the school frequently in singing; and we were taught both sacred and social melodies. "Now, boys, close your books and let us have a song," he would say, and with that we would begin, he, of course, leading. Once he tried to teach the round:

> "Scotland 's burning! Scotland 's burning!
> Look out! Look out! Fire! fire! fire!
> Pour on water! pour on water! etc."

[1]It was often said that the doctor put his sermons in a barrel, and when it became full he turned it bottom up and began afresh.

but the attempt proved an utter failure. The boys could not get beyond the tempting words, "Fire! fire! fire!" and with one accord they sounded the cry as loud as their lungs would permit, and passers-by on the street took it up and prolonged it until the fire engines came out on the false alarm.

Mr. Williams was not sparing in punishment, when there was need for it. His usual method was to strike the open hands of the offenders with a flat ruler. The boys had a theory that if, when undergoing these inflictions, a hair should be put in the palm of the hand, the ruler would instantly be split apart. They all tried this, again and again, and it had the effect of making them courageous, but the ruler was unaffected, and continued to be used against them as it had been before. On one occasion he whipped the entire school; not that all were deserving punishment, but because he was unable to discover the erring ones or make those divulge who knew. What the offence was I have forgotten. On but one other occasion was I punished, though doubtless this was not from any want of desert. This neglect, however, was one to which I submitted with composure.

Mr. Williams was ever partial to my ability, both in arithmetic and composition, and once in the presence of the school declared that I would become noted as a mathematician. Of course I was proud of such praise, and no doubt it had the effect of stimulating me to greater exertions, which was his main purpose. Figures have always possessed a charm for me, but the only other evidence I have had as to the fulfilment of his prophecy was manifested in my business life in assisting in a search for errors when the books were not in balance, which I did with almost the zest of a terrier when hunting for rats under a barn.

I began the study of Latin with Mr. Williams, and have the impression that had I been permitted to continue under his faithful instruction I would have attained to a considerable degree of proficiency in the classics and in all branches taught by him.

Mr. Williams had a plan for stimulating both study and good conduct on the part of his pupils both unique and effectual. For every perfect lesson recited he gave a printed ticket stamped "One Minute," and a like reward for good behavior throughout the entire day. When five of these were received they could be exchanged for another, imprinted "Five Minutes"; for six of these a "half-hour" ticket; and for six of the latter a "half-day" ticket. With the latter—subject to the approval of parents— a half-holiday might be purchased. In this way I obtained a number of half-holidays; but, as the sequel will show, I coveted more.

One day, when in Johnston & Stockton's printing-office, I observed on press a form from which was being printed sheets of "One Minute" tickets. I knew at once, for whom these were being struck off, and communicated the fact to a fellow-student, with whom I entered into an arrangement that we should visit the printing-office by night, and lay in a supply. And this we did. Finding the form, we put it on press, and soon printed what we considered would be ample; a stock indeed well-nigh as exhaustless as the oil of the widow's cruse. My share, I stowed away in the pockets of an idle pair of trousers in the cupboard of the room where I slept. "Be sure your sins will find you out;" mine did. Speedy detection followed. What led to the discovery, I never knew; I had no anxiety to inquire into the particulars. I presume that a pressman had noticed that some one not

accustomed to mechanical work had been using his press. No doubt the tympan showed deeper impressions than a thoroughbred pressman would have made. Be this as it may, my father asked me what I knew of the matter, and without hesitation, I made a full confession; not, however, divulging the fact that I had a "pal," an associate in my crime. My father's quiet, earnest reproof made a deep and lasting impression,—imprinted indeed on my memory as the words "One Minute" were upon the tympan. No rod could have so cut to the quick. I remember my mortification when I produced the trousers; each pocket so stuffed with tickets, that it resembled a bladder puffed to its utmost with wind. There was a singular commingling of conflicting feelings as I watched positive proofs of my guilt consuming upon the coal fire upon which they were thrown,—the cardboard twisting and curling like the "worm that dieth not." Doubtless in the downcast face of the boy, notwithstanding evidences of contrition, there were traces of kinship to Adam; unmistakable proofs of a lingering sadness in parting with what would have secured enough holidays to equal the remainder of his school days.

Years after, when in active business, my kind old master, Mr. Williams, called to see me. He was still engaged in teaching, and was located in the borough of Lawrenceville.[1] I referred approvingly to his methods of teaching, and of rewarding diligent pupils. He was greatly moved and gratified by what I said, and at his request I gave him a letter containing my views upon the subject of our conversation, which still more pleased him. I

[1] My son-in-law, Robert W. Patterson, was among Mr. Williams' pupils toward the end of the period when he taught in the Lawrenceville school.

never saw him again. As I write I am called to brush away a tear; a silent tribute to his memory.

For some reason which I cannot recall, in the fall of 1841, I was transferred to the school of Mr. Mooney, held in the fourth story of a house at the corner of Wood Street and Fifth Avenue, where now stands the First National Bank.

Mr. Mooney was Irish, decidedly so; and just as decidedly of the old school of tutors. One of his text-books, Goff's Arithmetic, was a type of himself. It had been resurrected in the land of his birth. Its title page bore the imprint of publishers in the city of Dublin; and I think it probable, that there had been a special importation for the school. It afforded, beyond doubt, good, solid food for the mind; no milk-and-water sop, as is often found in some modern text-books. In the exercise of reading, to which he gave marked attention, he had some peculiar notions as to pronunciation, to which I could not always assent; but, of course, while under his instruction there was no choice, — all were required to yield obedience. As an example, the word "father" we were taught to pronounce as though the "a" had the same sound which it has in "fat," not that in "far"; and "spirit" as though spelled — s-p-e-r-r-i-t. I remember that one day he flung the book which he had in his hand at a boy, who for a second time had pronounced this word "spirit" in the way we are accustomed to hear it, and I dare say quite took the spirit out of that lad.

Like all pedagogues of that period, during times of recitation, he was busily engaged in mending the quill pens of pupils; each having daily tasks in penmanship. Our copy books, moreover, were scrutinized with the utmost care. The larger boys were required to have good

penknives, and to keep the pen blades well sharpened; while frequent instructions were given in the art of pen-making. We did not use the quills sold in bookstores, those being larger and more expensive, having passed through some refining process; but common quills, just as they were plucked from geese, which country people brought in large quantities and sold in the market-house.

Our dominie, it was thought, was not thoroughly identified with the cause of total abstinence; at least there seemed to be evidence that he had "looked upon the wine when it was red." It was conjectured that it must have been after thus gazing, that ebullitions of temper, occasionally exhibited, arose; and woe betide the boy who at such times chanced to be unruly. His own sons, the younger ones in particular, were the almost constant objects of his wrath. The youngest, meek as a lamb, noiseless as a mouse, and docile as any child I have ever known, was as unsparingly subjected to the rod as King Solomon could desire. The next older, a fair average as to conduct with other lads, also came in for a goodly share of chastisement; while one who ranked with the older boys of the school, deserved all he got, and that *all* was no trifle.

The only pugilistic encounter which I have been called to enjoy, besides that already mentioned, was while I was in attendance at Mr. Mooney's school. This was with a schoolmate, named Frank T——, a bully, uncommonly stout, and the dread of every small boy. At the same time, he was a dull, thick-headed fellow, who had difficulty in maintaining a standing, even with the younger lads, with whom he was classed in school. We had no cause for quarreling, and had uniformly been on good terms, but the idea that he could whip me had for

some reason taken hold of him. He expressed belief in his ability to perform this feat with one hand, and showed much anxiety to give a practical demonstration. He dared me to knock a chip off his shoulder, which

"KNOCK THAT CHIP IF YOU DARE"

was accounted the manly way of inaugurating a fight. Finding it necessary to remove the chip himself, he expressed unbound contempt for my cowardice, and

spitting on his hands which he then clenched, approached me sidewise, till the outer edge of one of his broad shoulders almost touched my breast. We were just outside the schoolroom door, and I reflected that such was the case when I had my last encounter. I knew, too, that in case we were found scuffling I could not expect such leniency from Mr. Mooney as had been shown by Mr. Williams, and that in all probability the weight of a heavy cane would descend upon us, without much consideration as to who should be on top. I thought it prudent, therefore, to change base, and it was agreed that at recess we should meet behind some piles of pig metal which stood in the open lot adjoining.

As the exact location of a battle-field becomes a matter of historic interest, I might here state, more specifically, that the site fixed upon for this encounter, was where what is called Bank Block now stands, on Fifth Avenue.

At the appointed time we met, pulled off our coats, spit upon our hands, and went to work. T——squared off in the style as shown in handbills of exhibitions of "the manly art of self-defence." I possessed no skill in that direction—and was conscious that I had not the strength to cope with the antagonist before me; so I at once closed in upon him, grasped him around his burly body, and flung him violently to the ground. Instantly he halloed "'nough," and I let him up. I was much exalted in his opinion after that, and he was anxious to reinstate me as one of his friends; but ever after I was careful to show him that I had no desire for so distinguished an honor.

My old preceptor lived a number of years after I ceased to be enrolled among his scholars. I often met

him hobbling about, leaning upon the heavy hickory cane which was his constant companion, and which, even yet, I could recognize among ten thousand. Having always expressed a high regard for me, I ever found him frank and kind, and his memory I treasure with affection.

In the fall of 1842 I was sent to Belle Vernon Academy. The little village of this name, as everybody knows, or ought to know, lies on the Monongahela, about twelve miles below Brownsville. I journeyed to it by steamboat; and a charming ride I found it then, and in after-years; for go where you will, the quiet beauty of the scenery of the Monongahela valley is unsurpassed.

I recall the feeling of loneliness experienced as I stepped ashore by the single plank thrown out from the boat. How desolate my situation; far away from friends, —everything strange about me. The picture is that of a small boy; his little trunk beside him on the mud banks, and it the only familiar thing; all else strange; while the steamer that brought him—a sort of temporary home—is fast disappearing, and bears away many whose faces had already begun to wear some appearance of acquaintanceship.

Scrambling up the bluff clay bank, I made my way to the principal mansion of the town, fronting the river, and which I learned was the residence of Mr. Solomon Speers.

His beautiful daughter, Diana Speers, answered my rap at the heavy brass knocker ornamenting the door. Invited in, all thought of loneliness soon vanished, for I was made to feel at home. Presently I was introduced to her aged mother, and her only sister, Josephine, a miss somewhat my junior in years. Then began an

acquaintance pleasantly maintained during the too brief period of my residence at the academy, the spire of which was pointed out to me by Miss Diana, across the fields, about a quarter of a mile distant, as I set out for it.

LANDING AT BELLE VERNON.

The Speers, I early learned, were among the foremost people of the region roundabout, its principal land-owners, and socially they were in the front rank. By marriage they were connected with the Walkers of Eliz-

abeth, with the Blaines[1] of Brownsville, and with the Ewings of Washington. All these were the descendants of original settlers, and all were held in high esteem by the best people of western Pennsylvania.

Solomon Speers was the village postmaster, and did some farming; one brother, Lewis, lived back on the hills; another, Jacob, about half a mile below on the river bottom, each having extensive farms under cultivation. Noah, the youngest brother, was proprietor of the academy, and had a farm adjoining. I seldom saw him, for he gave little attention either to the school or the grain fields. He furnished boarding and lodging for the scholars, employed instructors, and allowed the institution to take care of itself. The principal was Mr. Thomas R. Hazzard, whose brother-in-law, Mr. Wm. F. Hamilton, was his assistant. The latter for many years past has worn the in no wise distinguished title of D.D. in the Presbyterian Church, more deservedly, doubtless, than hosts of those whom our colleges delight to *honor*.

Mr. Hamilton taught Greek and the higher mathematics, commonly wore a calico dressing-gown and slip-shod slippers, and was very reticent.

Mr. Hazzard was a genial, whole-souled man, and an excellent instructor. His wife was a fitting companion, and as lovely a woman as ever was born. They had two children, boys, one of whom, Chill, for many years has published a paper at Monongahela City, which his father had conducted, who in later years practised law there. The Hazzards resided in the school building, occupying the lower rooms of the part used for dormitories.

[1] James G. Blaine, who was of this family, and whose residence was with his father near Brownsville, was at this time matriculated at Jefferson College.

I was at once, and during the entire period of my academic life in Belle Vernon, a constant and welcome guest of theirs, and I recall it as a lovely home.

A niece of Prof. Hazzard,—quite a beauty, but somewhat of a coquette,—Miss Laura Westcott, from Jamestown, N. Y., during a great part of the time of which I am speaking, was guest of the family, and although some years older than myself was my frequent companion. Moonlight nights in summer had a peculiar charm when Laura sat beside me on the little bench in the corner of the vine-clad porch, and as we sang together the short hours glided but too swiftly away. My dreams of bliss, however, were violently disturbed when at an evening party in the village, I discovered that Bob Niccolls, a large, handsome fellow, polished and scholarly, and our valedictorian that year, paid special attention to Miss Westcott. It was plain that Laura was no longer mine, for the attentions, I had observed, were received as though matters were well understood. It was a mystery, however, to me, when and where they could have found opportunity to come to such understanding, without any previous knowledge on my part. And again I was confirmed in my fears by what I afterward saw when the party adjourned to the kitchen for taffy-pulling. Miss Westcott pulled only with Bob! And—proof strong as Holy Writ, were other proof needed; a few evenings later, at dusk, as I strolled along the river bank, at a turn in the path I suddenly met the pair walking very slowly, and speaking in undertones. Instantly it flashed across my mind, although I could hear no distinct word that either uttered, that Miss Westcott made some reference to me as her "little beau." The thought was too humiliating. The cord binding us was severed forever.

No more porch, vine, song, moonlight, etc. for me. Not long after this Bob went to Washington College, graduated from thence in the class of 1845, and from Jefferson Medical College in 1849. He went to California in the early gold excitement, and from there to the Sandwich Islands; returning to Pennsylvania after a few years, he married,—not Laura,—but a Miss Moore. Settling in Bloomington, Illinois, he yet resides there, a retired physician and extensive landowner.

About the time that Mr. Niccolls left Belle Vernon, Miss Westcott returned to her home at Jamestown, and I did not hear of her again until recently, when I learned she had married a Mr. Barrett, and, I have no doubt, made him the happiest man in existence.

There was a little church situated in a lovely valley, a few miles back from the river, to which Mr. Hazzard at times took me — usually on the afternoons of Saturdays. It was such a spot as would have inspired Gray to write his immortal elegy; or where another noble poet might have sung:

"How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!"

The venerable pastor of the church, Rev. Noah H. Gillett, one could not help thinking was brought into being for just such surroundings. Scholarly,— beyond the average of ministers, though not having any collegiate degree, or need of any,— his very gentleness would have won for him great distinction wherever his lot was cast; whilst his pulpit ministrations were at all times marked for their earnestness, deep-toned piety, and persuasiveness.

On week days when I visited the church with Mr. Hazzard, it was that he might drill the country choir for

their Sabbath work. I make mention of these matters to show the kindness of which I was the constant recipient at the hands of my teacher; for during the whole of my sojourn at the Belle Vernon academy, it was uniformly as I have attempted to describe it; and I could not but observe that it was very marked in my case, much more so than it was toward others. A few years later, by some chance, I saw a letter he had written to my father, in which he spoke very tenderly of his attachment to me from the time I had entered the school. My father never mentioned the contents of that letter to me: possibly, as many parents would be likely to think, he may have imagined this a mere empty profession, one which the teacher was accustomed to distribute indiscriminately among the patrons of the school, but, if so, how unrighteous the judgment. I may add, however superfluous it may be, that Mr. Hazzard never spoke to me in any but the kindest manner.

One night, a nephew of the proprietor, a boy who had not a friend among the scholars, but was universally despised by all,— an Ishmael, whose hand was against every one, and every one's hand against him,— while prowling about in the hope of being able to bring somebody to grief, by eavesdropping discovered that my room mate, Bolivar Krepps, and I were engaged in a game of cards, and made haste to inform upon us. Professor Hazzard had no choice but to take cognizance of any supposed misdoing on the part of pupils, when such things were forced upon his attention; so presently we heard a gentle tap at our door. We concealed our cards in haste; mine I laid between the leaves of one of my books, while Bolivar went to the door and opened it. A seat was proffered Mr. Hazzard which he declined;

but coming slowly forward and laying his hand on my head, after a silent pause which seemed like the stillness preceding a storm, he said, "William, do you play cards?" Of course I was much confused, and in my embarrassment began fumbling the leaves of the book mentioned, when out flew the cards, making an answer with my tongue superfluous. A few words of the gentlest reproof possible were uttered, and he seemed as willing as I could be to change a disagreeable subject. Certainly it would seem that he was not anxious overmuch to talk on the matter that occasioned his visit; and it must have been somewhat of a strain to introduce, as he did, the question of penmanship, not altogether pertinent; but in some way he suggested that back-hand writing would be a good style for me to adopt, and to show that this made a deeper impression on my mind than any rebuke he offered for my gaming propensities, ever after back-hand became my style of writing.

In the fall of 1843, at the close of the school year, we had an examination at which the parents of many pupils were present. I had made a little progress in the study of Latin, and was called upon to read certain portions of *Historia Sacra*, which were about as easily read as if they had been English. Throwing his book upon a table, Mr. Hazzard said, "That will do," and turning to the auditors present, he continued: "You can examine that boy from the beginning to the end of that book, and he 'll never make a mistake." To my great relief the challenge was not accepted; I had considerable fear lest it might have been, for my good teacher, influenced by his partiality toward me, had more faith in my ability than I possessed.

The examination over, there was an exhibition of the

oratorical powers of the students in the great barn, which had been cleaned out and specially fitted up for the occasion.

I have in good state of preservation, a printed copy of the programme of exercises, which was as follows:

BELLE VERNON ACADEMY.

W. W. SPEERS, PROPRIETOR.

ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1843,

9 o'clock a. m.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer.

I. Salutatory Oration....The West.
B. C. Krepps, Brownsville.

II. Latin Extract.....W. B. Speers,
Belle Vernon.

III. Greek Extract.....Sam'l Powers,
Elizabeth.

Music.

IV. Select Oration.....Jefferson and
Adams, J. M. Martin, Perryopolis.

V. Select Oration, Patriotic Triumph,
Florence Kramer, Pittsburgh.

VI. Select Oration.....The Indian.
J. E. Marsh, West Newton.

Music.

VII. Select Oration....Trial of Knapp.
J. Finley, Westmoreland Co.

VIII. Select Oration.....Duelling.
W. G. Johnston, Pittsburgh.

IX. Select Oration, Western Eloquence.
Wm. Fuller, Perryopolis.
Music.
X. Original Oration.....Industry a Nation's Wealth.
W. W. Scott, Daggs' Ferry.
XI. Original Oration.....Poland.
W. Thompson, Wellsburg, W. Va.
XII. Original Oration.....Ancestry.
J. Cooper, Washington Co.
Music.
XIII. Original Oration..Benj. Franklin.
A. B. McGrew, Westmoreland Co.
XIV. Original Oration.....Intellect.
J. W. Chandler, West Newton.
XV. Original Oration.....Liberty.
LaFayette Markle, Mill Grove.
XVI. Original Oration.....Country Education.
O. J. Porter, Westmoreland Co.
XVII. Valedictory.....Robert Niccolls.
Benediction. Recess.
Anniversary Address by Edgar Cowan, Esq.

My part, as, shown was the recital of an extract from Dr. Nott's famous sermon on the death of Alexander Hamilton. My father was much disappointed that I was not assigned an original composition, and so had expresed himself in writing to me. "If it 's only a dozen words of your own, let us have them." I, however, was entirely too modest to seek to have any change made. Reciting my declamation a few nights before the day of public delivery, Mr. Hazzard expressed his regret that he had not put me down for an original.

It was a great day in the big barn, and the faces of those present seemed to show their satisfaction. My father was there, and on his account I felt regret that my part had not been as he desired.

A young lawyer from Greensburg, who in later years became a United States Senator; then Minister to Austria; and afterward a member of the Cabinet of President Andrew Johnson, Edgar Cowan, was present, and delivered the annual address.

On the following anniversary of the birth of Washington, our school celebrated the event in one of the churches of the village. In the order of exercises, there were to be two addresses. One was assigned to my friend, LaFayette Markle, and Mr. Hazzard, remembering his disappointment at our September exhibition, made me the other orator for that evening. My subject was, "Knowledge Essential to the Perpetuity of a Nation." In more mature years I did not hold that speech in as high esteem as upon that night, and destroyed it lest posterity should put a similar value upon it; and no little satisfaction was afforded me when I considered what an infliction was spared the audience in the barn, when I gave them the soul-stirring words of Dr. Nott, rather than my own.

Ball-playing was among our sports, and all the boys took a hand at it after recitation hours in the summer and fall months. Swimming in the Monongahela we were also fond of, and I remember paying a severe penalty on one occasion for remaining too long in the water under a hot sun. My companion and I had our backs badly burned and suffered from the blistering for a number of days.

A short way from the academy was a grove of sugar-

maple trees on the farm of Jacob Speers; and as his cornfields lay contiguous thereto, we found the grove an admirable place for roasting ears.

Following in the furrows made by the plow as it was driven through the same fields, we frequently found tomahawks, flint arrow-heads, nut-crackers, and pieces of pottery, for in the olden times an Indian village occupied the site of the farm. Among the pebbles on the beach we also occasionally picked up arrow-heads, showing that the aborigines had been accustomed to supply themselves with fish by shooting them from the high, precipitous banks. These relics of a bygone age, many of which I secured and afterward removed to my home, were all lost in the big fire of 1845.

When the river was frozen we often skated upon it, and it was always thought enjoyable to cross on the weak spots where the ice was thin and dangerous; but rather less so when, not being able to get across, some one broke through and found it necessary to get back to the academy in haste for a change of clothing, as was my experience one day.

Hunting for rabbits after a fresh fall of snow, when their tracks were easily followed, was another favorite amusement. One of their favored haunts was the little graveyard on the hill, where the Speers for generations found their last resting-places. Markle taught me the art of catching rabbits; to look for them in hollow logs, and like retreats, and to kill them by a slight stroke with a stick on the ridge of the nose, as it was a speedy and, apparently, painless death.

LaFayette Markle was the son of General Joseph Markle, who in our last year at Belle Vernon, was the candidate of the Whig party for Governor of the State.

His home was at West Newton, about nine miles distant, and he was accordingly well acquainted in all the region roundabout. Being a lively, sociable boy, he had a warm welcome everywhere. At times I visited with him some of his numerous country friends, and was always made welcome on his account. Once, I remember, we took a long tramp for the double purpose of attending a singing school and a fox-hunt. We stayed over night at a farmhouse, and accompanied the young ladies belonging to it, to the little frame schoolhouse where the singing was to come off. A few tallow dips hung in tin sconces on the walls, furnished a sort of dim, religious light for the occasion. Ten or a dozen bashful bucks occupied a few benches on one side, and about as many blushing damsels sat opposite. The musical instructor, according to my reckoning, spent a greater portion of the evening in getting his violin in tune, and in acquiring the proper pitch at which to exercise the class. The young folks, however, were not much troubled about the delay which the master's catgut performances occasioned, as they contrived to occupy the time advantageously; the gentler sex in casting sheep's eyes, and the lads in divers ways acknowledging such attentions. There was considerable tittering, shuffling about in the seats, eating peanuts, and throwing the shells at one another, but very little singing.

The fox-hunt came off next morning according to announcement. I remember well the delightsome freshness of that morning. There had been frost in the night, and the frozen drops of dew glistened as diamonds in the early sunlight. The smell of wood fires regaled our senses as in circling eddies the smoke from them clung to the neighboring forest. The huntsmen, eager for the

sport, were prancing back and forth on horses apparently as eager as themselves for the chase; while their hounds ran about sniffing the air as if it were full of foxes, though in truth, there was but a single poor animal, which had been kennelled for some time for this great occasion. At a given signal Reynard was let loose. Each hunter, according to previous arrangement, had meanwhile taken up his position in a circuit of several miles in extent, on one or other hillside; then away they all went through forests and fields, racing as if for their lives. Markle and I had no horses, but little I cared, on ascertaining the full character of the sport; for I had not previously known that the victim for the day's hunt was one already caught, that had to be let loose as stated and chased by full-grown men, well mounted, and attended by a vast concourse of dogs; all these, and every possible advantage on one side; on the other, a little fox, half-dead already from confinement and fear! In manliness, this so-called fox-hunt may be classed with another sport, styled pigeon-shooting; when frightened birds on being released from traps are shot down in cold blood by those who imagine themselves men, or what is as sad a contradiction, sportsmen!

Markle and I got astride a fence where we were told the fox would pass, as it did in due time, and followed by its tormentors. And this was our share of the fox-hunt.

It was during my sojourn at Belle Vernon that the venerable patriot, John Quincy Adams, made a tour through the United States, and, among other places, visiting Pittsburgh. His route from Washington, his starting-point, was *via* the national road to Brownsville, thence down the Monongahela. The inhabitants of every town

along the river lined the banks to greet the "old man eloquent," firing salutes, and cheering as the boat went past. The people of Belle Vernon, and the academy boys as well, did their full share in paying their tribute to this renowned statesman, who, besides having been President of the United States, was also son of another grand President, who had been prominent in laying deep the foundations of our government. And I may add that he whom on this occasion we were called upon to honor probably filled more positions of great prominence than any other man in the nation, up to or since that memorable day.

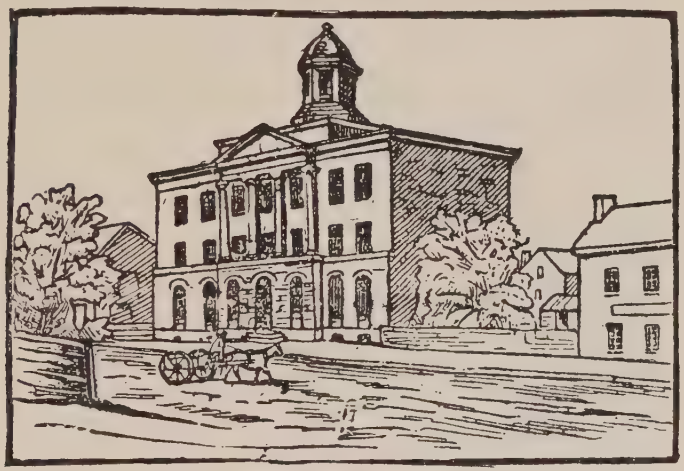
Among other pleasant recollections of those days, was the delight experienced on receiving a Christmas box from home; its contents, a big cake and numerous other edibles, a number of letters, and a great many newspapers. While the good things lasted, my room was a centre of attraction for all of my particular chums.

In the spring of 1844, when nature was putting on her beautiful garments, her rich livery of emerald on tree and field, and we were looking forward with eagerness to the days when we could roam in the maple grove down by the water's edge, and when once again we could engage in outdoor sports, the sad tidings came that our academy days were nearing their end, financial disasters having overtaken the proprietor, Noah Speers.

Not long after there was a hurried packing of trunks, and "good-bye, good-bye," was sounded on every side. The most joyous of my school-days were at an end. Through life they have haunted me with their visions of delight. Often, when the day's bustle and confusion was over, when sitting in quiet meditation, as the shadows of night gathered about me, my mind has reverted to those

days, and always with intensified pleasure. Blessed Belle Vernon! hallowed are the memories ever clinging to the dear old academy![1]

After a brief interval I became a student of the Western University at Pittsburgh. The contrast between the city and country school was great. I have given my im-



THE WESTERN UNIVERSITY.

pressions of the latter; in comparison, the jail-like walls, close confinement and gloomy surroundings of the former, could not be other than repulsive. In keeping with such surroundings, Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D.,[2] the Latin professor, was crabbed, and what was worse in the man-

[1] My kind instructor, Prof. Hazzard, died September 3, 1877, and his wife, March 10, 1887. Blessed be their memory!

[2] Only recently (1896) I read that Dr. Dyer was still living, and he was spoken of as all that was lovely. Possibly, though a rare instance in such temperaments, he may have grown mellow with age. I never had any personal difficulty to cause me to speak of him as above. I have simply written what I believe to be true.

agement of boys, bitterly sarcastic; in pleasing contrast, and to do justice to two worthy men, the professor in mathematics, Stevens, was genial and winning in manners; and Ruter, another professor, was mild and gentlemanly.

It seemed as though fate had conspired against me, and prevented my obtaining an education. The sheriff laid his rude hand upon the academy and drove me from thence, and the great fire of '45 swept the gloomy old bastile from existence, and it was thus my school-days were brought to an end.

Whatever relish I had for study was dissipated by my experience at the university; otherwise I might have taken a collegiate course, as often since it has been my wish that I had, in order to have acquired a solid basis for gratifying literary inclinations which were necessarily curbed and blighted.

Henceforth I was left to my own resources for the little education since acquired.

CHAPTER IX.

SABBATH-SCHOOL AND CHURCH CONNECTIONS.

"How lovely, how divinely fair,
E'en on this earth thy dwellings are,
O Lord of hosts!"

It was at a tender age that I made my debut at a Sunday-school. My sisters, both older than myself, were at this time in attendance at the school for larger children, connected with the First Presbyterian Church. By the elder of these I was introduced to the infant class, which occupied a room over that used for the main school. Mrs. Mary Wilkins had charge of this department, and by her I was assigned to a class taught by Miss Rebecca Herron, daughter of the pastor. My teacher sought by a little artifice to interest me in a card hanging on the wall, which contained the letters of the alphabet, embellished with the colors of Joseph's coat, and thus enable my sister to slip quietly and unobserved down-stairs to her class. But as soon as the discovery was made that I had been deceived and deserted there was a tremendous explosion. I screamed lustily, and made my way rapidly down to the apartment whither my sister had gone. There is nothing extraordinary in this, it is a very common experience in the history of juveniles; and

antediluvian though I be, even I was once a juvenile. Subsequent efforts proved more successful, and I became regularly initiated as a Sunday-school scholar. All else in reference to the infant class is now a blank to me. In due time I passed into the school for larger children, and at length became a member of the young men's Bible class.

The form and features of Alexander Laughlin loom up vividly as my mind recurs to the main Sabbath-school, for he was its superintendent for a long period—during the entire time of my connection with it, and possibly before and after that; and an earnest, godly man was he. And he was assisted by as genial a man as ever lived, his cousin, Robert Dalzell, who fulfilled the duties of librarian and also led the school in singing. In those days the same tunes were used in the school as in the church service, and Mr. Dalzell, in leading employed a regular choir music book. The hymns, too, in general were the same as those used in the church, except interspersed among them were many selections from Watts' hymns for children. John Crangle, a nephew of Mr. Laughlin, also assisted at the library and in leading the singing. A hymn beginning,

> "When little Samuel woke
> And heard his Maker's voice,"

was a great favorite with Mr. Laughlin, and as I recall was sung frequently. My teacher during a greater part of my connection with the school was Alexander Hunter, a good man, earnest, sprightly, and intelligent. He is yet living,[1] but I have not met him for many years. Others of the male teachers, I remember with

[1] Written in 1888.

affectionate regard; notably, James Dalzell, Robert W. Poindexter, John B. Newell, and Francis Bailey, each of whom at times taught me, during the absence of my regular teacher. Later in life I knew all these in the business walks of life, and to know them was to honor them.

But very few of those who were scholars can I now recall. Possibly, the greater part may in their youth have crossed the bounds of time, while others, one by one followed silently, so that all trace of them has faded from my memory. One, a classmate, with whom I was on terms of close friendship, was Du Plessis Denny, son of Dr. William H. Denny, whose residence was in the dwelling part of the bank building on Fourth Street, now owned by the Mechanics National Bank; the same, which when I first knew it, was occupied by the family of Mr. John Thaw. 'Pless was an exceedingly handsome boy, having unusually fine features and the rosiest of cheeks, while in form he was a very Apollo. His manners, too, were superior, having none of the roughness so common among boys. As in going to the Sunday-school I passed his father's door, he always insisted that I should call for him, which I sometimes did; and even afterward when his home was on Penn Street, he pressed me to call as formerly, but being so much out of my way, I did so, I think, but once. As boy and man he was ever a gentleman of the most refined type, affable, and kind, and to the close of his brief life our friendship as in boyhood continued.

> "Green be the turf above thee,
> Friend of my early days."

The young men's Bible class with which for a time I

was connected, was taught by a student of the Theological Seminary whose name I have forgotten. I have an impression that he became a foreign missionary. For a time also, the class was in charge of Mr. William Speer, before he became either a Reverend, a D.D, or a missionary to China. He was ever the same earnest, lovely Christian gentleman that he is yet known to be.

Ludicrous events for some reason often make deep impressions on the mind, outlasting many other things of importance. I recall one in connection with this Sabbath-school. The elders at times dropped in and made remarks at the end of the school hour, or led in prayer; and it is of one of these I am about to speak, Mr. Frederick Lorenz, a German by birth, a prominent business man, and accounted among the sterling men of his day. I may further add, that at the time of the disruption movement, having joined in it, he was prominent in forming the Third Presbyterian Church. On one occasion, when dropping in at the close of the school, Mr. Lorenz was asked to offer prayer. Arising, he invited the school to join with him, saying in words somewhat marked with a German accent, "Now children, shut your eyes and look up."

On the Fourth day of July, 1836, the various Sabbath-schools of the city united in a celebration of our country's independence at the Arsenal grounds, and all were conveyed thither in wagons. Our school had a silk banner bearing the inscription, "Feed my lambs." Its significance to my mind was that it enjoined a duty upon those in whose care we were, and had reference to the feast of good things we "tender lambs" were about to enjoy. I remember that the Declaration of Independence was read on that occasion; and when it is considered who

composed the great mass of the audience, the fitness of this part of the programme was such that I am inclined to think that the stupidity of a *lamb* as to the meaning of the banner inscription was outdone by some of the *sheep.*

It was then that for a first time I heard what has since by universal consent become our national hymn:—

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing."

It was written four years previous to this, by Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, of Boston, and its first use was also at a Sabbath-school celebration of the Fourth of July, that of the Park Street Church of the city named.

I hold in cherished remembrance one whom I always associate with that occasion, he being among the speakers, —Rev. Richard Lea,[1]—who in his venerable age according to my recollection, is precisely the same in appearance as then; while his voice remains as in that far away time, clear as a silvery bell and as pleasing in its tones, never giving forth an uncertain sound. Dear old man! were it not robbing heaven of its own, and thee of thy heaven, I could wish that another fifty years might be added to thy useful life on earth.

I was not continuously a scholar at the Sabbath-school of the First Church; there was an interregnum during the period covering my condition as a cripple, concerning which I have spoken in a previous chapter; and as the Third Presbyterian Church adjoined my home, it was found convenient that I should unite with its Sabbath-school. My teacher during part of this time, was Mr. William P. Jones, and, later, Mr. Robert Dickey. The

[1] Now deceased.

latter, after a service of fifty years, until quite recently was still in the harness. During the period in which I was superintendent of the Sabbath-school at East Liberty, he was one of the teachers; and in the childhood of my daughters, Mrs. Pears and Mrs. Patterson, they were members of his class.[1]

At one time, before I resumed my place as a scholar at the school belonging to the First Church, I left off attendance at that of the Third, and connected myself for a while with the Sabbath-school of the Methodist Episcopal Church on Liberty Street; some chance companionship having induced this change. My teacher there was William Wilkinson; and Edward Heazelton, I think, was superintendent. My old nurse, Rosey, was among the more active workers in that church and Sabbath-school, and very often led in prayer. Some years before this, when as a child I was under her leading-strings, I attended a class-meeting with Rosey, and stood at her side while each member related his or her experience. I remember even yet, how perplexed I was as to what should be my reply, when my turn came, and how great my relief when passed over without being questioned. One day, while in attendance at the Methodist school, I chanced to meet my former teacher of the Third Church, Mr. Dickey, who accosting me with his usual cheerfulness, said that he had missed me from his class, and wished to know the reason of my absence. I replied, telling him where I had been going, when with a roguish smile he remarked, "Oh, that is better than none."

I must have been quite young when I began attending

[1] Since this was written, Mr. Dickey came to his grave, in a full age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in in its season."

THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, CORNER OF THIRD AND FERRY STREETS

church, for I have no recollection of making a beginning; and the habit thus formed has clung to me through life. There is no merit in thus following a bent whether natural or acquired, however commendable; in itself, absenting myself would in this particular case have proved a punishment. I recall going with my sainted mother to church, and sitting beside her on the Sabbath and upon other occasions through the week. When baptized, I was four or five years old,—why not in infancy, I know not, unless possibly she had been waiting for my father to unite with the church, which he did not do until a still later period. I have a distinct recollection of the occasion referred to, and of standing at my mother's side near the pulpit, as Dr. Herron sprinkled water on my head. I remember, too, that I muttered some words of displeasure because a few drops had fallen on my wide linen collar. No doubt all this became fixed in memory by my mother relating on her return home what her boy did and said; and perhaps by her telling this again and again as mothers are apt to do when conversing with friends and neighbors about the little incidents in the lives of their children. Whilst attending the Sabbath-school of the Third Presbyterian Church, I also went regularly to the church services on the Sabbath, and listened attentively to Dr. David H. Riddle; for his earnest, able efforts, full of eloquence and clear, well-cut sentences, were such as would command attention, even from children of my age. Excepting the time — probably two years — in which I attended the Third Church, from childhood to early manhood I sat under the ministry of Dr. Herron, and until this venerable man resigned his charge in 1850. I also attended the First Church during the first two years of his successor, Rev. William M.

Paxton, at the end of which time I moved to Allegheny. During his long ministry of forty years Dr. Herron was a power for much good in the community, his influence extending far beyond his immediate charge. He was a man of unusually fine physique,—rarely is such an one to be seen, ranking with the tallest of men and proportionately broad; truly he was of commanding presence. His features were finely cut, and his white hair, wavy and abundant, was usually long, falling in rich clusters on his massive shoulders. About his neck was worn in thick folds a snowy white linen scarf, which seemed to add to his natural dignity. It is with much pleasure I recall one of his elders, Francis Bailey, the sunshine of whose life grew brighter and brighter as it advanced toward its close, in this resembling what sometimes is seen in nature, when the setting sun becomes more and more luminous, and when in the intensity of its glow is cast a flood of effulgence over all within compass of its rays.

I must not omit mention of an incident which happened in the old First Church, and which illustrates what an irreverent use may be made of things sacred by people who at times suffer their minds to run in improper channels. I am not aware that any one aside from myself took notice of what seemed to me a very broad *double entendre;* it may be, however, that I alone was wanting in grace, in discovering what had a tinge of humor in it. The occasion was the ordination of Rev. William Speer, as a foreign missionary, on the eve of his departure for China. A hymn was given out to be sung (Dr. David Elliott, if I remember rightly, announced it), the lines below forming part of what was read. That truly excellent, venerable, and venerated man, I can readily vouch would not have deliberately perpetrated a joke, how-

ever different even might have been the circumstances. Had it been another Theological Seminary professor, of later days, my very excellent friend, Dr. McC———, I should not have put it past him; for it would have been so natural for him to have done so, and while quietly concealing an inward smile, he would—in solemn tones—have read:

> "No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
> Or mar the peaceful years;
> To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
> To pruning-hooks their *spears*."

In my younger days, there were certain professors of the Western Theological Seminary—which institution came into existence at about the same time as the writer—whom it was always a delight to hear. Recalling their names serves as a reminder that "there were giants in those days." When Professor Halsey preached, it was easy to recognize that a messenger from heaven was present. The very atmosphere of Immanuel's land was about him. His voice was such as was fit to bear glad tidings of great joy; and his words "as live coals from off a celestial altar."

Dr. Lewis W. Green, likewise, was an eminent preacher, a ripe scholar, thrilling in eloquence, and of great power in the pulpit. A course of lectures which he delivered on Catholicism caused the old First Church to be filled night after night as it never before had been, or possibly since.

Another of these intellectual giants was Professor Alexander T. McGill, who yet at Princeton lingers,[1] as though awaiting the chariot of fire to bear him heavenward. Where is the Elisha worthy of his mantle?

[1] Recently deceased.

Occasionally, in boyhood, I went to the Second Presbyterian Church to hear Rev. James Dunlap, whose preaching I enjoyed. And later, as boy and man, I delighted in listening to his successor, that best of men and of preachers, Dr. William D. Howard, whose radiant countenance seemed to reflect the joy reigning within him; while also it spoke of the heavenly bliss awaiting him.

For many years, also, I was accustomed to attend the afternoon service of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church. The rector, Rev. C. W. Quick, was an exceedingly interesting preacher, as was also his successor, Dr. William Preston. Both were earnest, spiritually minded men; the latter in particular was goodness personified. Not much consideration was paid by either to such weighty matters as ecclesiastical millinery, but it was noticeable that much attention was given to their sermons. "Low Church," this was called, but there was nothing grovelling observable; and neither in pulpit or pew was there an appearance of outward show, or of earthly vanities; rather, the tendency was upward, and as for the ministers, they

> **"……tried each art, reproved each dull delay,**
> **Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."**

Excepting that the Book of Common Prayer was used, the service otherwise was simple as in Protestant churches generally. A large choir consisting of fine singers sat in a gallery over the entrance vestibule. The pulpit was a plain affair about a dozen feet in length against the rear wall. Its only adornments were a few chairs and a desk on which lay the Bible, and from which all the services were conducted. Back of it was a door

through which the rector made his entrance and exit. In fact everything about St. Andrew's was of the simplest character, denoting that its people were a primitive sort of folk, as were those of apostolic times. Making no outward demonstrations, their worship, so far as the eye of a mere mortal might determine, was that of the heart, inward; and thus did they seem to interpret the declaration, "God is a spirit, and they who worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

Sometimes I have been led to think that the gifts of pulpit oratory are diminishing: not that there are no longer fine examples of it, but that they are fewer in number than they once were. There may be different causes for this. Possibly less attention is paid to the cultivation of it in schools of divinity; again, it may be from a lack of instructors; or perhaps the proper material to work upon is scarcer. I fear, however, that the policy of aiding pious yet verdant rustics, better fitted to drive ploughs afield, instead of endeavoring to fill the ranks with those who inherit brains and culture from their forbears, has much to do with this seeming degeneracy. Giants do not spring from pigmies. But whatever the cause, the fact is deplorable.

Then, also, the ability to read well seems to be among the lost arts. Oftentimes it is painful to be compelled to listen to the bungling manner in which the choicest passages of Scripture are read. Many ministers, unfortunately, have their tastes so cultivated as to enable them to discern the sublime and beautiful thoughts of David and Isaiah, but oh! how they slaughter these in the reading. If they would leave them alone, and in place select the "begats" of Genesis, or the woes and maledictions of Jeremiah, how thankful would we be! And

how they mangle the exquisite rhetoric of the Psalms, especially such as that one beginning

> "Give the King Thy judgments, O God,
> And Thy righteousness unto the King's son."

They rattle it off as though the sooner disposed of the better; instead of employing that deliberation which each and every sentence of a poem so full of sublimity demands. Well may we lament as did David over the death of Jonathan:

> "The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places:
> How are the mighty fallen!"

And how it grates upon the ear when we listen to their rendering (rather should we say, rending) of a hymn, as that of Charlotte Elliott beginning

> "My God, is any hour so sweet,
> From blush of morn to evening star."

At such times we feel like the Jewish captives by the rivers of Babylon, inclined to hang our harps upon the willows; and the reply of our hearts to those who require of us a song, saying, "Sing us one of the songs of Zion," is, "How shall we sing the Lord's songs in a strange land," "or when you ask this of us in utterances so inharmonious?" Then, too, the poorer the reader the more stanzas will he read, even though after wading through a most lengthy hymn he directs a generous clipping in the singing. And what a rare enjoyment it is when one having acquired the art of reading poetry announces a hymn; it is then that any abridgment upon his part causes a pang.

These comments naturally lead to kindred subjects,—choirs and choir singing; among the most troublesome things in church machinery. The discords, the want of harmony in choirs,—from the very nature of their calling, what should be least expected there,—while the rivalries and jealousies also existing, are full enough to account for an endless amount of trouble. A minister who because of these things had suffered long and much, once felt called upon to remark that his ideas in reference to singing in the world to come had undergone a complete change; that from his experience on earth with his choir, he was persuaded that the eternal peace and rest of heaven would only be disturbed by the introduction of music.

Singing, as all must admit, is a part of worship, and in churches of the reformed faith where no liturgy is employed it is the only part in which congregations can join openly; but when there is choir singing, oftentimes it is found that the worship is then by proxy, a method not altogether orthodox in the view of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, who said:

> "Let the people praise Thee, O God;
> Yea, let *all* the people praise Thee."

In many wealthy congregations of our larger cities, a spirit of great liberality is shown, when magnificent voices are brought together at a cost which would well-nigh cleanse such cities of their moral impurities; and the entire public is afforded the opportunity of listening to ecstatic warbles and celestial quavers without an admission fee. Here full as much benefit is derived as in attending an opera; and people are similarly attracted, the sole drawback at these sacred concerts being the

intrusion of forms of worship; otherwise they are in the highest degree enjoyable.

Ambitious congregations in small cities or towns,—what may be called country congregations,—where the musical talent is presumably of less height than the aspirations, are often prone to imitate what is done in the big cities; and as like causes produce like effects,—let the talents be as they may,—the consequences as to worship will be the same, whether in city or town. In the latter case, the people are not attracted by the music; a contrary effect is rather more likely. The object of their coming, it may be assumed, is worship. They cannot, and are not expected to join in the choir performances. What is sung is in an unknown tongue—seldom a word of it being distinguishable. Is it possible then that this is worship; is it not rather a plan that defeats worship? Anthems, under the most favorable circumstances, are not and cannot be worship; and except perhaps to those who sing them they are wearisome in the extreme. What by the choirs are called *Te Deums* would be better named if styled te-di-ous.

Nor is the trifling organ tinkling so commonly heard, which passes under the name of "voluntary" worship. Surely this is not what was in the mind of the Psalmist in his exhortation—

"Praise Him with stringed instruments and organs."

Neither can it be said that much of the music written for the church organ is of suitable character, having no meaning beyond that of noise, and even lacking harmony. We need scarce say that it should be of an uplifting, devotional style, as is often found in some

compositions not intended for such use, as Handel's *Largo*, Schubert's *Serenade*, and Schumann's *Träumerei*. Stephen Adams's *Holy City* is a recent example, which composers would do well to endeavor to imitate, if not already prepared to confess their inability to write something corresponding with worship. When music of a proper kind is not to be found, silence is a good substitute. "Silence," said a philosopher, "is golden." Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that Longfellow's silence was better than many another man's conversation; and a still higher authority said, when speaking of the presence of the Lord in His holy temple, "Let all the earth keep silence before Him." We may add that it would always be better to reserve improvisatorial efforts for the seclusion of privacy, when, shutting out the world, the organ performer may soar and soar and flutter, in loftiest regions, wholly undisturbed.

I cannot close this chapter without some further reminiscences of the "First Church"—the old brick meeting-house. Before my mind float visions of both church and people, deeply impressed on my memory.

As to the building, there were four square walls without a break, except for windows and doors, and a recess of a few feet at either side of the front wall, and a concavity in the rear, within which was the pulpit. This was of a style once very common, but now rarely met with, and only in churches of like or earlier date. It was raised high above the main floor and reached by a flight of steps at each side. The desk was in a projecting semicircle. Galleries ran on three sides; the choir occupying the greater part of the one against the front wall. Tall windows with circular tops were continuous, lighting both the main floor and galleries; the 11 x 15 panes

of glass in these were made in the first glass-house built in Pittsburgh, in 1795, by James O'Hara and Isaac Craig. The windows were screened by green Venetian blinds. From three doors in front were as many aisles; another ran crosswise in front of the pulpit, leading to it and to the "amen pews," as those to the right and left of the pulpit are sometimes called. Five large egg stoves were used for heating; one at each end of the side aisles, and one by the middle door. The pews were high backed, but less so than those yet to be seen in churches of earlier date in older settlements. Externally, the walls were entirely plain, the only attempt at ornament being a circular window in the apex of the front gable, in the centre of which the figures "1804" denoted the date of erection. At the middle entrance was a large uncovered wooden platform with steps on three sides leading up to it. Flights of about five stone steps each led to the doors of the side aisles. These were boxed in and roofed over. The only thing approaching ornamentation I have reserved for my final description. Looking up to the far-away ceiling, I yet see at each corner of a quadrangle where were located air vents, circles a yard or more in diameter. These were painted in semblance of the vault of heaven, blue, and studded with gilded stars; so as I gazed, my child fancy was often enraptured. From a central circle, thrice as large, and similarly adorned, hung an immense glass chandelier, the present of General James O'Hara. This was indeed elegant, rather too much so to be in keeping with the extreme plainness of all else surrounding. At night, when its double row of tall sperm candles were lighted, there was a dazzling brilliance from its myriad of crystals; and at a later day when gas was introduced, the effect was yet more strik-

THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BUILT IN 1804

ing. I was not alone in my admiration, for, judging from remarks sometimes heard, it was accounted as among the seven wonders of the world,—more astonishing than anything seen by the Queen of Sheba when she visited Solomon.

For further lighting, besides two oil lamps on the pulpit, at frequent intervals along the aisles, close to the ends of pews and reaching a few feet above them, were turned cherry posts on the tops of which were glass globes shaped like the hand lanterns which were commonly carried on the streets at night, and in these for intended illumination were candles. Eyesight must have been better then than now, else, with such dim lights, how was it possible to read hymns, when both printing and paper were so greatly inferior to that in books now in use?

But the people, and not the venerable pile of brick and mortar, constituted the church; and drawing upon the stores of my remembrance, it is of some of these I would like to speak—if but to name them. My father's pew, No. 30, was on the left of the right aisle. In the one immediately back of this sat the family of Mr. John B. McFadden; the two elder daughters of which were particularly vivacious, and the merry tones of their voices and the perpetual smiles they wore, were proof that their lives were full of sunshine. The second of these, Anne, became the wife of General Alexander Hays, a classmate of General Grant at West Point, who fell in battle in the third day's fight in the Wilderness. I knew him well, and esteemed him greatly. The eldest daughter, Rachel, by her zeal and earnest labors inspired the Pittsburgh Sanitary Commission with the life by which it obtained so enviable a record; and as truly as did any who in the

fore-front of battle sacrificed their lives for their country, did she yield her noble life in its behalf, in the constant struggle she maintained to aid the "boys in blue."

Farther back were the pews of Samuel and Dr. John Rea, James Marshall, John A. Caughey, Mrs. Thomas White, and Dr. W. F. Irwin. Immediately in front of our family pew sat Judge Riddle, father of the brilliant Whig editor, Robert M. Riddle. In earlier days the Judge had been the intimate associate of two thorough-going Democrats like himself; one, my grandfather, John Johnston; the other, Mathew Stewart, with whose family in years then yet to come I was to be closely identified. Elsewhere I have spoken of the Judge's eighteenth-century dress. At night, his seat was often occupied by his son-in-law, with rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes, and plump, well-rounded figure,—Dr. Joseph P. Gazzam. Farther front sat the family of Dr. Jeremiah Brooks; and next beyond was the pew of Mr. John Thaw. Mr. Thaw was a large man in height and breadth, and usually wore a shad-bellied coat of Quaker style, and a broad-rimmed hat to correspond, while his gold specs, with large round glasses, seemed a conspicuous part of his attire. Yet farther ahead, were the well-filled pews of my mother's aunt, Mrs. Oliver, and of her uncle, Wm. Graham, the latter being one of the four large square pews with doors opening on the aisle in front of the pulpit. In the pews to the right of this aisle sat Mr. George P. Smith, and with him often was the Hon. George Darsie. Farther back sat the families of Hon. Francis R. Shunk, elected Governor of the State in 1844; of Mr. George Cochran, Mr. Henry Sproul, William M. Darlington, Esq., and Dr. Thomas Miller. In the "amen pews," to the right of the pulpit, were the families of Neville B. Craig, Esq., Mr. Robert

Dalzell, Alexander Brackenridge, Esq., and Mr. John Arthurs. In those to the left sat the families of the pastor (Dr. Herron), Mrs. Sarah Irwin, Mr. Joseph Patterson, Mr. Chambers McKibben, Mr. James Crossan, and Mr. Alexander Laughlin. All of these are quite easily located, because within the line of observation from where I sat. I might do the same with some others, but will merely name a few pewholders here and there, near or remote, as they occur to me: Hon. Harmar Denny, Dr. Denny, Mr. Robert Beer, Judge Porter, Judge Patton, James W. Biddle, Esq., of the *Daily American*, William McCandless, Esq., Mr. Samuel Bailey, Mr. Francis Bailey, Mr. Alexander Hunter, Mr. Samuel Spencer, Dr. Robert Simpson, Judge Snowden, Mr. John Caldwell, General William Robinson, Jr., Mr. William Hays, Mr. Michael Allen, Mr. R. W. Poindexter, Mrs. John Darragh and Hon. Cornelius Darragh, Mrs. Mary Wilkins and her son Mr. Brady Wilkins, Mrs. Dr. Stevenson, Mr. Hugh McClelland, Mr. William Bagaley, and Mrs. Blair; Mr. Pollard McCormick, Dr. J. R. Speer, Mr. William Dilworth, Sr., Mr. William Dilworth, Jr., Mr. James Dalzell, and in front of the last named, Mr. Frederick Lorenz. The pew occupied by this family was one of the four large square ones facing the aisle in front of the pulpit, and in it in early days had sat the family of my grandfather, John Johnston.

It is related of Lord Macaulay that he could repeat forward or backward the names of the entire line of English kings and queens: had I been similarly gifted, my memory would have prevented omissions doubtless herein made, some of which, possibly, are inexcusable; and I should have been able to locate every family with exactness. One thing, however, I realize, and with unavailing regret, that whatever my mistakes, at this far-away point of

time few remain who are able to point out my errors. Wherein faces were familiar and names unknown to me, I do not hold myself accountable for omissions. One case, however, of this kind is peculiar, and for my neglect I plead the baby act, — my only opportunity for knowing the persons in question being when I was but in my eleventh year. They were then the occupants of a middle-aisle pew, but a short way from where I sat. The youngest child of the family, a daughter, a year younger than myself, at the time referred to might have been seen nestled close to her mother's side. In coming years, in another church, a mile or more distant, she would have been found beside me; while close upon forty years hand in hand it was our lot to journey in the path of life together. In 1839 the family of Mathew Stewart moved from Pittsburgh to their new residence just then erected on the West Common, Allegheny, and thenceforward their connection was with Dr. Swift's church. In infancy, she who was destined to be my wife was baptized by Dr. Herron, and doubtless with water from the same bowl used when upon my head that simple rite was performed.

Since the foregoing attempt to name the families of the congregation was written, I conceived the idea of making a plan of the pews and of naming the occupants, according to my recollection. This I was able to do, but less perfectly than I desired; of course making a number of mistakes. But I have since been helped out by lists of the pewholders in the years 1847 and 1851 obtained from the church records; so that the results of this task as here presented are, I think, quite accurate. A difference in dates will account for variations in some instances from the names mentioned in the text.

In my younger days, on the Sabbaths when the Lord's Supper was observed, communicants were served at tables; one of which occupied the aisle running crosswise in front of the pulpit, and another the middle aisle, extending back almost to the door. The benches placed on either side of these tables accommodated less than one half of the members, and consequently the service, thrice performed, was in a measure wearisome; though as to the mere consumption of time, I do not think that this was reckoned a matter of moment, for people then never hurried; even a house on fire did not occasion haste in the way we are familiar with in the mad rush of the present day. Perhaps for the same reason also, Dr. Herron's sermons were not abridged on Communion Sabbath any more than upon other days. This occasion, as it ever should be, was always one of great solemnity; and I am inclined to think it was more deeply so because of the use of tables, as in this there was conformity to the original institution of the Sacrament. But there was one thing that marred it greatly. It was well-nigh rendered morbidly solemn by the use of a hymn seldom if ever omitted; one that was exceedingly dolorous, and invariably accompanied by a tune corresponding in character. Employed at an entombment in the catacombs, these would have added to its horrors. It is a matter for congratulation that at the present time a more esthetic taste prevails, and all modern collections of hymnology discard both the hymn and tune. The former began,

"'T was on a dark and doleful night."

"Windham" was the name of the sepulchral tune, and for melancholy it is unequalled. Before I was out of my 'teens—if my memory is correct—the tables disappeared,

and the elements were served to the members in their pews; and possibly at the same time also, another inheritance from the churches of Scotland was abandoned, —the use of tokens. These were small pieces of metal, bearing the name of the church, which were distributed at a preparatory service to all entitled to commune; and were taken up by the elders when the people were seated at the tables. But the hymn and tune referred to were clung to long after, in this and other churches, being considered too precious to be given up.

I should be remiss, should I, before closing this chapter, omit speaking of one indelibly daguerrotyped on my memory,—the thick-set, sandy-haired, red-faced, short-necked sexton, Mr. Wright; whom I yet see, as with a long pole he opened or closed the windows; being directed at times in this matter by Dr. Herron, who would stop in the course of his sermon for such a purpose. And I fancy too that I can again see him as with other boys I have sometimes watched him digging graves in the old churchyard, now and then tossing up bones, a matter of special interest to us on such occasions.

Not many, even of the younger members belonging to families of the church, now remain. In other cemeteries, other gravediggers have performed for them the last melancholy service, marking the close of life's journey.

CHAPTER X.

THE GREAT FIRE OF 1845—END OF SCHOOLDAYS—PLAYING AT BUSINESS—MEN OF NOTE.

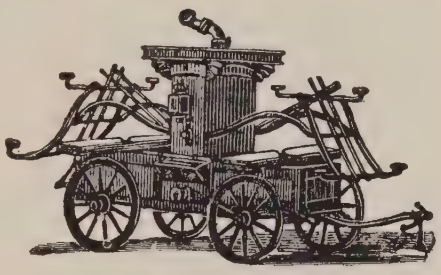
> "The fire-king held his steadfast way,
> And sat in awful state that day;
> Men rose and battled with their might,
> But to be hurled back in the fight."

AT noon on the tenth day of April, 1845, I was standing in the doorway of Johnston & Stockton's bookstore when the cry of "Fire!" was sounded, and a stream of people was soon seen running toward Second Street. The day was warm, just such an one as occasionally is sandwiched between the rough days which in general mark our spring, and one which we always hail with delight. It was noticed, too, about the hour referred to, that a brisk wind had sprung up, and great clouds of dust swept the street. In those days, in Pittsburgh, an alarm of fire was given as we yet find it in towns and villages generally, by ringing the bells of engine-houses and churches, and by a general outcry on the part of the populace of "Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!" Where a fire might be, was indicated by a sight of flames, or smoke, or by the general direction in which people ran; for a long time had yet to ensue ere the methodical, electrical signals of to-day were to spring from the inventive brain of man.

The bell high up in the great steeple of the Third Presbyterian Church, corner of Third and Ferry streets, rang upon this particular occasion; and as for such purpose it was not customary to ring it except when there were appearances of danger in its vicinity, there was no difficulty in locating the fire at this time, and it was soon seen that it was but a short way off, at the southeast corner of Second and Ferry streets, in a little hut occupied by an Irish washerwoman, who in building a fire to aid her in her day's work made more of a blaze than was intended. I found the roof burning, and can bear witness that a few buckets of water would easily have extinguished the flames, but none was thrown. This met with my hearty approval, for as I had begun to "run with the machine," doubtless I would have felt great contempt for people who would put fires out with water buckets when an apparatus so superior to that mentioned was within hailing distance. Had not I already helped pull engines to fires, being past my sixteenth year; and did not boys even younger than myself do this? This of course was long before the days of steam fire-engines and a paid fire department. Men at that time by means of long, heavy ropes dragged the cumbrous engines through the streets, and when men were scarce boys were allowed to help, though they knew they would be cuffed, kicked, and pushed aside when their elders made their appearance.

Accordingly, on this day, so soon as I had located the fire, I ran as did many others in the direction of the Eagle engine, domiciled on Fourth Street, near Ferry. I had not gone far before I met the engine coming toward me, and dragged in the manner above described; a very few men at the ropes, and these assisted by a motley lot of dirty boys. The hose-reel, similarly propelled, followed

close after. Connection was made with the fire plug within a few feet of the burning shanty; but unfortunately the supply of water, for some reason, was short, but little coming when the valve was opened, and on this account, mainly, a very large part of the city was doomed to destruction. The engine with scarce any delay was in readiness for duty; the pumps were manned, and the levers worked up and down, while the engineers standing on the gallery were almost able to touch the burning roof with the nozzle of the long pipe, from which came a weak, sickly stream of muddy water, powerless against the mad flames, which soon found fresh fuel in adjoining buildings.



THE EAGLE FIRE ENGINE.

Meanwhile the conflagration made rapid headway. Its tongues of flames licked the sides of the large two-story frame building adjoining, the residence of Bill Diehl — "Colonel Diehl" as he was often called, for he went with the "Blues" to the war of 1812, and being an attaché of the quartermaster's department, won his laurels in slaughtering beef.

At the opposite or northeast corner from where the fire began, stood the brick cotton-mill of James Wood, which, too, was soon enveloped in flames, and before I was aware, the roof of the old stone house, my father's residence, adjoining, had taken fire. Neighbors were busy in removing the furniture, household goods and gods;

much being taken to points farther up the street, only to be burned as the fire moved onward. Running up-stairs, I found the rooms generally emptied of their contents, and the thick clouds of smoke, streaked with flames, drove me as rapidly down as I had gone up. Making my way to Market Street, it was manifest that the building in which was the bookstore of Johnston & Stockton would soon be a prey to the fire, and climbing to the roof I found the employees spreading carpets over it, and using salt freely; but it was soon apparent that all the salt of Sodom would not save it. I aided in the work of taking books from their shelves, while a crowd of people who came to assist carried them to places of safety.

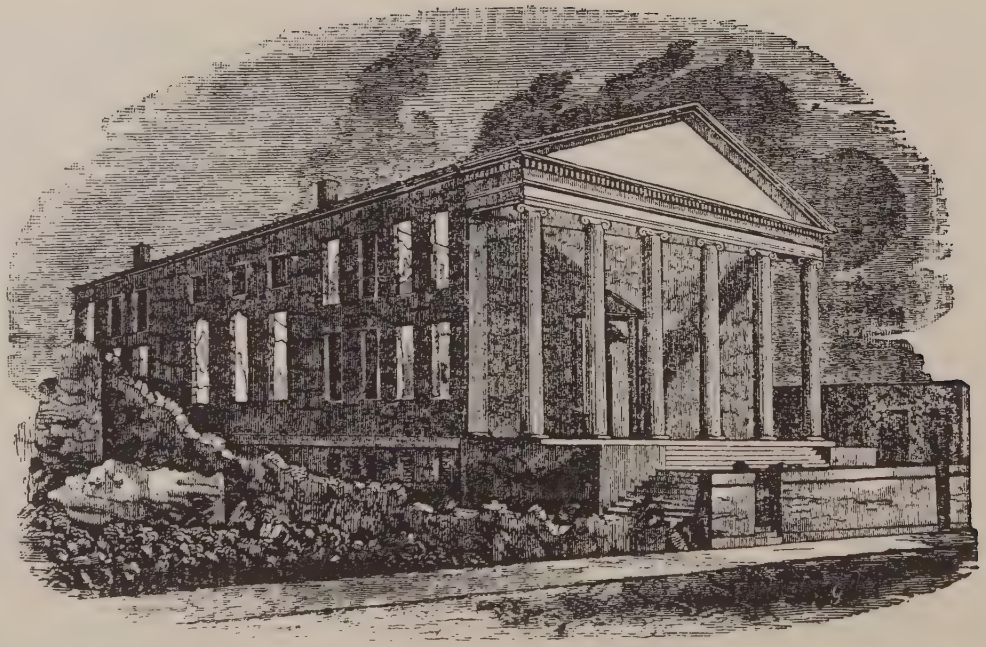
When the fire began, as already stated, a brisk wind was blowing, but the heat of burning houses increased it to a gale; and the flames in frequent instances were known to leap over entire blocks of buildings to some point where was found new fuel, leaving the intervening ones to be destroyed later. In this way a frame house—yet standing—at the corner of Fourth and Ross streets escaped entirely, while houses beside and beyond it, built of brick, were totally destroyed. The roar of the flames was terrific, and their horrid glare, as they leaped through the dense black clouds of smoke, sweeping earth and sky, was appalling. Stoutest hearts quailed, for the demon of destruction obtained complete mastery. So long as there was fuel to feed the flames in the direction they were blown by the wind, so long the fire lasted. By nightfall the destroyer's task was completed; but all night long the crash of falling walls, the loud cracking of burning timbers, and the red glare of the heavens, evinced that the washerwoman had kindled an unusually hot fire under her kettle. The firemen fought bravely,

but they early learned that their work was to be confined to the eastern margin of the fire, to prevent it spreading in that direction, where the heat unaided by wind would have carried it.

Late in the afternoon, overcome by the labors and excitement of the day, I went to the residence of Mr. Stockton to rest, and remained there until the following morning. It was, however, long ere sleep came to my eyelids, for a panorama of the fearful scenes of the day passed through my mind, while the frightful noises of the ceaseless conflagration—that horrid roar, never to be forgotten—filled my ears.

When, some years later, James Parton passed through Pittsburgh at night on a railway train, and saw the lurid flames of furnaces leaping upward and lighting the heavens, while a myriad of stacks belched forth volumes of densest smoke, he described the scene tersely and graphically as "Hell with the lid off." Even more fitting would have been that simile for the scenes presented on the memorable tenth day of April, 1845.

The fire burned over twenty squares of closely built property—equalling about forty acres. From the place of beginning to where it ceased was one mile in extent. The money value of the loss was never closely estimated—one writer fixed it at from five to fifty millions of dollars, figures all-sufficient to embrace the correct amount; but more careful guesses set it at about fifteen millions. Well-nigh the entire business portion of the city was destroyed—and the destruction was complete. Iron and glass were melted as thoroughly as when passed through furnaces, and the débris in general of buildings and their contents was ashes. The old wooden bridge across the Monongahela, the only one spanning



BANK OF PITTSBURGH AFTER THE FIRE OF 1845.

that river, which had been built in 1816, was consumed in ten minutes of time. My father's house, as stated, and most of the property in which he had an interest, was burned. The printing house, however, just on the edge of the fire line, was saved.

The University was gone, and without a tear from me. I was adrift, and may say that for the space of five years I continued to drift. My father, intent upon his own affairs, seemed unconscious of mine or of me.

Johnston & Stockton were able to resume business almost at once. In order to do this they purchased the lease of another bookstore on Market Street, but a short distance from the one they had occupied, together with the entire stock of goods, which added to what they had saved, gave them an ample supply. And considering that their printing establishment had escaped the fire, they were more fortunate than most other business houses. After a year, the Denny estate having rebuilt the row that had been burned, they removed to the house on the corner of Third Street, immediately adjoining the site formerly occupied by them.

The confusion following the fire led to my being employed to aid in the work of restoration, and to do clerical work of divers kinds of which I was capable. I took to this work naturally, neither seeking it, nor being myself formally sought after. Still, whilst in a measure depended upon, I yet felt and exercised the utmost freedom; coming and going at will, working when I felt like it, and leaving off work when it suited my inclination; and no one questioned me for this exercise of liberty.

There were times, nor were these infrequent, when Mr. Stockton, who for a considerable period manifested un-

easiness at any prospect of being confined to business, would, when finding himself and myself the only occupants of the store, aside from those who performed drudgery work, say to me: "William, I have to run out a little while; will you attend to matters till I come back?" Knowing too well from frequent experience the length of time implied in such promises, my assent was always given with certain mental reservations; the probabilities being that he would not be back until the following day. These engagements, conditioned as stated, were sacredly kept until relieved by the return of one or more salesmen.

This open-and-shut mode of doing business was no doubt due to the fact that from boyhood the store had been to me a place of frequent resort; the proprietor in charge and clerks having long been accustomed to ask of me such assistance as a boy could furnish.

One of my earliest business transactions—this happening a few years further back — was when my services were sought in the manner described, and is yet deeply impressed on my recollection. Most surely it furnishes fresh evidence of the truth of the old adage, "The boy is father to the man." Were another, rather than myself, my biographer, how serviceable would be this incident, in pointing out with unerring precision how a great financier, yet to be, was foreshadowed by the act of a small boy. "Beyond question," he might say, "in this we see plainly the unveiling of the future when the boy of today, having passed the chrysalis state, is to float on butterfly wings, a full-fledged bank president!"

But to the incident. One day when loitering about the store, Mr. Stockton asked me to run over to the Bank of Pittsburgh and get a check cashed for him. On ar-

riving at the counter of the old bullion castle, and reaching up to present the check, the kindly face of Mr. John Harper, the then teller, beamed on me as he queried, "How will you have it?" The question occasioned me infinite delight, as it indicated that I would be served according to my fancy. Casting my eyes at the great piles of gold, silver, and banknotes, a moment's meditation led to the sagacious thought that half-dollars were very serviceable coins; so accordingly, with a precocity foreshadowing that Napoleon of finance concerning whose existence I almost blush to allude, I announced my preference for the particular coin just mentioned. Spreading my handkerchief, which I had handed to him on the counter, doubtless with a smile, though with a reluctance which I thought visible, the good teller counted out almost his entire stock of half-dollars, tied it up, and passed it to me. It was quite a load, about as much as I could carry, but success stimulated my efforts, and even had it been greater I would in some way have succeeded in getting back with it. A glow of satisfaction beamed on my face, all streaming with perspiration, as I laid the glittering pile on Mr. Stockton's desk. His astonishment may be conjectured, but recovering, he laughed heartily as he sent me back to exchange the coin for paper money.

As I first knew it, the stationery business was yet in swaddling clothes, as when the Midianites, coming from Gilead "with their camels bearing spicery and balm and myrrh," bartered in Egypt for the products of the Nile; or as when Joseph successfully made his corner in wheat; or as it had been when the Syrian Hiram made entries upon his parchment-leafed books of the marbles, metals, and cedars furnished Solomon for building the temple; and

in crediting him with wine, oil, and barley obtained in exchange. Stationery, in fact, fifty to sixty years ago bore about the same relation to books and paper as trimmings then did to dry-goods. I remember when the first trimmings store was started in Pittsburgh, the then leading dry-goods merchant, Mr. William McKnight, predicted that it would be a failure; contemptuously remarking, "There 's no profit in pins, needles, and buttons, and as for 'boss'" (meaning thread) "I always throw it in!" The items thus mentioned about as nearly comprise what were then known as trimmings, as the articles I shall name were what were accounted stationery; and how almost obsolete are some of these now!

Quills for writing were exclusively used. People of necessity were patient then, when so much time had to be given to the making and mending of pens. There were not so many cases of nervous prostration then as now, and the medical faculty might take a hint from this fact, that a good remedy for such diseases would be a return to the use of quills. To supply present demands, an enormous increase of geese would be required; and would such increase be possible?

About the year 1845 steel pens were introduced; but were then regarded rather as curiosities than articles for practical use. The thought that they would ever supersede the use of quills was not seriously entertained. The earliest were those known as barrel-pens: the pen proper having a cylinder attached in which was inserted the stick. Following these, came the styles now used, mounted on cards of a dozen, with a holder; but so imperfectly made were they that a few only in each dozen were at all fit for use, hence their introduction was slow.

Wafers—now obsolete—and sealing-wax were used to

fasten letters. Wafers were of divers colors, but those commonly used were red. In size they varied from about three to five eighths of an inch in diameter. For more stately correspondence, official letters, and documents of value, sealing-wax was used. Mucilage was unknown for the purposes it is now so commonly used. Writing sand, now universally banished, and remembered only by more elderly people, was used to dust over freshly written matter to facilitate its drying or prevent it from becoming blotted. It was a great nuisance, often getting into books lying on desks where it was used, and cutting the threads with which they were bound. Blotting board, then unknown, superseded sand, and also a thin, pink blotting paper, which for a time, though less perfectly, did what the board now accomplishes.

Black and red inks were in general made and bottled by the stationers who sold them; who also furnished ink-powders prepared by chemists, to customers who preferred making their own inks. Small quantities of London-made inks were kept for patrons who knew of their excellence and were willing to pay their higher cost. But the ordinary kinds mentioned, poor as they usually were, supplied most of the demand.

India-rubber was then not vulcanized, nor was it adulterated by processes which largely destroy its erasive quality. Neither was it sold in cakes as now, but in the original shape in which it came from countries where produced, that is, in globular form with a neck like a bottle, having been thus moulded when in a liquid state, and for use it was cut into whatever size was desired.

Slates were imported from Germany, and of very inferior quality, until a protective tariff enabled Pennsylvania

manufacturers to put a superior article on the market, and at greatly reduced prices. Small quantities were also brought from Wales, of fine grain and having a peculiar bluish shade. These, while better than those from the quarries of Schuylkill or Lehigh, were much higher in price.

When business men desired to retain copies of letters, they adopted the ingenious method supposed to have been familiar to Ezra the Scribe in duplicating the Scriptures, — they made copies by hand. It is related of a very prominent State bank, which was never known to countenance anything until age gave it an air of respectability, that at a comparatively recent period it was still pursuing Ezra's plan of copying; but one day the officers, fearing that the Hebrew patent may not have run out, and that the bank might be held liable for infringement, concluded to make search for some different method. As a result, it was ascertained that everybody was using what was called a copying-press, so after further investigation and discussion it was determined to follow the universal custom.

But few of the articles now comprised in what is known as commercial stationery, and deemed necessary as parts of the outfit of an office, were then invented.

Even within my recollection, the wants of people in all matters were comparatively small and simple; now they are vast, and ingenuity is taxed to produce what is new, useful, and ornamental. The world once revolved slowly, and men had an abundance of time for business, and leisure sufficient to eat, to sleep, and to enjoy life. Now its revolutions are accomplished by rapid whirling; men's brains and muscles are wound up to the utmost tension; business is done in briefer time; eating con-

sumes fewer minutes; sleep is banished, and it is almost impossible to say where enjoyment comes in.

Besides dealing in paper, stationery, and blank books, Johnston & Stockton sold miscellaneous schoolbooks. The latter for a long time were void of illustrations, and were usually printed on paper which was dark, coarse, and repulsive as sin; while they were bound in shabby styles. Their only redeeming feature was strength,—common-sense made its mark upon that one point. Miscellaneous books wore brighter looks,—but as compared with those of to-day they were gloomy enough.

On the 1st day of July, 1845, envelopes came into use, in consequence of a change made in the postal laws. Hitherto they were scarcely known to exist. Occasionally they had been used in social notes, transmitted by hand and not by mail. Under previous regulations, what was called a single letter, meaning a single sheet of paper, regardless of its size but not exceeding one ounce in weight, the rate of postage was according to distance. For each enclosure, however small, the same rate was charged; and it has been said that post-office clerks handling much mail became so expert that it was but seldom that an enclosure escaped detection. For an excess of weight above one ounce, the rate was quadrupled. Single rates were as follows: for thirty miles or under, six and one fourth cents; over thirty and under eighty miles, ten cents; over eighty and under one hundred and fifty miles, twelve and a half cents; over one hundred and fifty and under four hundred miles, eighteen and three fourths cents; over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents. According to these rates a letter from Pittsburgh to New York, Chicago, or Louisville weighing one ounce or under was charged twenty-

five cents. To-day, anywhere in the United States or Territories, or in Canada or Mexico, the rate is but two cents. Accordingly, for that amount, a letter is carried from Key West, Florida, to Nome, Alaska, a distance of more than five thousand miles. Then, too, our new fellow-citizens of Spanish blood, residing in Porto Rico, can send letters in Uncle Sam's mailbags to their dark skinned brethren in the Philippines, ten thousand nautical miles distant, as the crow flies, for but two cents each. And again, as we make special arrangement for the boys who carry our flag to the ends of the earth, those garrisoning the forts of San Juan, in the same island, can with two cents be still better served: for with these a missive of theirs is borne to their comrades in arms of the 14th Infantry, in China, who as I write, after having planted Old Glory on the walls of Pekin, have carried it through the imperial palace of the Forbidden City,—the holy of holies,—two thousand miles more distant than Manila, or almost half-way around the globe. Moreover, we are so neighborly that when a "Canuck" in Quebec writes to a "Greaser" in Mexico, he pays the Canadian government the required amount of postage, while ours gets nothing, although we carry his epistle across our entire country from north to south, and deliver it on the Mexican frontier, from whence it goes on its way rejoicing to a hacienda, possibly in the remotest corner of the widely extended domain of President Diaz.

Before another half-century passes, one cent for postage will do what two now do.

It will be observed that previous to 1845 there were three rates calling for fractions of cents. This was owing to the large amount of Spanish silver coin current in the

United States, elsewhere spoken of; one being the "fippenny bit," or one fourth of twenty-five cents, and the other the "elevenpenny bit," or one half of twenty-five cents. Owing also to these fractional rates was due the coinage of half-cents, now but rarely seen, except in numismatic collections.

The law which came into effect on July 1, 1845, reduced the rates of postage more than one half: letters were then to be carried by weight, the charge being three cents for one half ounce, or fraction thereof; and it was optional, as it had been previously, to pay in advance or let the one addressed make payment. Whether in the latter case anything additional was required, I am not certain, but think not. An amusing story in reference to this option is told by Mr. Alex. McClure in his recent work elsewhere referred to. General Taylor on being nominated for the presidency was notified of the convention's action by its presiding officer, Governor Morehead, who waited several weeks for a response, but none came. At length he sent a messenger to Baton Rouge, La., to inquire the reason of the non-acceptance; when it was ascertained that the old soldier, finding himself severely taxed by having to pay postage on a vast number of letters from every direction, few of which were of any interest to him, had given instruction to the postmaster to send all unpaid letters to the dead-letter office; and this no doubt was what happened to the Governor's letter. The further fact was that Governor Morehead in sending the notification assumed that it was a matter that more nearly concerned the nominee than himself, and that any one named for so high an office, and upon a ticket that was almost sure to be elected, could well afford to pay the

postage. Another letter, however, on which the postage was prepaid, set the matter right, and forthwith came the acceptance of the high honor conferred.

It was not until about 1850 that postage stamps were introduced; prior to then the custom was to mark the postage "paid," or if to be collected, to write the amount in figures in red ink.

When letters began to be carried by weight, the number of pieces were no longer considered, and it was this mainly that led to the introduction of envelopes, when a great demand for them immediately sprang up, and there was no preparation in any of our cities to meet it. As showing how little was the appreciation of what this demand was to be, for an article then hardly known, I was asked by Mr. Stockton to make what would be required for our customers, and I set about to do this.

My tools were primitive—a knife and a piece of tin cut to the shape of an envelope before being folded. Only about one dozen sheets of paper could be cut through at a time; consequently a very few hundred envelopes constituted the product of a day.[1] Folding and pasting were slow processes; there was an absence of neatness as well as of perfect cleanliness, and they were necessarily expensive. I quit the business in disgust, and long before there was a supply in the market to drive me out.

After a time manufactories in the Eastern cities began to supply the trade. But in their earlier efforts, the goods supplied were hand-made; and generally inferior in quality. It was some time before what were

[1] Our buyer informs me that at this time the annual sales of envelopes in the house where my business is conducted amount to many millions.

called adhesive envelopes were made, that is, with gum on their flaps for sealing; and wafers still continued in use. When at length adhesive envelopes were introduced, they met with a ready welcome, but it was soon found that they could not be depended upon, as in transit by mail they often became unsealed. Hence many business men, especially bankers, were obliged to continue the use of sealing-wax in connection with their ordinary correspondence. It was not until about 1854 that gumming was accomplished by machinery in a way to be at all satisfactory; and it was even later before there were any great varieties as to size, quality, or style of envelopes.

What is now known as "commercial note" paper, and largely used in place of letter paper, or "quarto post," as it was formerly called (the paper which measures as folded 8 by 10 inches), was not made fifty years ago. In fact, I cannot recall that any size of note paper, not even such as is used in correspondence by ladies, was then manufactured. "Cap," or "foolscap" paper, as formerly called, was more or less used for letter writing prior to 1845, especially for lengthy correspondence, as its greater size afforded more space without any increase in the rate of postage under the old law.

The name "foolscap" had a singular origin, perhaps not known to many persons. It relates to a time in history now attracting much attention, since the fame of Oliver Cromwell is fast being lifted into prominence as that of the greatest ruler ever governing England. The royal arms had long been stamped on cap paper which was and still is used for legal documents, but the Rump Parliament having a quarrel on its hands with Charles I. (whilom by anglomaniacs and certain of their cousins

on the other side dubbed "the martyr!"), ordered a discontinuance of the stamp, and directed as a substitute, a fool's cap and bells.

I might here mention that ruled papers and ruled books for keeping accounts, etc., are comparatively modern inventions. In the early part of the 19th century, if any one wished to indulge in so great a luxury, ruling had to be done by hand. Our fathers and mothers in learning to write used unruled papers exclusively.

As showing how absurdly we cling to usages of long practice, when the necessity for their continuance no longer exists, I will mention a circumstance now recalled. Before the introduction of envelopes the fourth page of a sheet of letter paper was left unruled, so that when folded for mailing the space on which the address was to be made would be without lines running through it. Now any one who understands the mode of ruling paper, knows that it is easier and less expensive to rule it on all pages than upon three only; and it is equally clear that the introduction of envelopes rendered it unnecessary to leave the fourth page of a letter or note sheet blank; and, moreover, when lengthy letters had to be written, it would be better that it should be ruled; and yet custom, having set her seal on the matter as though it were a law of the Medes and Persians, decreed for a long period that there should be no change made; and in some instances over thirty years elapsed before certain paper-mills yielded to the better law of convenience. A later generation wondered why it was so, and its inquiries and suggestions wrought a change at last.

To return to the matter of postal facilities, at the time of which I write they were vastly different from what they now are, or what they were two score or more

years back. Postage stamps as I have said were not used; there were no letter boxes on the streets, and no delivery or collection of mails. To post letters and to prepay them, and also to get whatever may have arrived, it was necessary to go to the post-office, however distant it might be, and these visits by one or other employé had to be made a number of times daily to meet either the incoming or outgoing mails. Rates, as before mentioned, were according to distance, and high even for the shortest; in many cases, indeed, a dozen or more times the present rates. The time consumed in sending letters and in getting answers was according to the speed of stage coaches—there were no railways in 1845 coming into Pittsburgh, or at all near it, and the few then built in the eastern parts of the country were of little service in carrying mails.

About a year after the great fire, my father, probably noticing the fact that I was scarcely to be considered a salesman in the bookstore, my attendance there being in the nature of an avocation rather than a vocation, inquired whether I would like to have a knowledge of the wholesale drug business. I answered that I was willing to make a trial of it; whereupon he arranged with the firm of J. Schoonmaker & Co., on Wood Street, whose trade was extensive, to induct me into the arts and mysteries of that business. I entered seriously upon the work, and found my duties multifarious. I made sales, filled orders, bottled castor-oil, essence of peppermint, etc., corked, sealed, and labelled these, and put them up in packages of a dozen, and again in quarter-grosses. I made pills,—that is after they were compounded; I rolled them as a baker would dough, moulded them, put them into boxes, labelled and packed them. This bot-

tling and pill-making rather pleased me, for it was clean, comfortable sort of work. But in the midst of it, some dirty boy or dirtier man, whose clothing was coated with oils, paints, and varnishes, would bring me a can as filthy as his clothing, and ask for a quart or a gallon of turpentine, oil, or varnish. I was obliged to drop the work at which I was engaged, seize the vile-looking vessel, take it to the cellar, and fill it with the article desired. The cellar was horribly unclean; its floor being covered with a mixture such as I observed on the painters' clothing; while the measure used in filling the can was equally foul. On beginning this business, I contracted with Mr. Updike, the junior partner of the house, that I would make a trial of two weeks, to ascertain whether I thought I would desire to continue in it. At the end of the first week Mr. Updike inquired how I was pleased with my new employment. I imagined that he was well enough satisfied with his new apprentice, and perhaps was in hope that I too was satisfied with my work. Without hesitation I replied, "Well, I promised to try it for two weeks, and one only is passed; at the end of another, I will decide, as I agreed." Further experience was not actually necessary to enable me to reach a conclusion, but I felt that I should do precisely what I had agreed to do. I had made a promise to my father and to my employer, and nothing short of its complete fulfilment ought to satisfy them,—nothing short of that would satisfy me.

At the end of the second week I went to the office; Mr. Updike was running his eyes over a ledger or other interesting volume, but noticing my entrance glanced over his spectacles at me as if to say, "Well, what can I do for you?" At least I so construed the act, and spoke the burden of my mind. "Mr. Updike," I said, "my

two weeks are up. This business does not suit me." A few pleasant words exchanged and my connection with the drug business was at an end.

I at once drifted back to the bookstore, where I met a hearty welcome on the part of all hands.

Mr. Stockton in particular was almost constantly asking me to do some special business for him, and I was well pleased when able to perform such services. It was, I think, about the time of my return that one of his relatives died; and he requested me to write a note to Dr. Herron, inviting him to officiate at the funeral. Of course I felt that it was a momentous duty I had to perform, and one that required all the stateliness and stilts I could possibly summon; so I began:

"Rev. Francis Herron, D.D.,

Dear Sir":

and then I paused awhile to consider what should follow. When sufficient time, in his opinion, had elapsed for the note to be written, Mr. Stockton came to my desk, and saw what progress I had made. Taking my pen, he ran it through what I had written and began afresh:

"Dr. Herron,

My dear Sir":

with a few words expressing what was his desire. Handing this to me as a copy, I wrote it out neatly for him to sign, and my task was done. The lesson was useful; I saw by it that there are times when it is not in accordance with good taste to give a man all the titles belonging to him, and when some easy, familiar way of writing is not unbecoming.

Bookstores have ever been places of resort for literary people and others who feed largely on books, and that of Johnston & Stockton was no exception; but besides

this it was a well-known rendezvous for many gentlemen of leisure and others of prominence belonging to the city and country roundabout; and it was thus I was given the opportunity of seeing, and often of becoming acquainted with a large number of those who were eminent in their day and generation. A word as to a few of these.

Perhaps no finer specimen of the *genus hominum* ever trod the streets of Pittsburgh than Col. William Croghan. He was indeed a splendid-looking man, portly, dignified, refined, pleasing in manners, and, like true gentlemen in general, kind and without a particle of hauteur.

Harmar Denny was likewise exceedingly fine looking and dignified, but more reserved. He would often sit an hour or so without speaking to any one. Absorbed in meditations while gazing intently into the grate, it seemed as though the burning coals held him by some magic power. Usually his neck was enclosed in a high black stock, quite common in that day, though to the wearer it always lent an appearance of stiffness and discomfort. His hair, worn long, was prematurely white, and made him more venerable than his years would indicate; as at his death he was yet in his fifty-eighth year. But if not venerable, he was venerated, as a truly excellent, Christian gentleman with right views and purposes. His brother, Dr. Wm. H. Denny, was more genial, and intellectually his superior; he, too, was held in highest esteem.

Judge Henry M. Brackenridge, coming from Tarentum, would often "tie up" at the post in front of the door and spend an hour or more with others he was accustomed to meet there. Our firm were the publishers of his *History of the Late War* (1812), which met with a

large circulation. Although somewhat prosy, he was still interesting in conversation. During the Mexican War he was considered the best-posted man in respect to the events then transpiring and also as to the history of the people with whom we were at warfare and the geography of their country. I fancy that his father, Judge Hugh H. Brackenridge, was a man of far more life, and calculated to make a greater stir in the world, as he undoubtedly did.

Then, too, the sharp antagonist of the Brackenridges, Neville B. Craig, was an occasional visitor. He usually came on errands of business, and seemed always in haste to get back to his work. Very grave, intensely earnest, he could spare no moments for frivolity, nor waste precious minutes with those having more leisure and apparently wasteful in the use of time. Besides deeply occupied with his thoughts, he was not given to much talk. Wearing goggles, his eyes being weak, his political opponents dubbed him the "green-eyed monster!" As the sole historian of our city, having preserved for all time very much that but for him would have been buried in oblivion, a debt of gratitude is due him, and his memory will ever be cherished.

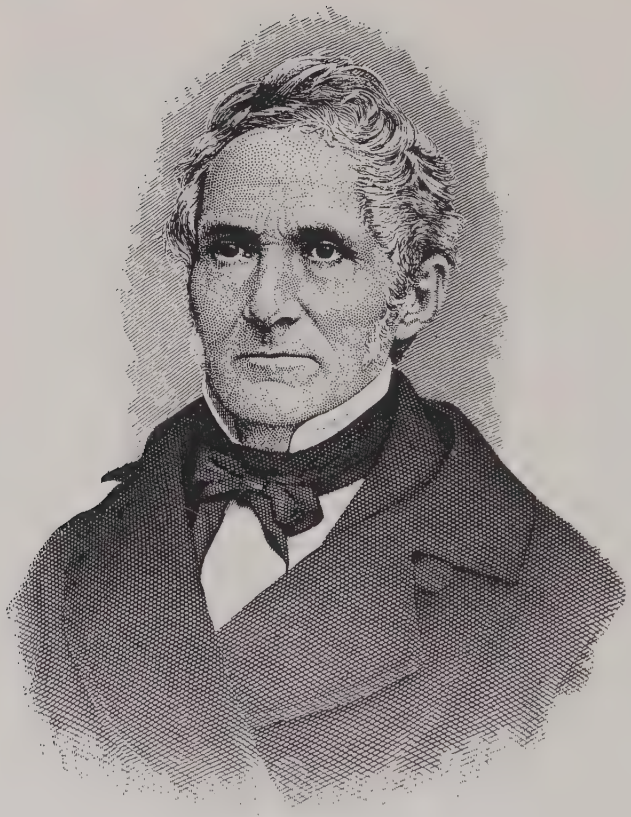
Among frequent callers were Gen. Wm. Robinson, Jr., and Robert S. Cassatt. The former's office as President of the Ohio & Pennsylvania Railroad Company was in the adjoining building on Third Street. At the period to which I refer he was only about sixty years old, and yet, strange as it may seem, he was the first white child born on the north side of the Allegheny opposite Pittsburgh. Fittingly, therefore, he was first mayor of the now large and flourishing city which by that event obtained its starting-point. Mr. Cassatt was

a whole-souled, genial gentleman, and if my memory properly retains colors his hair was auburn and his eyes dark brown, with considerable sparkle flashing from them. He, too, was mayor of Allegheny, having been elected in 1846. A son is now president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

Another Alleghenian, Sylvanus Lothrop, an almost daily visitor, though rarely loitering long, was a civil engineer of eminence. He built the aqueduct of the Pennsylvania canal crossing the Allegheny, and also one or more of the slack-water dams and locks on the Monongahela River. The store was a repository for certain of his books, papers, and instruments, to which he had frequent access.

Doctors William Addison and A. N. McDowell had their offices but a short way off on Third Street, and when not pressed by professional duties, as they passed to and fro they frequently halted for an interchange of views with others whom they might chance to meet. The former in medicine was as eminent as had been his renowned father, Judge Alexander Addison, in law. Dr. McDowell likewise was a physician of great skill, and had an extensive practice. He was father-in-law of Stephen C. Foster, the musical composer, whose negro melodies have placed him among the immortals.

William Eichbaum from long habit was accustomed to drop in, he having been a former proprietor of the house, and earlier in life an employé of Zadok Cramer, its founder. In stature he towered above all of whom I here speak; nor in this alone was his prominence due. He was a man much sought after, and with no need to push himself into prominence, which he never did. But few men of his day were called to as many local positions



Wm. Eichbaum

as were filled by him. Glance at Harris' directory of, say, fifty years ago, and it will be seen that no name figures so frequently on boards of corporations, while in many his stands at the head. For a long time he had been postmaster; long a member of councils, and the head of one of its branches; long the chief of the fire department, the idol of all firemen, who long after his locks had been white as snow were unwilling to release him, though again and again he was anxious to resign. For ten years he was city treasurer, while on the part of citizens there seemed a determination that so long as they held the power he should have no opposition for that office, a determination his death alone defeated. He was a man of large and varied information, of excellent judgment, both kind and pure of heart, and ever ready to make sacrifices on behalf of others.

Now and then, for relaxation from the strain of professional duties, one or other member of the bar frequented this resort; among them, W. W. Irwin, Geo. P. Hamilton, Alexander H. Miller, Samuel W. Black, Wm. B. McClure and his brother-in-law and partner, Wilson McCandless. These were then but winning their way upward to heights each ultimately attained. Others there were, then already highly distinguished,—Walter Forward, Judge Wilkins, Henry Baldwin, Judge Grier, and Richard Biddle.

As I look backward, I recall an occasion when many of those mentioned were present. I am able only to fix the date as being prior to the fire of '45, since it was in the store which at that time was destroyed that this gathering took place. What it was that brought them together I do not now remember, except that it was

something in which all were deeply concerned. Quite possibly it was the result of the presidential election of 1844, which just then had been made known, the greatest American statesman of his time, Henry Clay, having been defeated. The announcement of this fact I distinctly recall occasioned the utmost distress, and this was felt even among many of opposite political faith, who nevertheless had cast their votes for the illustrious Kentuckian. I further know that it was a cold, bleak day, and a large fire burned in the grate, and as one by one dropped in they gathered about it in a circle. One whom I call to mind was a very old man, quite tall, and more spare, I think, than he once had been; florid in complexion, and having sandy hair. As he entered he leaned heavily on the arm of an attendant, Billy Daily, whom formerly I knew as a seller of dry goods at the neighboring corner, Third and Market Streets. The octogenarian, slow of motion and unsteady of gait, sank quickly into what seemed as a haven of rest to him, a chair, one of a number offered the moment his presence was known, by sitters about the fire. Looking fixedly at those he saw upon his right and on his left, he recognized one or another as filling, or having filled, places similar to those which in days long gone by he had occupied. Of these, some had been representatives in Congress; the eloquence of one had commanded listening senates; some in foreign courts had stood before kings; higher yet, there were those who had worn the whitest ermine in the land, having sat upon the Supreme Bench of the United States, and who, had there been woolsacks, would have sat thereon. And this venerable man at their side, worn and weary, yet still full of fire, who in looking back was often animated by the stirring rec-

ollections of Revolutionary times, was born when the walls of Fort Pitt had just arisen; when the Great Commoner after whom they were named had but climbed to the highest niche in his brilliant career; when the bones of Braddock were scarce more than crumbled; and when but two years before, Wolfe had fallen on the plains of Abraham. And here he yet lingered, he who in the early days of the Republic had been a compeer of Washington, being a Senator of the United States when our first Chief Executive occupied the great chair of state; President *pro tem.* of the Senate when John Adams was President; the first enrolled member of the Pittsburgh bar, and long foremost in practice; but who nevertheless gave the benefit of his large experience to our young city in shaping its affairs, from the day of its incorporation for a period of sixteen years thereafter; having in all that time been President of the Select Council. It is an easy guess, that this was none other than James Ross!

And where now are the successors of such giants to be found? Well, they have not yet run out. In a coming day, when men of present generations have passed away, it will then be said that one was found who was accounted worthy of a seat whereon once had sat Judges Baldwin and Grier; that another was long the occupant of a place on the Supreme Bench of Pennsylvania; still another for many years was the able representative of the 22d Congressional District; and that scores of the members of the Pittsburgh bar, whom I could name, were in their day and generation eminent in their profession.

But I must not overlook a celebrity of those days, who often dropped in at the bookstore, and who was well

Allegheny Engine House. Theater.

SOUTH SIDE OF FIFTH AVENUE, BETWEEN WOOD AND SMITHFIELD STREETS, IN 1845.

known to many of the gentlemen of whom I have been speaking, though not on such terms of familiarity as to take a seat among them; for knowing his place better, he was more at his ease when standing. This was Natty Holmes, a jovial Irishman, who soon after "coming over" was put in charge of a bottling cellar, on Market Street, where according to a sign above it was sold "Porter, Beer, Ale, and Yeast." Later, however, he set up for himself on Third Street an establishment where, by the glass, he sold the choicest of liquors only, and confined his sales exclusively to customers belonging to the more respectable classes of the community. Natty would have deemed it a disgrace to deal out liquor promiscuously. His face, the counterpart of a full moon, was the only sign about the house. He wore a wig, large and curly, enveloping his bald pate completely. His feet were encased in loose fitting slippers, in which he slid about, scarce ever raising them from the floor. It was a rare thing to see him wearing a coat, but he was seldom seen without having on a white apron, and he seemed particularly to revel in a snowy-white shirt, with unusually large sleeves and a ruffled bosom. Natty was as much at home in the bookstore as in his own shop; and as we have said, was on familiar terms with most of the visitors, whom he often entertained by the recital of stories, of which he had an unfailing supply, and by his sallies of native wit which always stood him in good stead. Did any one chance to speak of what some ancestor may have possessed, Natty would quietly remark, "My fahther in Iorlind had two phanexis." At times, when there would be a lag in the conversation, or other occasion of dryness, as frequently happened on the part of some whom I might name who were on terms to mingle with those I

have mentioned, there would be an adjournment to Natty's, where it was presumed relief might be found.

While watching these as they quietly slip out to *smile*, what better chance could we have to conclude a chapter?

CHAPTER XI.

ENROLLED A FIREMAN—MEMBER OF A LITERARY SOCIETY—ENLIST FOR THE MEXICAN WAR.

"A soldier, . . .
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth."

SHAKESPEARE.

I BEGAN to feel a deep interest in the fire department very early in my boyhood; and it was a subject that occupied much of my thoughts, while I looked forward with no little impatience to the time when I would be enrolled as a fireman. It was my great ambition to wear a hat and coat of oilcloth, flaming red as to color (for the "Allegheny" was at that time my favorite), and to carry a brass horn, perhaps, or a spanner for coupling hose, or an axe, it might be, to batter down doors. Even when somewhat older, the illusion did not vanish when on trial it was ascertained that in wearing a fireman's hat about as much comfort was to be extracted as if it were an iron pot. My father's place of business, at the corner of Third Street and Chancery Lane, which to me was a place of frequent resort, furnished the opportunity of becoming acquainted with all matters of that sort, for on an adjoining lot were quartered the "Allegheny" engine and hose carriages. There were then five other fire

engines: the "Eagle" on Fourth street, below Ferry; the "Vigilant" on Third, near Market Street; the "Duquesne" on Smithfield Street; the "Neptune" on Seventh; and the "Niagara" on Penn Street, in what was then called Bayardstown. All occupied modest brick houses, excepting the "Allegheny," which was in a very plain, one-story frame house, not a whit better than a shed used for the storage of coal, and in wide contrast to the beautiful engine and to the manner of men who owned and were so proud of it; for this company was largely composed of young business men, in high standing in the community. "Dandy firemen," "counter-hoppers," and like epithets were frequently bestowed on them by members of other organizations, though no company had a monopoly of the better class of citizens; merchants of prominence and professional men being found in all. The visits mentioned above afforded me many opportunities of seeing the members of this company, both when rushing toward their engine-house to get the apparatus whenever an alarm of fire was sounded, and on leisurely returning to it when the duty to which they had been summoned was performed. After each fire the roll was called, and this specially interested me, as thus I was enabled to connect the forms and features of those responding, with their names. Before many years went by there were but few of the number with whom I was not more or less acquainted. And now, recalling those I knew best, once more I listen to the calling of the roll, a duty usually performed by Jimmy Agnew, or Heron Foster, secretaries; but not one responds: Samuel P. Darlington, David Holmes, James B. Murray, and Edward Gregg—all four were captains of the company at different times, and in about the order

named; Samuel Gormly, George Darsie, W. W. Wallace, Captain John Birmingham, James O'Hara Scully, Nathaniel Holmes, Jr., George McCandless, James B. Holmes, C. J. Agnew, Samuel M. Wickersham, Charles H. Paulson, Alexander Nimick, William K. Nimick, James E. Wainwright, Alexander Richardson, James A. Eakin, Robert M. Riddle (editor of the *Commercial Journal*), William H. Whitney (of the *Chronicle*), J. Heron Foster (of the *Dispatch*), and Captain William Evans (reporter of the *Commercial Journal*).

As to the disparaging names which I said were bestowed on these, this made me feel bad; but I found comfort when by some of my boy companions I was told that the "Allegheny" never came off second best in a fight. But this may require explanation: and first of all, it seemed to be then understood that fighting was no small part of the duties of firemen. Secondly, the gentlemen I have named did not so construe their duties, and were not participants in the encounters referred to, And thirdly, there were some of whom I shall speak who were fully capable of fulfilling their duties so far as any sanguinary affairs might require. And further, in order to keep up the *esprit de corps*, there were numerous false alarms, and frequent incendiary fires—board-piles in lumber yards often having to suffer. It was quite the thing for rival companies to quarrel as they raced along the streets, throwing bricks and paving-stones at each other; and it was in this way that on a Sabbath afternoon on Fifth Street, between Market and Wood, a fireman met his death.

If injury could be done to the apparatus of a company for the time being regarded as an enemy, it was accounted an achievement of great merit. When engaged at fires,

it was also on the part of many deemed commendable when a fireman succeeded in cutting the hose of an opponent company. This often led to riots in which much personal injury was inflicted. Again, a well directed stream from the gallery of one engine was at times serviceable in driving off the firemen manning another; and it was not thought a matter of consequence that meanwhile the conflagration went on increasingly. Such were among the advantages of volunteer fire organizations, all of which were lost when a paid department took its place.

And now, further to explain: in every organization of firemen, a rowdy element managed to get a foothold, and it was ever the delight of this class to keep a pot of strife constantly boiling. Yet, whatever its shortcomings, these were largely overlooked for the reason that this particular body of men were commonly recognized as best suited to perform the service required of firemen; taking to this naturally as a duck to water; "always about when the bell rings," as was often said of them; shrinking from no work however arduous or disagreeable; and never in the least concerned as to soiling the garments they wore. Moreover, their conception of duty to a large extent lay in the doing of the very things for which by others they were condemned—these highly culpable acts.

Again and again on the part of members who could tolerate nothing that savored of rowdyism, investigations were instituted in order to punish offenders, or prevent a recurrence of such acts; but like legislative investigations of the present day, these amounted to nothing, unless it might be a covering up of their misdeeds by a goodly coating of whitewash. The well-known loyalty

to the company of these offenders was always a plea in their behalf, enabling them to escape scot free—their very sins operating to condone them.

Annually there was a parade, for which occasion there was usually large preparation. At times the firemen wore their various uniforms of hats and capes; at others, citizens' dress—all white, all black, or mixed. It had been the custom in the first parades I had seen to drag the engines as on going to fires; but when the companies became ambitious to make extravagant displays, in an attempt to outdo one another, then horses were introduced; and sometimes as many as a dozen, all of a color and handsomely caparisoned, were used; while upon each rode small boys arrayed in miniature uniforms as firemen. The engines and hose-carriages were garlanded with flowers; and a much favored feature was that of having one of the firemen ride upon the engine personating a noble red man, besmeared with the customary war-paint, with colored feathers about his head, huntingshirt, leggins, savage implements of warfare, etc. Another spectacular adornment was that of having a little girl,—whose parents possibly were demented,—dressed in some sort of angel style, ride beneath a canopy of flowers on the perilous top of an engine gallery.

Prior to a parade of several hours—extending usually to Allegheny—the companies formed on Liberty Street, between Hay and St. Clair Streets, where they were inspected by the chief engineer and his assistants. William Eichbaum for a score or more of years occupied the position of chief, as elsewhere stated. Whenever his tall venerable form and snowy locks were seen as he passed along in the review, there went up a deafening

shout of applause, for although a member of the "Eagle" company, he was a favorite of all organizations.

My companions in general, inclined to the "Eagle," and as many had been admitted to membership in that company, after a time I also fell in with them. Our uniform was green, and it was satisfactory to my pride and ambition to see the hat and coat hanging in my room at home, convenient to the bed whereon I slept, and in readiness for a night alarm; while their uncomfortable weight when on parade, or in attending a *daylight* fire, gave me no concern. It was but seldom that I appeared at night fires; not from any want of inclination, but being a sound sleeper, I was not easily aroused, and it would have required more than the din of bells in every steeple and the loud cries of "Fire!" by men and boys racing the streets to awaken me.

I was chosen secretary about the time of entering the service, and held the position for the few years in which I was a member. The last time I appeared in that capacity, or any other, was only a few nights before the death of William Hays, Jr., a most excellent gentleman, who on the occasion to which I refer sat at my side as president of the organization. He was also captain of the company, and forfeited his life in the service at the post of danger, being buried beneath burning timbers and fallen walls when the residence of John D. Davis on Water Street was destroyed by fire.

Shortly after my connection with this company, a new engine was purchased, from the same house in Philadelphia which had made the one that in 1794 was set up on its arrival by my grandfather; and this was the third from the same builders, an intermediate one having been bought in 1825. The new engine gave so

much satisfaction that it was said some members could scarcely think of anything else, paying daily visits for the purpose of admiring it; others were only content in remaining beside it both day and night; and quite a number could neither eat nor sleep, their minds constantly dwelling upon its beauty. All these, moreover, carried pieces of rags and bits of chamois-skins in their pockets, so that every time they came nigh the object of their admiration they could give the brasses a rub, thus making them shine as the sun at noonday.

Before its coming there was much discussion as to a motto to be inscribed on it. Many suggestions were made, but ultimately one proposed by the writer was adopted,—"*Semper Paratus*"; and I have been told that it was commonly current among firemen not altogether up in Latin that its rendering into English was, "Simple apparatus," which though perhaps not a literal interpretation, was at least not altogether inappropriate in the connection as employed.

Sometimes I feared that I was not as loyal as I should be to the company of which I was a member; there being a lingering attachment for my first love—an inner consciousness that its machine was handsomer than ours. I could not overcome a want of partiality to the "Eagle's" adopted color—dark green; whilst I ever had been captivated by the rich vermilion of the "Allegheny," which when polished, as it always was, to perfection, gave forth a lustre at once superb and unequalled. Moreover, I knew that the "boys" who ran with it were not behind ours in anything; they too carried rags and chamois-skins in their pockets, and plied them incessantly as did our own. It is safe now for me to make these admissions, but in the days whereof I speak, I

would have lost caste with my comrades of the "Eagle" did I venture to utter such treasonable sentiments. In our membership some families were largely represented: thus that of Eichbaum, the father and three sons, Herman, Henry, and Joseph; John Caldwell and three sons also, James, William, and John; William Hays and four sons, William, Richard, Henry, and Charles. Possibly I might add a fifth, Robert, the eldest son, though not a member within my recollection. Of the fathers named, Mr. Eichbaum only at this time was in active service, though not immediately connected with the "Eagle" company, he being as I have said chief of the fire department. Mr. Caldwell but a short time before had ceased performing such labor; and Mr. Hays, yet older, had dropped off still earlier. After each fire, at the roll-call, the names of these and other venerable men were still retained and regularly called in token of past services. Very many names are forgotten, but some beside the ones mentioned still find a place in my memory. Quite easily I recall such names as George W. Jackson, William Gormly, Adams Getty, John Sheriff, Sr. and Jr., Joseph and Samuel Long, George Wilson, William Edrington, and of course those of my companions in my journey overland to California, of which I shall shortly speak, George Barclay, William O' H. Scully, William B. McBride, and Charles Kincaid.

The mention of Edrington's name, while it recalls one whose friendship I valued, and who early passed away, also reminds me of an incident he once related which greatly amused those of us who heard him tell it. His father, a physician of extensive practice, resided on Liberty Street near Ferry, and to the same neighborhood, from some rural district, there came an undertaker, who

set up his shop. A son of the man of coffins, an extremely verdant youth, early made the acquaintance of my friend Edrington, and being desirous of promoting his father's interests, and making the pot boil, he said to him one day, "I wish you would speak a good word to your father for mine, for I know he could throw a good deal of trade our way."

As I shall now pass to other incidents in my life, I may add that it was about the close of my nineteenth year when I ceased to "run with the machine."

About the same period in which I was a fireman, I was also a member of a debating club which met in the hall of the engine company. We called it the "Webster Literary Society." In a little cupboard, which the members took pride in calling "the depository of our archives," besides our small minute-book and an inkstand made of green blown glass (inferior at that) enclosed in cork, a style long since gone out of use, was a document which we laid great store by and indeed would be of some value if in existence now; for it was nothing more nor less than an acknowledgment upon the part of the great expounder of the Constitution, of the honor we had conferred upon him in calling our society by his name.

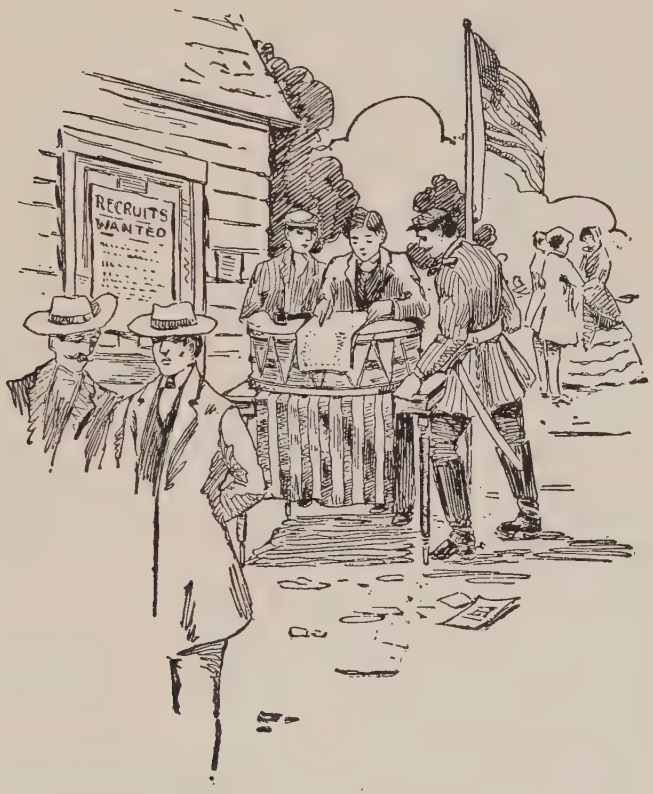
Essays, orations, — original and select, — and debates constituted the order of exercises. The names of the members have mostly passed from my memory. I can recall only those of John Sheriff, James Pentland, Dr. Thomas J. Gallagher, and Samuel A. Long. All these, excepting possibly the one last mentioned, have joined the society of the great majority.

About this period, too, I had aspirations for military glory. I was in my eighteenth year when the Mexican War began, and the soul-stirring drum of recruiting

squads was delightsome to my ears; while the armories where companies were being formed and instructed in the drill were attractive resorts for me. There were several military organizations which for years had paraded along our streets with splendid uniforms, streaming feathers or nobby cockades, but in general the members of these had no taste for war; there were some things really unpleasant and distasteful about it. New recruits were required to fill up the ranks of these companies, and their officers were for a time busy in this direction.

At Broadhurst's tavern yard, where now stand the buildings of the Fort Wayne Railroad Company, Charley Glenn (son of a well remembered weighmaster), who had been a member of the "Greys," recruited a company, and numbers of young men whom I knew, all however my seniors, joined it, and I felt that I must follow their laudable example—I too must lay myself upon the altar of my country; so stepping up to the drum-head,—the appropriate desk for such work,—I enrolled myself a volunteer for the war. The day following, I made known to my father what I had done. He was greatly displeased, particularly on account of the company I had chosen. After some severe reflections he wound up by saying that if I was intent upon going I should not have enrolled myself with such men, but with those having some pretence of respectability. He was undoubtedly right; I had not been as choice in my selection of comrades as I should have been— indeed they were a hard lot; still I made no attempt to withdraw, nor was the subject recurred to again. Glenn's company was not accepted by the State, there being vastly more recruits offered than were wanted, and consequently *our* company, myself included, was left out in the cold.

I witnessed the stirring scenes connected with the mustering in and departure of the two Pennsylvania



ENLISTING FOR THE MEXICAN WAR.

regiments which had been accepted. Pittsburgh was designated as the place for choosing regimental officers and as a suitable starting-point, and hither came the various companies from different parts of the State.

The first regiment, besides eight companies from the eastern part of the State, was composed of our own "Duquesne Greys" and "Jackson Blues." The former was commanded by John Herron, son of Dr. Francis Herron, with William J. Ankrim as First Lieutenant; the other, until the seat of war was reached, by Captain Alexander Hay, but on the return of this gentleman from Vera Cruz, on account of sickness, Lieutenant James O'Hara Denny, a good soldier, succeeded to the command, and gallantly held it until the war closed.

Much interest was felt in the organization of the first regiment, which occurred about the middle of December, 1846, owing in a great measure to the fact that the gallant Samuel W. Black was a candidate for the Lieutenant-Colonelship, to which he was elected. F. M. Wynkoop from an eastern town was chosen Colonel.

On Christmas day this regiment left in steamboats for New Orleans. For hours the wharf was crowded with citizens, almost constantly cheering, and waving adieus until the boats were lost to sight when rounding a bend in the Ohio below the point.

The second regiment was mustered in about ten days later, and left shortly after for the seat of war. One of its companies was our own "Irish Greens," commanded by Captain Robert Porter. W. B. Roberts was chosen Colonel, and John W. Geary Lieutenant-Colonel. Col. Roberts died in Mexico. A few years later, I knew Col. Geary, when he filled the position of Alcalde of San Francisco. He made a fine record as Major-General during the Rebellion, and later still as Governor of Pennsylvania.

Again, I witnessed the return of these regiments; not all however of those who on going away panted for

glory returned; very many left their bones to bleach on the plains of Mexico.

I recall the summer day of 1848 when most of the survivors of that war belonging to Pittsburgh returned. At the time of their departure, one steamer could carry but two companies: on coming back, one was sufficient for an entire regiment. Here was an object-lesson, showing the terrible fatalities of that conflict. As the boat steamed up to the wharf, many thousands of our citizens were there to give the bronzed heroes a hearty welcome; though among them were not a few whose hearts were saddened by the thought that hundreds would never more return. I remember seeing on the hurricane deck the gallant General William J. Worth, the hero of so many battle-fields; and at his side our own great soldier, Colonel Sam. Black, who yet was to lay down his life for his country. Among others arriving safely were Captains Herron, Denny, and Porter, and Lieutenant Ankrim. There too was Oliver H. Rippey, also destined in the civil strife of after days to die on the field of battle; and there were two brave soldiers who had fought with muskets in their hands in almost every engagement from the bombardment of Vera Cruz to the capture of the city of Mexico, when they met with serious losses; each having now a wooden substitute for a leg left on a field of strife, by the use of which he hobbled down the boat's gangway as he went ashore. One was James Sample, of Allegheny, whose loss occurred when the "Greys" were storming the heights of Chapultepec; the other, Lenox Rey, of Lawrenceville; and in his case it was somewhat of a coincidence that the disaster which befell him was in the fierce fight of Molino del Rey.

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

"What are your politics?—I have none,
I have my thoughts, I am no party man,
I care for measures more than men, but think
Some little may depend upon the men;
Something in fires depends upon the grate."

BAILEY'S "FESTUS."

AT an earlier age than is common my interest in political questions was begun; and not from having inbibed opinions from my father, or being influenced by his example; for his reticence largely forbade acquaintance with his views; and there is difficulty always in following footsteps if the tread be light; and in nothing was he outwardly demonstrative. Even before I had arrived at the age of twelve, opinions were formed by me which would have satisfied the most radical of partisans; for it was manifest that I stood in no need of instruction from any one, being firmly and unalterably convinced that all honesty and patriotism was monopolized by the party of my choice; and as to its opponents, nothing that was good could be found in them, while their one aim was to ruin the country. In forming these opinions, I had gone to the very fountain-head, and drank inspiration from orators whose eloquence, earnest-

ness, and fiery zeal assured me beyond all doubt that I had fallen into right paths.

The way by which these paths were opened up to me was in following the lead of boy companions a few years older than myself; when having acquired a knowledge of them, and become interested, I no longer needed guidance, and had but to follow my own inclinations. Thus was it that I became, and continued to be, a Whig; but I sincerely trust that with more mature years, my convictions as to the principles of that party had more potency in securing my attachment to it than the influences which at first drew me toward it.

My first lesson in politics was taken when I was but a few months past my eleventh year, when with a companion somewhat older I attended a political meeting intended to advance the election of W. W. Irwin, or "Pony" Irwin, as many called him, for Mayor of Pittsburgh. It was early in January, 1840, when this, a Whig meeting, was held in an upper room of a building then occupying the site of Captain Vandergrift's elegant structure at the corner of Wood and Water Streets. A month prior to this the Whigs at a convention held in Harrisburg had nominated General William Henry Harrison as their candidate for the Presidency, and the frequent mention of his name on this occasion caused the wildest enthusiasm; so that it seemed more of a ratification of that nomination, than one solely in the interest of Irwin as the mayoralty candidate; though perhaps it was both, or it may have been intended that "Pony" should be borne forward on the shoulders of the General, as was the case in the following October, when he was chosen member of Congress. Irwin proved recreant to the party that elected him on these two occasions, for in the next year,

as fitting he should, when taking such a step, he followed the fortunes of John Tyler, who also betrayed those who made the great mistake of electing him Vice-President. Soon after becoming a member of Congress, as a reward for thus acting, Mr. Irwin was made Minister to Denmark.

But to return to my first political meeting, Mr. John D. Davis, a merchant of prominence, presided, and on taking the chair was enthusiastically greeted, having been a soldier belonging to the Pittsburgh Blues which fought under General Harrison at the battles of Mississinewa, Fort Meigs, and Fort Stevenson. Other old war-horses were present, and occupying seats on the platform; among them Major John Willock and Major William Graham. The room, I remember, was brilliantly lighted for those days; tin sconces with candles in them being hung around the walls. An American flag draped the wall back of the platform. Who the speakers were, or what was said, has passed from my memory, while this brief recital covers my recollection as to that particular occasion.

The political campaign of 1840 was the first in the history of the country marked by great excitement. This was occasioned by hard times. All industries were depressed; all classes, high and low, rich and poor, were suffering from the conditions then prevailing. As a result there was an almost universal upheaval on the part of the people, whose fixed determination was to bring about a change, and that this could best be accomplished by sweeping Martin Van Buren, the then President, from power, as by a mighty avalanche. The general paralysis everywhere felt, and so long existing, afforded the people an abundance of time to think and to act. Having

nothing else to do, every man's attention was devoted to politics. When I say "every man," this was what seemed the case; and whilst a considerable remnant of Democrats clung to their party with unswerving fidelity, a host of them became "Straight-outs," as they were called; that is, for the time being, whatever their future course, they determined to cast their votes for the Whig candidates, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

In conducting their campaign, the Whigs adopted a number of emblems illustrative of frontier life, its habits and hospitalities; as log cabins, coon-skins, and hard cider. These weighty matters frequently formed part of the stock in trade of stump speakers, who in referring to General Harrison, spoke of his primitive style of life,—living in a rude log cabin, hung about with coon-skins; its door having a wooden latch, operated by a string, which always hung on the outside, and as the song went,

> "Was never pulled through,
> For it never was the custom of
> Old Tippecanoe and Tyler too," etc.

These campaign orators further declared that outside of the door was a barrel of cider, always on tap; and near it hung a gourd by which all comers could help themselves, all being welcome.

These symbols, moreover, were conspicuous in processions when mass-meetings were held; occasions happening with great frequency, and in every city or town of any consequence. On many occasions the log cabins were mounted on wheels, when besides the accessories mentioned, rifles, powder-horns, and huntsmen's jackets of deer-skins were hung about them. Often, too, a live coon was to be seen chained to the roof, that animal

being the special emblem of the party; whilst as a legacy from it, it has descended to the Republicans.

Daniel Webster took an active part in this campaign, and upon one occasion—in Baltimore, I think—he playfully alluded in a speech to the hard cider episode. After referring to the many evidences he had witnessed that day that the people thought the times were out of joint, and were seeking a way out, he said: "All agree that we have hard times, and there are many who think, that the remedy for them is hard cider."

Among eventful things of that campaign now recalled was the erection of a large log cabin in a field in Allegheny, near where Sandusky Street has been located, and but a short distance from an unnamed highway, since called Stockton Avenue. People flocked thither from all the country roundabout, bringing logs of such lengths as were needed for "the raising." Farmers accustomed to such work, and especially those who could dovetail the corners, or do whatever chopping there was requiring nicety, performed all such labor. Others, whether of country or city, hauled the logs where wanted, and lifted them into place; these also were equal to the chinking and daubing. By steady work from an early hour of the morning until dark, the cabin was completed and made ready for occupancy. Near by, throughout the entire day, were long tables bountifully supplied with refreshments, at which all who desired, whether workers or loafers, might help themselves. Near the close of the day a tall pole was raised in front of the cabin, and when pulled into place by the long line of men tugging at the ropes, the Stars and Stripes were run up, when a thousand or more throats joined in a cheer for "Tip. and Ty.": after which

all went to their homes. Notwithstanding that I was but a youth of tender years, and physically quite weak, I managed to be present at an early hour, and was a witness of all that transpired; nothing indeed was allowed to escape my watchfulness. I felt that I had a duty to perform; that if the country was to be lifted out of the distressing condition the speakers so often spoke of, I must lend a hand as well as others; heeding that injunction which so often fell from their lips,—"There must be a long pull a strong pull and a pull all together." Accordingly, if raising log cabins was to be a means to the end in view, I must know everything relating thereto. Every direction, therefore, given the men was listened to attentively; all their movements in shaping and in placing the logs were closely watched; and when the cabin was finished, I felt if others were to be built I was as capable of superintending their erection, and of telling each man what to do, as John Young, Jr., or any of the stalwarts who bossed the job that day.

It had been announced that a meeting would be held in the cabin at "early candle-light"; and I was early enough on hand to witness the lighting. The house was densely packed and addressed by a number of speakers, but who they were, or what they said, has passed from my recollection. My remembrance is confined to a single fact,—the presiding officer was General William Robinson, Jr., then Mayor of the city, in the first year of its incorporation; and as mentioned elsewhere he was the first white child born on that side of the river. Moreover, the log cabin in which that event took place was the first house erected on the site of the city, and a representation of it is shown in the city's corporate

seal. It stood near the river bank, on the property where for eighty-one years he resided, and where in 1866 he died. Here, in the long ago, James Robinson, his father, established a ferry, which in 1792 was used by the army of General Wayne in crossing the river to the north side, where for a few months a camp was established, prior to his expedition against the Indians, whom two years later he so overwhelmingly defeated at the Maumee Falls.

Pole raisings in 1840 were of frequent occurrence; and these, and political meetings in general, whether indoors or in the open air, were attended by me with the utmost punctuality; often going a dozen or more miles, so necessary was it that I should be present.

Previous to the campaign of 1840, it had not been common to display the American flag from the housetops of private citizens; nor were flags as now articles of common merchandise. Those desiring them were obliged either to have them made specially to order, or to make their own. From a pole extending from an attic window in my father's house, a flag of domestic manufacture hung, and it was among my duties to see that it floated whenever the weather permitted. A long streamer was fastened to the end of the pole, on which was inscribed, "Harrison, Tyler, and Reform." As a relic of the time, I still have that streamer, and when the convention was in session which nominated the

grandson of William Henry Harrison for President, anticipating the result, I took it from its hiding-place, and when the expected news was flashed over the wires, displayed it prominently, then and throughout the campaign, and it proved a harbinger of better things than when first used.

Early in the summer there was formed what was styled the Tippecanoe Club, named after one of Harrison's Indian battles. The headquarters of this club were at the corner of Strawberry Alley and Liberty Street, where now the Academy of Music is located. Seats to accommodate several hundred persons were built in tiers facing a large platform, and these were usually well filled, often crowded. As a protective tariff was the principal panacea needed for the times, one of the calculated results of that policy was emblazoned on the walls in large letters,—"TWO DOLLARS A DAY AND ROAST BEEF." Immediately below this was an extract from a speech of James Buchanan, often called "Ten-cent Jimmy" by speakers I was accustomed to hear. This was a reference which the "favorite son," etc. had made to the inestimable blessings and comforts enjoyed by European workmen whose earnings amounted to twelve and a half cents per day.

The meetings of the club were very frequent, averaging about one in each week; and verily I believe that nothing but death would have accounted for my absence.

The chairman of the Irwin meeting, Mr. John D. Davis, was president of the club, and William M. Darlington and Samuel Fahnestock were the secretaries; Alexander H. Miller occasionally serving as a substitute for one or the other of these. Among the speakers whom I recall were Hon. Walter Forward, an earnest,

convincing speaker, and a great favorite with people in general. He was member of Congress from 1821 to 1825, and shortly after the time of which I write, Secretary of the United States Treasury; then Minister to Denmark; and President Judge of the District Court of our county at the time of his death, in December, 1852.

I may next mention Mr. Forward's son-in-law, William E. Austin, "the silver-tongued orator," as he was called, his voice being one of remarkable melody. He was, too, a very handsome man, having light hair, blue, sparkling eyes, fair complexion, and ruddy cheeks.

Mr. Henry M. Brackenridge, who in that year was elected member of Congress, was an occasional speaker, very solid, but not attractive as many others. His father, Judge Hugh H. Brackenridge, was among the early settlers of Pittsburgh, and author of a novel of wide celebrity,—*Modern Chivalry*. He, moreover, was conspicuous in the Whiskey Insurrection, having with Albert Gallatin taken sides with the insurgents at their famous Braddock's field meeting.

Another, who a few years later also became a member of Congress, was Cornelius Darragh, a very rapid, lively talker, pronounced and fiery. His service in Congress was from 1844 to 1847.

James Dunlop, compiler of the *Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania*, was a ready speaker and quite popular. Overflowing with mirth and wit, on some occasions he introduced stories none too chaste. Knowing that no ladies were present, he seemed to forget that some gentlemen were: a reminder which General Grant employed when a certain person was about to relate in his presence what was not thought fit for ears polite.

Among the ablest of orators, one who never failed to captivate his hearers was Dr. William Elder. Whenever he showed signs of stopping, however long he had spoken, there was always an overwhelming cry of, "Go on, go on!"

Then, too, I remember well Moses Hampton, an exceedingly earnest, though not a brilliant speaker. He too became a member of Congress, serving two terms, from 1847 to 1851. For twenty years—from 1853 to 1873,—he was President Judge of the Allegheny County District Court.

It seems almost as if I could go on indefinitely, when I think of Joseph Knox, Thomas Williams, Andrew W. Loomis, Thomas J. Bigham, Orlando Metcalf, and George Darsie. But there is still another I must not omit to mention, one ever present in my memory when those far-away days are brought nigh once again,—Sam. W. Black, a gifted orator, sparkling with wit and often thrillingly eloquent. At times, when aroused, his whole frame shook, his locks were tossed about, and his eyes flashed fire. It may have been because of these strong emotions that he was sometimes called the "Bengal tiger"; and yet his mildness was very marked; and on numerous occasions he uttered things that would cause tears to start in many eyes. I have seen him among children, and great, stout man as he was, he bent himself readily to the playfulness of the least of them; nevertheless in war, I doubt not he was terrible. In the Mexican War he commanded the 2d Pennsylvania regiment; and in our Civil War was Colonel of the 62d Pennsylvania regiment, and fell in the fight at Gaines Mill, in the seven days' engagement around Richmond. And now, "life's fitful fever over," his

ashes repose quietly and peacefully in Allegheny Cemetery.

Of speakers from a distance, I remember Andrew Stewart, of Fayette County,—"Tariff Andy," as he was called; Charles Ogle, of Somerset County, or "Spooney Ogle," as he was dubbed, for in his references to Van Buren he never failed to speak of the gold spoons used in the White House, humorously indicating the extravagance which marked the administration of that President.

Three speakers of great prominence were from Kentucky,—Hon. John J. Crittenden, Hon. Cassius M. Clay, and General Leslie Coombs. There was an Ohioan about whom much fuss was made, though I think his chief distinction was in the name that he went by,—the "Ohio blacksmith,"—which proved a drawing card.

Among citizens who were prominent in the business affairs of the club were James Marshall, whose tongue, hand, and purse found place in every good cause; Thomas Bakewell, among the best and most useful men the city has ever known, long-headed and unflinching in duty; William Eichbaum, hand and glove with the latter in very many public matters; and Neville B. Craig, the able editor of the *Gazette*, never given to much talking, but whose opinions, when made known, always had great weight.

My punctual attendance at these meetings and eager desire to know what the many able speakers could tell, gave me the opportunity of learning much of the history of the times, and of becoming acquainted with Whig principles, which I soon began to regard as on a plane with Bible truths, if not a little better. With equal facil-

ity I came to the knowledge that Whigs in general were upright, noble men, and especially that those in high positions were immaculate. On the other hand, I discovered that the Democrats had no political principles and were devoid of all moral ones; that their party was constituted solely for "the loaves and fishes,"—a very common expression among stump speakers of the time, and one which I saw indicated a profound knowledge of Scriptures on the part of those employing it. It was to me a constant cause of wonder how so much wickedness as was possessed by the "Locofocos" (they were seldom called by any other name) could go unpunished; while I was firm in the belief that the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah awaited them. President Van Buren—spoken of as a sly fox, "the fox of Kinderhook" being the term commonly applied to him—I came to regard as a most dangerous man, and his cabinet officers, candidates for the penitentiary; for, from what some of the speakers said, it was easy to picture them as always sitting around the treasury vaults with sleeves rolled up, waiting for opportunities to plunge their arms to the depth of their shoulders into piles of shining gold. It was strange, I thought, that they could escape the vigilance of the police; yet I felt confident that so soon as the election was over they would meet their deserts. One thing puzzled me greatly: there were in the city a number of persons whom I knew quite well, either personally or by reputation, who were considered highly respectable and admitted into good society—and yet they were Democrats! How was this possible? I could only account for it by surmising that their mental perceptions were at fault; they were blind and easily deceived, but so soon as the leaders of their party were arrested, imprisoned, and made to disgorge

their stealings, their eyes would be opened, and they would unite with the honest Whig party: but alas! this hope was never realized; they remained shrouded in the darkness of Democracy. Like Ephraim, they were "joined to their idols," and the only thing to be done was to "let them alone." Among those who excited my compassion, I recall these: Judges Grier, Patton, and Shaler; Wilson McCandless, Andrew Burke, Alexander Brackenridge, George P. Hamilton, Walter H. Lowrie, Geo. R. White, Geo. W. Jackson, and Dr. J. P. Gazzam.

On a number of occasions, Tippecanoe Hall was much too small to accommodate the crowds expected to be present, when, instead, the canal warehouse of John McFaden, on the corner of Penn and Wayne (now 10th) Streets, was used. Often in this place large numbers of bales of cotton were stored, but on top of these the people sat or stood, as suited them.

On the tenth of September of this memorable year, partly in commemoration of Perry's victory on Lake Erie, a mass convention was held in Allegheny City on the West Common. To accommodate the vast assemblage, which fully fulfilled all expectations, several stands were erected on different parts of the grounds, from which speakers of national reputation addressed those present. I am unable to recall the names of any of these, excepting one who I do not hesitate to say—notwithstanding my forgetfulness—was of a different type from any of the others; in fact a type of his own. He was one, moreover, who ought not to have been there, and would not had he been an honest man—John Tyler. It is immaterial whether he deceived the Whigs, or they were self-deceived; in either case, in accepting their nomination he was party to a deception. And there can

be no doubt that his betrayal of the party to which he professed allegiance was premeditated. Whilst speaking at the convention, someone interrogated him as to his political faith, and his reply, "I am what I am," indicated that he was not where he rightly belonged. But that mattered not to him, for like the tramp who steals a ride on a railway train, he was not troubled, provided he could reach his destination, whether the means were foul or fair.

It was too late, however, to swap horses; and it may also have been thought that he was *only* the Vice-Presidential candidate, and that his opinions were of no special consequence.

Oftentimes since that convention, I have thought of the unbounded hospitality of Pittsburghers then shown; necessarily far different from what would be expected, or could be possible, to-day. From all the surrounding country, and from points considerably beyond, self-appointed delegates, often including almost the entire male population of some towns, came in swarms to the city, in conveyances of every conceivable character—for it will be remembered there were no railroads then; and a most hearty welcome they met, almost every door being thrown open for them, or, in the parlance of the day, "the latch-string was out." In my father's house, as in that of others, lodging was furnished to as many as could find room in beds or upon the floors of different apartments; and the question of acquaintance not being considered, strangers fared equally with those who at other times were the most favored guests of the family. For the space of two days, a well filled table of eatables was constantly spread, while after the manner of the gospel feast, the invitation went broadcast, "let whomsoever will come."

In present days it would be impossible to entertain in the same manner without inviting wholesale robbery. What an opportunity would this afford for thieves and tramps! And yet I cannot recall having heard a single complaint. Does not this argue a vast increase of the vagabond gentry?

On the convention day proper, a great procession formed in the city, moved through the principal streets, and brought up at the meeting-place, at the foot of Hog-back hill, Allegheny. Flags and banners innumerable were carried; some of the latter were both rude and crude; others, refined and elegant. The subjects of inscriptions in large measure had reference to the depressed times, and what was hoped for in the event of a Whig victory. Many related to the heroism of General Harrison in his battles with Indians. Some told of the evils wrought by the Democratic party; while the extravagance and crimes of President Van Buren and his cabinet were themes much dwelt upon. A common demand was for a protective tariff, and among banners of a pictorial character were those which on one side showed closed mills going to decay under Democratic rule, and on the other, mills in full blast, their great stacks sending forth volumes of smoke, and showing every sign of prosperity under a protective policy. Trades and manufactories of every kind were represented on platform wagons. Thus the printers had a press constantly in motion, from which campaign songs were printed and thrown to the crowds thronging the sidewalks, or hemming in the procession along the thoroughfares. With one of these songs, everybody was familiar, and it was in every mouth. It seemed as if people who never before were suspected of being musical could on that day join

in singing the famous song, "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." Glee clubs riding in the procession sang it until they were hoarse, and those who thronged the streets took up the chorus, and the air was filled with their deafening roar. I yet possess a copy printed on that occasion, and herewith give the first verse:

"What has caused this great commotion, motion, motion,
Our country through?
It is the ball a rolling on,

CHORUS: For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
For Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
And with them we 'll beat little Van, Van, Van;
Van is a used up man;
And with them we 'll beat little Van."

A notable feature of the procession was one which never again was to be witnessed in our country: I refer to the presence of a number of venerable men, survivors of the Revolutionary War. These rode in carriages and of course attracted great attention. It stirred the patriotic blood of the people to see, after the lapse of almost sixty years from the close of the struggle for independence, these scarred and wrinkled veterans who had fought under Washington, La Fayette, or other distinguished generals. How the stirring scenes of the Revolution must have presented themselves afresh to the minds of these old heroes, as, bent with age, and leaning with crossed hands on the tops of their canes and crutches, they listened to the shouts of multitudes about them who would not willingly let die their deeds of heroism and cheered and cheered them constantly.

Quite a number also of those who had been soldiers in the War of 1812 likewise rode in carriages. The faces

of many of these were familiar to me, and with not a few I was personally acquainted.

A canvass so exciting as that of which I write could not but create a great stir throughout the entire country, and as a result, an overwhelming preponderance of votes were cast for Harrison, who was the choice of the electors of all but two Northern and five Southern States.

There was great rejoicing everywhere at such a victory, and in Pittsburgh it was determined to celebrate it with a dinner, which was given in the large canal warehouse where so many meetings had been held. The preparations were on a scale commensurate with so important an occasion, and the hospitality was boundless. All, friends or foes,—for all past differences were wiped out, and all were on a common level,—were invited, the only qualification requisite being the natural gift of eating; and there were no "regrets." It was a jollification unprecedented, and greatly enjoyed; but a day of reckoning was to come. I was perhaps too fast a moment since in saying "there were no regrets"; on further consideration it might be more correct to say there were many. The Tippecanoe Club had appointed a committee of entertainment when it was decided to give the dinner, and this was composed of a number of prominent citizens who looked upon their selection as a mark of considerable honor, for so it was designed; but unlike the man spoken of in Scripture, intending to build a tower, they did not sit down and count the cost thereof; and with equal want of forethought, they did not collect in advance the ducats necessary to defray the expense of the entertainment, and a large deficit had to be met by each committee-man chipping in. Some pockets had to be turned inside out before the required amount was found in them,

and success did not in every case meet expectations. The saddest thing was that some who danced had not wherewithal to pay the piper; willing to admit that they had filled their stomachs, and helped to fill those of others, yet strange to say, their pocket-books were empty.

One member of the committee, who had been specially prominent during the campaign, was so filled with disgust because of the predicament in which he was placed, that he forsook the party, shook the dust of paths wherein he had trodden from off his feet, and ever after walked in those of the "unterrified" Democracy.

I saw General Harrison on his way to Washington to be inaugurated ninth President of the United States. He came from his home at North Bend on the Ohio on the steamer *Ben Franklin*, which was accompanied by another steamer, the *Fulton;* both having on board large delegations from Cincinnati and other towns, who came as a special escort of the President-elect. It was Friday, January 29, 1841, when these boats, black with their many passengers, with bands playing loudly, and with bunting streaming from many mastheads, steamed up the Monongahela, and arrived at our wharf.

The old hero was given a Pittsburgh welcome! Every bell in the city was ringing; cannon on every hilltop were booming; and these with the shouts of ten thousands of citizens from all the country roundabout was a welcome of which the Iron City of to-day would not be ashamed.

He was escorted by the entire mass of people to the Pittsburgh Hotel, kept by Major John Irons. It stood on the corner of Wood and Third Streets where now is the St. Charles; and here he had rooms during his stay.

I remember that the weather on the following day was quite inclement, as the venerable soldier, then past his

sixty-eighth year, stood on the balcony of the hotel to receive a second welcome from another vast assemblage of people filling the street. Hon. Andrew W. Loomis was at his side, and in a few words introduced him to the sea of upturned heads. He was wrapped in a black, caped cloak which came to his feet, and as I recall, when answering to the rousing cheers which greeted him, he bared his thin, gray locks by lifting his hat—not that of enormous height and with concave sides so familiar in caricatures as "the grandpap hat" during the presidential campaign of the Benjamin of the family, but nevertheless one of the stovepipe variety, not much different from the absurdity yet worn as the fashionable dress hat.

At an early hour I had taken my stand on the sidewalk, immediately opposite the hotel, and the scene which I have attempted to describe has been fixed in my memory ever since.

The handshaking which took place in the hotel was very trying to the infirm old man; and this ordeal, through which on a number of occasions he had to pass after his election, was thought to be too great a strain, weakening his frame and making him more susceptible to the attack of pleurisy, which ended his days soon after.

Over Sunday he was the guest of General William Robinson, Jr., and together they attended the services in the First Presbyterian Church, Allegheny, and listened to a sermon preached by the pastor, the eloquent Rev. Elisha P. Swift, D.D.

From Pittsburgh, he went on Monday morning by boat to Brownsville, and from thence to Washington by stage on the National Turnpike.

Having reached the point when General Harrison was

seated in the Presidential chair, I may now return and trace with more exactness the causes which led to this.

In beginning the story of the campaign of 1840, I mentioned the hard times everywhere prevailing, which occasioned an uprising of the people, who determined that Mr. Van Buren, within whose administration these troubles began, should be no longer President. The depression then felt, however, was but a surface indication. The skilful surgeon on seeing inflammation upon the body of his patient does not in all cases confine his search to the skin, but often he must probe to the bones to discover the cause of the disease; and in like manner, we, in beholding the sufferings of the people of the United States during the four years in which the sage of Kinderhook was their President, must go beyond that period if we would know the origin.

I must confess that my views in mature years do not coincide with those of the boy of twelve, who listened to the oft-repeated abuse heaped upon that President, and believed it all: though to do justice to the speakers of that day, they did not confine their attentions to him, but as he was the one they would dislodge from power, they more particularly chose him as the target upon which to discharge their batteries. No one, however, of the present time at all conversant with the subject places the blame upon his shoulders. He was simply the victim of circumstances over which he had no control. Moreover, the calmer judgment of to-day places him among the ablest of statesmen, and as the Chief Executive of the nation scarce any fault can be found in anything he did; while his character was without a blemish. But it was unfortunate for him that in the sowing to the wind by his predecessor, the

whirlwind was to be reaped while he was the occupant of the chair of state.

The battle of New Orleans made General Jackson President, just as, twenty years later, the battle of Buena Vista elevated General Taylor to the same high office. Neither were statesmen; and neither possessed qualifications requisite for the position. The former was notably ignorant; and the latter's knowledge was confined to military matters with which he had connection from an early age. Both were given preference in Presidential contests over one of the most gifted statesmen the country has known; his life from early manhood having been devoted to its interests; being many times called to positions of prominence which none but the ablest of men could fill—Henry Clay.

"It is not likely," says A. K. McClure, in his recent work, *Our Presidents and How we Make Them*, "that he [Jackson] would ever have been a prominent candidate for President, but for the fact that he defeated the English in the battle of New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1815. Had there been steamships, cables, and telegraphs at that time, Jackson could never have commanded the hero worship that twice elected him President, and made him practically political dictator. The treaty of peace between England and the United States was signed at Ghent on December 24, 1814, but it required nearly a month for the Government to receive information of that fact, and that the war was ended. More than a fortnight after, the battle of New Orleans was fought, and a victory achieved over the English that then electrified the country as thoroughly as did Dewey's victory at Manila. That victory, and that victory alone, made Jackson President."

Prior to this battle, Jackson's military experience was confined to that of a Tennessee militia general, in which capacity he fought the Creek Indians in Florida, who had committed sundry acts which called for punishment; and in a few months subdued them completely. Later, when given a Major-Generalship in the regular army, he routed a small body of English troops who had taken possession of Pensacola. Generalship of a high order was neither required nor exhibited at New Orleans; skilful maneuvring was unnecessary where an army fought behind intrenchments ten feet in thickness, and as many in height in places. Referring to this, the learned historian, Dr. John Lord, in one of his lectures says: "The conflict was not strictly a battle,—not like an encounter in the open field, where the raw troops under Jackson, most of them militia, would have stood no chance with the veterans whom Wellington had led to victory and to glory." Moreover, military critics in England uniformly condemn Packenham's rashness in fighting men thus intrenched, there being no chance for the lives of the attacking party; especially when their enemies were backwoodsmen accustomed to the use of rifles.

But the people of the United States to a large extent did not indulge in any hair-splitting; they only looked at results, and magnified Jackson into a hero equal to Napoleon or any warrior of antiquity; and the praise everywhere lavished upon him turned his head completely, and he was not long in being convinced that the opinion of the people was about correct.

No one will deny to Jackson the full measure of praise to which he was entitled for his remarkable victory over the British,—for his quick discernment of

their designs at the outset, for his wise measures to forestall them, for his energy and promptness in bringing his troops where his plans could be carried out, and for all measures adopted by him for the defence of New Orleans. The thanks of the nation were given to him unsparingly: the people, as I have said, went wild in their excess of praise; and he was so overwhelmed by it that he became inordinately vain; and vanity made him imperious to an extent that would not now be tolerated in any public man, but would render him ridiculous and an object of contempt. If, as is well known, before his election as President, he was strong willed and arrogant, this new triumph made him many-fold worse. He became despotic, and the more so that even his most arbitrary acts were overlooked by his many admirers. All through life, violence of temper brought him into difficulties. Many times because of this he had engaged in "affairs of honor," with varying success. Fawned upon by flatterers, to whom were given the name "kitchen cabinet," he eagerly listened to their advice when head of the nation, for they always agreed with his opinions; while he ignored his legitimate cabinet, who not infrequently differed with him, and neither sought to know their views nor seemed willing to accept them when tendered.

In his first message to Congress (December, 1828), to the surprise of the whole country, he made an attack on the United States Bank, an institution everywhere considered of great utility; which besides furnishing a stable currency, closed the doors of banks upon which no reliance could be placed. The cause of his opposition was a notion that its power, which had never been misused, was threatening to the country, and that it was

undemocratic! The latter in the eyes of many from that time onward was the unpardonable sin mentioned in the Scriptures.

The party of Jefferson and Madison, to which the President professed to belong, had in 1816, owing to the great distress prevailing in consequence of the recent war, chartered this bank. Its need had been felt, and it gave immediate relief, while it was still regarded as a blessing to every State in the Union. Congress, unwilling to act upon a proposition so startling and uncalled for, quietly passed over his recommendation. Jackson was not easily upset by trifles, and in his next annual message the subject was renewed; whereupon Congress appointed a committee to consider this and other propositions contained in the message, and it reported flatly in opposition to all of them. For a third time, the odious bank formed a chief topic in his message of 1831. And now, in the hope that some mismanagement of the bank's affairs might be discovered, partisans of the President moved Congress to undertake an investigation; but nothing was found which could in the least injure it, and the examination only served to enlist still more the confidence of the people in its stability. Meanwhile, fearing these repeated attacks, the managers of the bank applied for a renewal of the charter, although it had yet five years to run. Long debates ensued, but by both houses a bill was passed, granting the renewal asked for. Notwithstanding the overwhelming desire of the people in respect to this measure had been clearly expressed by their representatives in Congress, the President, setting up his judgment in opposition thereto, deliberately vetoed it. An effort was then made to pass the bill over the veto, but this failed for want of a two-thirds majority. Two

more years went by, and the Nullification Act of South Carolina gave the President an opportunity much desired, to visit his wrath on John C. Calhoun, whom he hated as the devil does holy water. For his patriotic course, however, in this matter, he merited and received the approbation of a large majority of citizens outside of the State in question. This, it has been thought, encouraged him to believe that his views in regard to the bank might now also be approved; and regardless of the fact that his veto had fixed a limit for its existence, he concluded to give it a death stab which would the sooner bring it to an end. The method employed was one which politicians only of the capacity of William Jennings Bryan would adopt. In his message to Congress he expressed grave doubts as to the solvency of the bank; recommended a removal of the national deposits accruing from revenues; and to make more sure that the wound would prove fatal advised the sale of the stock belonging to the government!

Could there be anything better calculated to ruin a financial institution, and at the same time invite disaster upon all people having business connection with it? Herein may be seen the evidence of Jackson's statecraft; his knowledge of matters monetary; and trustworthiness for the office he held. And most surely here we behold the school in which was trained our modern Napoleon of finance, who would pay the debt of the nation created for the preservation of the Union, in silver dollars of the value of fifty cents each!

Congress saw the necessity of acting promptly, and the President's propositions were defeated by large majorities. Soon after this Jackson was re-elected, and by a greater majority than before; for notwithstanding

his many arbitrary acts, and particularly his veto of the bank bill, which already had caused great disturbance in financial circles, the battle of New Orleans was remembered and outweighed all else. It is not, then, to be wondered at, that his election was viewed by him as an endorsement of all that he had done; and that this emboldened him to show his contempt for law and lawmakers in a most remarkable manner; so that Louis XIV. in declaring, "I am the State," did not more truly act despotically.

Congress, as has been shown, at its session preceding the election refused to allow the removal of the deposits of the national bank; but now, Jackson, placing himself above Congress, determined that they should be removed, and directed his Secretary of the Treasury accordingly. To his amazement, the stubborn fellow, denying his authority, refused compliance, when he forthwith dismissed him from office and appointed a successor. The new treasurer proved no more pliant; and refused to act without the express authority of Congress. William J. Duane of Philadelphia was too big a man to be dismissed summarily, and Jackson, resolving to try gentler means, repeatedly coaxed him, but coaxing was unavailing. Next he threatened, but this had no effect on a man who knowing his duty dared to act according to knowledge. There was yet another resource, always at hand with Old Hickory: breaking out into uncontrollable rage, he swore at him, making the atmosphere of the treasury perfectly blue: "By the Eternal! you shall resign." But even in this Duane was unwilling to accommodate him, and refused compliance.

Jackson was not accustomed to having his authority disputed; for much less than this he had fought

numerous duels. Some men now and then had the temerity to differ with him in opinion, and in this way he had brought them up short. He was able to boast of a feat of which many Southern gentlemen were proud, that he had "killed his man." Once he came near being killed by a gentleman almost as fiery by nature as himself, and Thomas H. Benton's bullet gave him trouble ever after. And now, two secretaries had undertaken to dispute his authority; this was more than flesh and blood could bear, and it would never do to allow this again to happen; some one must be found who would obey him instantly in this matter of the deposits. He knew of such an one,—his Attorney-General had never failed him,—and so he appointed Roger B. Taney Secretary of the Treasury. Luckily, Congress was not then in session and the new Lord of the Treasury could act without the formality of his appointment being confirmed by the Senate; and he did act; for Taney had no scruples to conflict with anything Jackson required, and lost no time in doing what was bidden. The Senate on meeting rejected the President's appointment. Taney, however, must not lose his reward, and in the next year he was named for a vacancy on the supreme bench; and this nomination proving equally distasteful, the Senate refused to confirm it. Taney must still wait, and because of longer waiting, something yet higher must be reserved for him; and accordingly in 1836 he was appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and this time, owing to changes in the Senate, the nomination received confirmation. And thus for a service already performed, and for another twenty-one years later, the author of the Dred Scott decision was rewarded.

The wrecking of the United States Bank was the

cause of the panic of 1837 and of the troublous times following that event; and Andrew Jackson was the wrecker. It was in that year that Martin Van Buren entered upon the Presidency. Could he then in any fairness be responsible for the panic; and if not, who was? But wherever the responsibility lay, the sufferers sought a remedy in the election of General Harrison, and rallying under the banner of the Whigs, as we have seen, they triumphed gloriously. But the fruits of their victory were quickly lost by the defection of John Tyler, who in consequence of the death of President Harrison, one month after his inauguration, succeeded to the Presidency.

Two lessons were taught by the treachery of Tyler, which even yet, after the lapse of sixty years, are unheeded: one, that the same care should be exercised in choosing a candidate for the second office in the gift of the people as for the first; that the one chosen should in every way be fitted to occupy the President's chair, inasmuch as the grim reaper may take a notion to place him there, a privilege the gentleman in charge of the hour-glass and scythe is by law empowered to exercise, and upon a number of occasions he has seen fit thus to use his prerogative. And second, that the Siamese-twins arrangement, by which candidates for two distinct offices must both be elected or both be defeated should be done away with.

The latter was the one mistake of the framers of our Constitution, renowned as the wisest body of men ever assembled for any such purpose as that which brought them together. Experience, however, has proved that in an election for our two highest offices it is not best to follow the plan we have of yoking a pair of steers; for, like the model, those selected do not always pull together,—one

may be balky, or not pull at all, they may pull in opposite directions, one may do all the pulling, one may drag the other through, or one may hinder or prevent the other in this; under the most favorable circumstances, both may get through, or both be mired; it is not possible for one to pull through without the other.

An amendment to the Constitution, dispensing with the clumsy machinery of an electoral college and requiring a direct vote of the people, would in all probability accomplish the greatly needed reform here aimed at. A higher standard would then be set up; and we would no longer have nominees for the Vice-Presidency who are to be dragged through by the popularity of the one named for the higher office; for under such a change of conditions this would prove a sure way to invite defeat.

The Constitution as understood at the beginning, worked well, for originally all of the candidates were named for the Presidency, and the one getting the highest number of votes in the electoral college was chosen, and the next highest was made Vice-President; accordingly an equality as to fitness was a requisite in every case. In 1804, distinct candidates were named for the two positions, and it has continued thus ever since. But in the earlier portion of this period, there was not that disregard for fitness in the vice-presidential candidate as has been so often shown in later days. In point of fact, upon three occasions the leaning was in the opposite direction, better selections having been made for the second office than for the first. Reference is here made to John C. Calhoun in 1828, Martin Van Buren in 1832, and Millard Fillmore in 1848; the two former being Vice-Presidents when Jackson was President, and the latter when General Taylor was Chief Executive.

From 1840 down to the present time, it has often seemed as if almost any one was good enough to be Vice-President. As indicating this, I refer more particularly to the actions of the two political parties with which I have been associated. Excepting in such instances as the nomination of Theodore Frelinghuysen, Hannibal Hamlin, Schuyler Colfax, Henry Wilson, William A. Wheeler, Chester A. Arthur, and Theodore Roosevelt, the candidates more usually have been other than what they ought to have been. The prevailing opinion in national conventions now, as it mostly has been in the past sixty years, is that the one best qualified for the office of Vice-President of the United States, is he whose local political influence in a pivotal State is likely to aid the party in carrying it. Occasionally the possession of money, or the ability to get it, to help in meeting the expenses of a campaign, is considered among the very highest qualifications.

The nomination of Andrew Johnson was in recognition of his valuable service to the Union in the dark days when treason was rampant, not only in the South, but at the capital of the nation, especially among those holding the reins of government—the President, the Vice-President, and the nest of traitors whom the Chief Executive had gathered about him as his Cabinet advisers, one and all being steeped in a crime common to all. Fearless and outspoken in his devotion to the Union, Johnson stood alone in the Senate, the one Southern representative of the States who was not drawn into the maelstrom of secession, but was uncompromising in his opposition to it; unmoved by frowns and unawed by threats. Nevertheless, recognition should have been manifested in some other way; it was a mistake to nominate

him for the Vice-Presidency, for he was not qualified for the higher position which subsequently fell to his lot, as was seen in many of his acts. In thus saying, I make no reference to the matters which were the occasion of the attempt to impeach him; for in these he was right and Congress was wrong. Mr. Stanton, in retaining a seat in the Cabinet in opposition to the wishes of the President, knew that he was in the wrong, and afterwards acknowledged the fact. But in many ways Mr. Johnson was imprudent; he was intemperate in speech, self-opinionated, and for want of education unfitted for the exalted position to which in consequence of an assassin's act he was elevated.

Mr. Alexander McClure, who was a delegate to the convention which nominated Mr. Johnson, in his recent work says that when casting his vote for the Tennesseean, Thaddeus Stevens called to him, "Can't you find a candidate for Vice-President without going down into a d——d rebel State?" The going thither, as we have seen, was influenced by the very fact that he was from a region reeking with rebellion, and yet he had the courage to stand aloof from it. It were more to the point, had objection been made, that he was a misfit, as much so as perhaps some of the garments were which were made by him in his little tailor shop in Greenville. There have been other misfits named for the same office. The special fitness of Mr. Levi P. Morton was his supposed influence in helping to carry New York for General Harrison. At no time has any one thought of him seriously for the Presidency, unless we can say this of Thomas C. Platt, who, in doing the thinking of the delegation he led to St. Louis simply made use of his name, in the hope of showing that New York would be opposed to the nomination

of William McKinley, and that thereby he might compass his defeat. In fact, if the ex-Governor had properly understood matters, the proposition was insulting to him; it assumed that he was superannuated and might be tickled by a straw. The offer had in it much of the spirit of a brother Beelzebub of the long ago,—"Fall down and worship me and I will give thee the kingdoms of the world and their glory." In neither case was there the ability to deliver the goods.

The defeat at the polls of Whitelaw Reid made that of Benjamin Harrison, one of the ablest of our presidents, the more endurable.

The name of Garrett A. Hobart is not to be found in any biographical dictionary; but it has been ascertained from scraps in the columns of newspapers that he was a man of considerable wealth and engaged in various commercial pursuits. When nominated for Vice-President he was not known to any extent outside of New Jersey. No one in the length and breadth of the land had ever thought of him for President of the United States; and yet he might have been by reason of an accident such as has happened in a number of instances. He was younger and more robust than William McKinley; and judging by outward signs the President might have been the earlier occupant of a cemetery lot.

Although as wildly interested in the presidential election of 1844 as in the previous campaign, my memory does not retain the incidents connected with it as in the former political struggle.

It is more easy to explain why my interest should have been thus wrought up than to give reasons for my forgetfulness. The few more years added to my age had contributed somewhat to my slender stock of knowledge,

though there were a few things I had yet to learn. A better insight into political matters strengthened my desire to know still more.

I began to get an inkling that at times availability outweighed considerations of statesmanship in selecting candidates for high offices. I learned then, and have never forgotten, that Henry Clay was a statesman; and the more I have read history the more has this fact been impressed on my mind; while increased years have shown me that he was of the class of statesmen of whom our country has most reason to be proud. I also learned what dispelled one of my illusions, — the nomination of General Harrison for President was not that he was the most suitable one that could have been chosen, but because he was the most available. The Whigs had simply profited by the way in which the unfittest man who ever occupied the presidential chair, had swept the country. Jackson was a military hero, and so also was Harrison; and in nominating him, Mr. Clay who was infinitely more fit for the office was pushed aside. But now the time had come when reason was in the ascendency, and a statesman of the highest type became the nominee of the party that elected General Harrison. Few men have ever taken so strong a hold on the hearts of the people as Henry Clay, who indeed was idolized by them.

Although so many events connected with that canvass have escaped my recollection,—where the meetings were held; who the speakers were; and what their themes; yet I know that my persistence in attending the meetings had not lessened a jot. As in 1840, they were, as I remember, often held in the large canal warehouse of John McFaden. At times, especially on warm evenings, the yard in the rear of Broadhurst's tavern accommo-

dated the great crowds in attendance. I recall that Judge William B. McClure, and Orlando Metcalf, Esq., at an afternoon meeting held at that place, were among the speakers. On a number of occasions Hon. Thomas Williams spoke. Twice I heard him in an eulogy of Mr. Clay, prepared with great care and delivered in a masterly manner; and remember even yet a couplet he used. Having referred to the efforts of Mr. Clay in behalf of Greece, with these lines he closed his address,—

> "The Grecian mingles in his lay,
> Bozarris with the name of Clay."

There were numerous glee clubs in that campaign; one was led by Mr. William M. Hersh; and it sang from what, because of its color, the leader styled "the yaller kivered book." The most pleasing song of that time was a humorous one composed by Mr. Robert H. Nevin, and sung by him on a number of occasions. Its first stanzas, as nearly as I can recall, ran thus:—

> "Three jovial locos met one day,
> At an alehouse door in the month of May;
> Said one as he filled his mug, said he:
> 'Let's drink a health to our nominee!
> Our nominee, our nominee, let's drink a health;
> Drink, drink to our nominee;
> Let's drink a health; yes, drink a health;
> Drink, drink to our nominee!'"

The roisterers when they began their bout did not know who the nominee was to be, but as the song proceeds the news came that his name was James K. Polk of Tennessee, of whom they had never heard; but fidelity to their party led them still to drink to him, though melancholy largely supplied the place of joviality.

At a mass meeting held in Allegheny, it was my good fortune to hear the renowned orator, Thomas Corwin, of Ohio. I still recall the swarthy face of "Black Tom," as many then called him; but not a word of all he said is retained: and still I count it among the pleasures of a lifetime that the music of his voice once thrilled my ears.

A familiar figure on our streets in those days was General Joseph Markle, of Westmoreland County, Whig candidate for Governor of Pennsylvania in that year. I knew him quite well; our first meeting being at Bellevernon Academy, where his son, Lafayette, my particular chum, was a student. He was a short, thick-set man, neither very learned or bright, but possessed of strong sense, and highly respected. His head and body being both well poised, I am sure he was not knocked off his pins, or in any way upset, in not being elected; possibly he never imagined the lightning would strike in his direction. Pennsylvania had given Harrison a majority of 300, but that was phenomenal; and such a thing could scarcely happen to one who was but a captain of Westmoreland Cavalry under the Indian fighting general; and yet the majority against him was under five thousand. I was familiar with the face and figure of his opponent, Hon. Francis R. Shunk, for his pew in church was immediately across the aisle from that of my father; and as he was very regular in attendance I frequently saw him. He too had a son with whom also I was well acquainted, and we were much together.

I have a dim recollection of having been at a number of pole raisings; but there was one I can scarce ever forget. This one was erected on Smithfield street, between the Monongahela House and the bridge, and among those

most active in making arrangements for the occasion were John McDonald Crossan, Captain Melchoir W. Beltzhoover and Richard C. Gray. Those having charge of the raising—no small matter when the size of the pole is considered—understood perfectly the task assigned them. The pole was of great height, exceeding any I have ever seen, and was made in two sections. It was straight as an arrow, tapering beautifully, and in a word was artistically made. When all was ready, it arose quietly, steadily, and without swaying a particle out of a true line until it stood grandly erect. Very soon up went the flag, the largest that had ever been seen in Pittsburgh. But there came a day when it must be taken down; and it was a sad, sad one; for not long before, it became known that the glorious leader of the Whigs had been defeated, an event but little expected, and therefore the harder to be borne.

I mentioned that Broadhurst's tavern-yard had sometimes been a rallying-place for the Whigs: and I also recollect that the impracticable opponents of slavery who went by the name of the Liberty party, also upon one occasion met there, and their presidential candidate, James G. Birney, addressed them.

It is among the inscrutable ways of Providence that that party was ever suffered to exist; and in human judgment this can only be accounted for on the theory that for some wise, ultimate purpose, evil is permitted in the universe. Its leaders, a coterie of New England extremists, notably William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and certain strong-minded women with whom they affiliated—the latter more concerned as to women's rights—could never agree among themselves, and were about as ready to quarrel with one another as to battle

against slavery. Old John Brown, with his handful of misguided men armed with pikes, when attempting a raid against the South, was no more quixotic than they; his methods were full as reasonable; and, in fact, he was their exact counterpart; and whilst pæans to this mistaken martyr for liberty may long be sung by the American people, ever proud of a brave man, they can never forget or forgive the inconsistency of those who in helping to defeat Henry Clay, elevated to the presidency one representing the ultra pro-slavery sentiment of the South. Whilst it may be true that those belonging to the Liberty party were in general well-meaning people, who were anxious to rid our country of a blot marring its title of being the land of the free; yet they had no well-defined plan of doing this, or one that would meet approval on the part of many thousands of others, as much opposed to slavery as were they, but whose loyalty to a compact by which alone a union of the States had been consummated, would not permit them to engage in acts which would disrupt that union. These truce-breakers, on the contrary, were intent upon strife—if they could not rule, they would ruin. Like the witches in Macbeth, as they went round and round a pot filled with all that was venemous, and bent on stirring up a deal of trouble, their song was:

"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.
Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake,
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizzard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble."

What they called "agitation" was simply "hell-broth." Instead of affording relief, they only made firmer the shackles of slavery. Vain was their attempt to imitate the miracle by which the walls of Jericho fell down; their "freedom" shrieking, while it may have supplied the place of ram's horns, only served to strengthen the ramparts within which the bondsmen were confined. Placed upon their guard, those interested in upholding slavery were able to prolong its existence yet another score of years. But for the Abolitionists, it must have died a natural death; it could not have survived long, had they but let it alone.

In the city of New Orleans, although once a great mart of the slave trade, where the most degrading scenes, shocking to civilization, defying high Heaven, and doubtless wept over by angels, were often witnessed—husbands, wives, and children being separated from one another under the hammer of the auctioneer; where, too, "likely" females were bared for inspection and sold from the block to conditions worse than any servitude; and where, nevertheless, the incubus of slavery was felt to be a burden too great to be borne, but which could not be easily got rid of, there stands to-day, as there stood before the days of emancipation, a statue on the pedestal of which is to be seen the following inscription: "If I could be instrumental in eradicating this deepest stain, slavery, from our country, I would not exchange the high satisfaction which I should enjoy for the honor of all the triumphs ever decreed to the most successful conqueror." The man to whom this statue was erected, and who uttered those memorable words, was Henry Clay! Who better than he could have ameliorated the conditions of slavery, or prepared the way for gradual

emancipation, as was his desire, had he occupied the position which would have enabled him to carry out such a project.

The presidential campaign of 1848 was one which naturally enlisted an interest on the part of young men; the recent war with Mexico having produced an available candidate—the kind now deemed desirable above all other considerations. The people had scarce yet ceased shouting their praises for the hero of Buena Vista, who, with five thousand men, had defeated and put to rout fifteen thousand under Santa Anna. Could there be higher qualification than this? and is there not reason to hope that, in the good time coming, we may see elevated to the presidency one who, while making some show of rubbing against a college wall, has been eminently successful at foot ball? Gen. Taylor had but little education, as was shown by his first and only annual message, in which he congratulated the country that "we are at peace with all the world and the rest of mankind"; though since then this has been trimmed up somewhat, yet not enough to remove some difficulties of expression. Although wanting yet a year before being able to cast my maiden vote, my interest in the campaign was as great as that of anyone who had already reached his majority. I attended political gatherings as formerly, joined in torchlight processions, shouted as loudly as anyone, joined in singing political songs, and had acquired such proficiency as a politician as enabled me to forecast the result of the election with absolute exactness. By keeping close watch of the way the wind was blowing—noting how public opinion was veering in the several States, I was enabled to prepare a table showing how the electoral vote of each would be cast,

and in the end had the satisfaction of pointing to it as it hung over my desk, in proof of my accuracy.

In jest, I wagered with a friend that Taylor would carry as many States as Cass. Of the then thirty, each candidate carried precisely one-half. As showing there was not in those days a "solid South," Taylor had a majority in eight northern and seven southern States; Cass had the same. The electoral vote of the former was 163, of the latter 127. In electing General Taylor, the Whigs made a show of recovering from their defeat of 1844; but it was only a show, and was not marked by anything denoting either a real triumph, or permanence. The party of Jackson and Polk was quietly gathering strength for a contest later on. It was not disquieted by a hip, hip, hurrah campaign, in which torchlight processions, bengal lights, and glee-club singing were the main arguments. It was not worried, because its attitude toward the two candidates was much the same as that of the woman who, on seeing a fight between her husband and a bear, said, she did n't care which whipped, so there was fair play.

As an offset to the Whig nominee, the Democrats also put up a soldier with a good record; more than that, Lewis Cass was an able statesman, had been a United States Senator, Cabinet officer, Minister to France; while yet other high honors awaited him. But all these counted as nothing in comparison with a victory in which one American soldier whipped three Mexican greasers.

The feeling of leading Democrats was this—if the Whigs are satisfied with a candidate made up of such material as was old Rough and Ready (a name by which Gen. Taylor was commonly called) they had no cause

for distress; he was almost as acceptable to them as their own candidate; was even better in some respects—he was a Southern man, and among the large owners of slaves, while Cass was from the North. Moreover, he was neither Whig nor Democrat; scarcely knew the difference between the two parties; had not so far as was known ever cast a vote; but if he had, the probabilities were that it was a Democratic one.

The keynote of the campaign, so far as the Whigs were concerned, as may be imagined from what is here related, was to be found in a refrain of one of their glee-club songs:

> **"Hurrah, hurrah for Taylor, brave and true;**
> **He led our arms to victory, he 'll lead our party too."**

I do not pretend that what I have written is in accord with my views at the period referred to; but freely admit that all this came to me later, and along with it another fact of which I was then ignorant—that the cart was before the horse—that for the second position a more fitting candidate was named than for the first. This indeed was one of the few occasions when the Vice-Presidential nominee was fitted to be President in an emergency. Millard Fillmore was familiar with matters of statecraft, and when the time came as destined by Providence, that he should step into presidential shoes, they were worn as though they fitted him—had been made for him—and there was no talk as before and since, that greater care should be taken in naming Vice-Presidents. He was not, however, a popular President, and mainly because of a prejudice that he was not originally selected for that position.

In the midst of the excitement of this election, my

thoughts, like those of many others, were turned towards California, on account of the discovery of gold there, in the month of January previous; and thither, in company with a number of my associates, I went in the following spring.

I exercised my privilege as a voter for the first time, at the first election held in California for State officers, in October, 1849. There was much resemblance to a lottery, or grab-bag in that election. The numerous aspirants for official positions were known to comparatively few of those who did the balloting; for the people in general were widely scattered, strangers to those about them, and even more so to those who put themselves up for office. Accordingly, scarce any one could vote intelligently—it was all firing in the dark. For governor, I was misled, as perhaps were many others, in voting for one of half a dozen candidates, whose name was Winfield Scott Sherwood. I supposed, of course, that he was a Whig; but learned afterwards that, in spite of his name, he was a Democrat. I do not, however, claim it as a mistake that I voted for a regular dyed-in-the-wool Democrat for member of assembly. He had a stronger claim than that, he had been a Pittsburgher. I had known him in boyhood, and had often seen him when going to the post-office on Third Street, where he was a clerk. I remembered him too when he was an editor of the *Post*. He had recently arrived in California, coming overland from Illinois, where for some years past he had been living. He brought with him his family; all of whom were exceedingly poor—there were none more so in that land where gold was to be had almost for the trouble of picking it up—for John Bigler had not the least faculty for bread-winning by any ordinary mode of labor. He

was, however, a cunning politician, and adroitly led a host of voters to imagine that he was an opponent of slavery, while he worshipped it as devoutly as did the children of Israel the golden calf. The end in view was threefold—Bigler, Bread and Butter. He had abundance of help in the Sacramento district, as in it Pittsburghers were plentiful as blackberries in harvest time; and pulling up their sleeves they worked for him with vigor, rolling up a vote greatly in excess of that given for any other of the many candidates for office. That is the sort of people Pittsburghers are, and the manner in which they do anything in which they feel an interest. Bigler's great vote could not but attract the attention of those belonging to that branch of the Legislature to which he was chosen. Had they overlooked the fact, it would not have escaped observation by reason of extreme modesty on his part. It secured for him the speakership; and this as a stepping-stone made him the next Governor of the State, in the same year that his brother, William Bigler, was elected Governor of Pennsylvania. Both were as ardently attached to anti-slavery principles as were James Buchanan and Jefferson Davis.

My next vote, save one, was given for one who from my boyhood to a late period in life, was a much honored friend—John B. Guthrie—when, in 1851, he was chosen mayor of Pittsburgh. Mr. Guthrie was not elected because he was a Democrat; but for the reason that he was a high-minded, upright citizen, and the favorite of men of all parties. His predecessors for twelve years, and those who for twelve more succeeded him in office, were all Whigs. It was a relief to have for mayor a man of high principles to succeed Joe Barker. Mr. Guthrie was again elected in 1852.

Thus, whilst a rampant Whig hitherto, when the opportunity came that I could vote, I was found in the camp of the enemy, fighting under its flag. In the preceding October I had voted for Hon. William F. Johnston for Governor of Pennsylvania. He, too, had been a Democrat, but having turned from the error of his ways, was entitled to forgiveness. In thus voting, I illustrated a remark snappishly made to me some years later, "Pittsburghers have no love for the Biglers"; to which I replied, "They are not the sort of people to love." A Bigler, on this occasion, was to my regret chosen Governor, over the one for whom my vote was cast.

I was in at the death of the Whig party when the most inglorious defeat ever sustained by any of the great political organizations was meted out to it: when but four of the then thirty-one States were carried for its candidates.

But to begin at the beginning, rather than at the wind-up, I may here state that on the fifth day of April, 1851, I witnessed a scene which I regard as among the most humiliating of any within my recollection. One who in the War of 1812 had been a hero; whose laurels won at Lundy's Lane were yet fresh and green; and who, as the conqueror of Mexico, had dictated terms of peace in the halls of the Montezumas; the grandest type of a soldier, physically, that our country has ever produced,—head and shoulders above every one who has ever worn her epaulettes,—who among ten thousand would have been singled out as "head of the army,"—stooped that noble form, and getting low into the mire through which the common herd of politicians are accustomed to wade, piteously begged the American people for their suffrages. I refer, of course, to General Scott. It was in the

Monongahela House that I saw him shaking hands with dirty-faced men and boys, whose high privilege, for the moment, was to touch something accustomed to soap and water. And I heard him as he joined in palaver with a loud-mouthed, low-bred son of Erin, whose claim to be on terms familiar lay in the fact that he had a "broth of a boy" who had fought under the General in Mexico. From Pittsburgh he went to Cleveland and elsewhere; and while in the place last named, in a public speech told how he loved "the rich Irish brogue and the sweet German accent"; thus making himself a butt for newspaper wit and an object of almost universal ridicule.

On the second of July ('51), when the delegates returned from the convention which nominated General Scott for the presidency, the Whigs convened in Splaine's Hall, corner of Fifth and Smithfield Streets, to hear their report, and to form a Scott Club; and upon that occasion I was present. The meeting was called to order by Robert M. Riddle, Esq., and Hon. 'Neil Darragh presided. The speakers were Messrs. C. O. Loomis, Robert McKnight, Governor Johnston, and President Darragh. The enthusiasm was boundless; all were boiling over, and some among the orators, cocked and primed with old rye, to aid in getting up steam, well nigh exploded. When election day came, I, of course, cast my ballot for Scott. This was my first presidential vote.

At this election, the great Whig party of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster went down in perpetual night; "Fuss and Feathers," as its last candidate was called by his opponents, leading in the rout.

On a previous page, I said that I was in at the death of the Whig party; and may now add that I was also in at the birth of that of the Republicans; standing, in fact, by

its cradle in Lafayette Hall, Pittsburgh, on the twenty-second day of February, 1856, when its sponsors, the brainiest men of the land, having at heart the welfare of the nation, with singleness of purpose met and determined as to the one great disturbing element in the country,—slavery,—not that they would exterminate it, nor in any way interfere with it where by the law of the nation it had a right to be, but that they would interpose to prevent its extension into any Territory of the United States where it did not then exist, and where its baleful influence should never be felt, saying: "Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther."

There were no party bosses in that assemblage, for the "machine," or what these managing gentlemen are pleased to style themselves, "the organization," had not come into being. The time was not yet ripe for them. "Withersoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together"; the carcass was a thing of the future; so soon as one was scented, these vultures would flock to it, and so long as their cravings could be gratified, all others would be outdone in party fealty.

When, a few months later, John C. Frémont was nominated for the presidency, I favored his election, not stopping to inquire upon what grounds this selection was made, nor do I yet know. Possibly fitter men, seeing but little chance of carrying the election, had no desire to mount the altar of sacrifice. Or it may have been, that if a Uriah must be put in the forefront of battle, the one chosen could be spared as well as any other. In later years, when I have thought of the nomination then made, it has always seemed to me a great mystery. True, Frémont had blazed the path westward along which the course of empire was to take its way; a path in which, a few years

later, I had trod, and learned somewhat of its perils and difficulties; but there was nothing in this, nor in his filibustering movements in California prior to the breaking out of the Mexican War, nor in his insubordination to superior officers of the army after war had been declared, to entitle him to any such recognition. No one will deny to him the meed of praise to which, as an heroic explorer, he was entitled; but all may question whether in naming him for the presidency of the United States, the Philadelphia convention acted with a regard to the fitness of things. But what a blessing in disguise it was that he was defeated; for, had he been elected, his faulty judgment and rash methods would not only have disgraced and disrupted the newly formed party, which was destined for such high purposes, but have resulted in a reaction, from which the country would not have recovered in a score of years—to that extent, the hands on the dial of the clock marking the progress of civilization would have been set back. His Alcatraz and Mariposa schemes, his career in the Civil War, assuming power foreign to his position, fondness for ostentatious display, and his lack of generalship, gave the country an exhibition of what, with the real power of a president, he would have been.

I have already stated what is as well an established fact as the rising and setting of the sun, that the Republican party's aim was not to interfere with slavery where it was then rooted, but to prevent its extension where it did not exist. Will any one say that this was the aim of the Liberty party? Yet I have sometimes seen the preposterous claim set up that it overthrew slavery! The poles are not wider apart than the objects contemplated by the two organizations; and the verdict of history will be against any such bald assumption as that the Abolition-

ists in any way contributed to the removal of that blot which so long blackened our otherwise glorious annals. The measures adopted by the Republican party were not radical enough for men whose aims were both lawless and impossible. It had no stronger opponents than these. They opposed the election of Abraham Lincoln, and after the manner by which they made James K. Polk President, they would also, if it were in their power, have elected John C. Breckenridge. When the country was ripe for it, when blood and treasure were poured out in a way that seemed an expiation for the terrible crime of slavery, a Republican President sent forth the Emancipation Proclamation, and the days of slavery were ended.

Throughout all of its years I have been connected with the Republican party; have voted for all of its candidates for the presidency; self-respect, however, will not permit me to say that through thick and thin I have voted with my party at all State and municipal elections. In fact, so rarely have I found in nomination those whom I regarded as worthy of support, that on occasions innumerable I have considered it more of a duty to absent myself from the polls than to be present, unless in going thither my purpose was to vote for candidates of the opposite party — not that they were a whit better, and might be even worse, but that the ballot I would cast should stand as a protest against unfit nominees.

If, in so doing, I am entitled to the name "Mugwump," so let it be. Indeed I rather like Mugwumps; have large respect for them; for usually they are men of superb courage, of lofty principles, high in intelligence, particularly conspicuous for being well informed upon all matters, earnest supporters of whatever is right, and of every good cause, whilst sternly opposed to all wrong.

I would rather have it engraved on my tombstone that I had been a Mugwump than that I had on every occasion voted the entire Republican ticket.

Whether those accustomed to fling this epithet, or they upon whom it is cast, are more deserving of contempt, is a matter not difficult to determine; nor as to the type of citizenship exhibited by the hidebound party man ought it to be hard to reach a conclusion, when as is known he follows the beck and nod of a self-appointed manager whom again and again, without protest, he permits to name those who are to make our laws and to fill positions of trust, regardless of their fitness, and who oftentimes are devoid either of ability or character; and then, as if further to show his docility, he walks to the polling place and deposits his ballot, glorying in the fact that he always votes the whole ticket. Well may we wonder how such an one can maintain self-respect, or manage to hold up his head and look squarely into the eyes of even the poorest specimen of a Mugwump.

To mere leadership there can be no possible objection; the people need leaders, especially unassuming, intelligent ones, whose advice may aid voters in determining their duty; but they have no need of dictators, or those having the effrontery to direct. It is singular how soon an adviser becomes a dictator. Every city, and almost every town or village, has its recognized boss. In the beginning he may have been the possessor of some modesty, and been able, when his advice was sought, to have given it in a becoming manner; but very soon, on discovering that his counsels are thought to be wise and acceptable, he drops the rôle of adviser, having become too big for that, and thenceforth assumes a dictatorship. Arrogant, he lays violent hold upon things which belong

alone to the people. Kings for less offences have lost their heads. The need of the hour is not so much headmen as *headsmen.*

The Republican party has had a long lease of power, and in the main has not misused it. But it is not infallible, and has made some mistakes—some indeed serious ones; and among the greatest, that of giving freedmen after the war the right of suffrage, which may be counted among things said to "return to plague the inventors." It was not a work of which statesmen have cause to be proud. It was a partisan measure, designed to control the South in the interest of the Republican party. Wrong in principle, it was unwise, unjust, and wholly indefensible. It put the ballot in the hands of those who were too ignorant to know what a ballot was, the handling of which properly oftentimes puzzles the wisest of men. It, moreover, was intended to be employed by the blacks as a club over men of intelligence. Following close on the heels of a war which had desolated the homes of the Southern people, and when, too, they were smarting under the humiliation of defeat, it could not fail to increase existing animosities, and be the means of postponing a return of feelings of amity. It was this that made a solid South, and this adamantine solidity can never be dissolved until the cause of it is removed.

The one great error of the framers of our form of government was in giving foreigners the right of suffrage. It may be late now to close the door, but better late than never, and the sooner done the better. If at all men born in foreign lands should be allowed to vote, this ought not to be until they have lived as long in our country as boys of American birth. A knowledge of the evils arising from having given ignorant foreigners

this high privilege should have prevented the recurrence of so gross an error as was exhibited in the framing of the fourteenth amendment to the Constutition. The right therein granted to the colored men of the South has not benefited them in the least, but on the contrary it has made their condition infinitely worse. And to it is due the race war now existing there. It would have been soon enough to have given them the ballot when they were found sufficiently intelligent to make a proper use of it; and it would not then have been denied them.

It was only natural that free, enlightened citizens of the South, who had shown true grit when they marched in defence of what they considered their rights, even to the very cannon's mouth, should rise in their might and throw off a yoke so galling as that of permitting their recent slaves to have mastery over them at the polls, and further than that, to legislate for their oppression. Where is the Northern man who in like circumstances would not do the same? If such an one is to be found, he has forfeited his birthright, he is not worthy the name of freeman.

And how, we may ask, can the people of the South be expected to respect laws odious to them, when we of the North refused to be slave-catchers; denying the right of Congress to pass the Fugitive Slave Law? And let us not forget that with all our respect for the majesty of law, and especially for the decrees of the highest court of the nation, we hurled back with derision that which was uttered by the miserable politician who so long disgraced the seat in which had sat John Jay, Oliver Ellsworth, and John Marshall, — that a negro has no rights which a white man is bound to respect.

A word more in reference tc political topics of an engrossing nature, and we have done. There is in the pres-

ent day a proneness on the part of many Americans, as also of those in whose hands are the reins of government, to disregard the warnings uttered by our first President in his Farewell Address,—warnings the importance of which are not an iota lessened by the flight of time ; and it would be well to recall them often—

" Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Since that May day in the bay of Manila, when the Spanish fleet went down so suddenly before our guns, the discovery has been made that we are a world power ! And again and again, scarce able to contain ourselves because of our magnified importance, we repeat the gratifying thought in loud swelling words. Our swaggering is well-nigh limitless—

" We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,
We've got the ships, we've got the men, and got the money, too."

This feeling, furthermore, finds expression in that supposedly patriotic outburst, — where we have planted our flag, it must never be taken down. And curiously enough, along with this bravado, we are constantly hearing the suggestions of Anglomen, urging us to join hand in hand with our ancient enemy on the other side of the Atlantic. Heeding, however, the advice given by Washington, it would be wise to maintain a position of absolute independence. We have no need for closer relations with any nation ; but to be on terms of amity with all.

Commercial extension to-day is in the air ; and it is a necessity, if we would have a continuance of the

unprecedented prosperity now marking our career, that we reach out for the markets of the world. But in doing this, we err if we fancy that there is a necessary connection between commercial and territorial expansion. On the contrary, while one will advance our growth, the other will retard it, and in the end prove disastrous. We have but to follow the course hitherto pursued by which as a people we have prospered and grown strong, and avoid proposed departures, if in the century begun we would progress as in that which we have left behind.

Our wisdom can best be shown in our contentment with the proudly pre-eminent position assigned us by Providence and nature; no other nation on the face of the globe being so strongly intrenched—two mighty oceans separating us from and guarding us against any attempted encroachments on the part of empires of the old world. Keeping within our impregnable position, harm cannot befall us from without; and it is but reckless daring to go beyond.

It was owing to a knowledge of what has just been stated that the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated. But for our isolated position, that President in his message of December 1, 1823, would scarce have ventured to say, "the American continents should no longer be subjects for every new European colonial settlement." To be consistent then, and in order to take a stand not indefensible, we must assent to the counter proposition that the Asiatic continent must not be subject to American colonial settlement. Not to do this would be to throw to the winds all the advantage gained from the well thought out declaration of Monroe's Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, father of the doctrine in question, and to invite complications with every nationality of the

East, whilst it should be our constant study to avoid these.

The Philippine blunder can and ought to be, speedily corrected; we should no longer be hampered by it. Cuba, and all others of the West India islands, being contiguous to our shores, should be included in our possessions; and their ownership would add to our strength and security.

The best use we can make of the Philippines and Hawaii, and also of Alaska, from which we are separated by British Columbia, would be to barter them for the islands in the Atlantic referred to. Thus solidified, we would be in position to defy the armaments of the world.

Having in the latter part of this chapter alluded to the Farewell Address of Washington, we could not, perhaps, close it in a better way than by giving a few brief extracts from that document so highly venerated by every true American.

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens) the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. . . . The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have as little *political* connection with them as possible. . . . Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have no, or a very remote, relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial

ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. . . . Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance ; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected ; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation ; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by Justice, shall counsel.

"Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation ? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground ? Why by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice ?"

WILLIAM G. JOHNSTON

From a daguerreotype taken in 1848

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HEYDAY OF LIFE—YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS—SUBURBS OF PITTSBURGH—A BREAK IN MY LIFE—FAREWELL TO YOUTH.

"When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I 've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed."

AFTER the fire of '45 my principal associates were young men of my neighborhood, some of whom I had known in a casual way much earlier, and I may add that these continued to be reckoned among my most cherished friends until all, save one, fell by the way, having been cut down by the dread reaper one by one. We met frequently from time to time, and others fell in with us, until our numbers became considerably swollen. At the outset we had no regular meeting place, but at length, by some chance, we found a curious rendezvous in a very small tailor shop on Third Street, below Ferry. The house is yet standing—a frame building, only about fifteen feet wide, and scarce any more

feet in height, with two steps up to a narrow batten door. Two small windows are on the first floor and two smaller peep from under the eaves of the lowly roof. The occupant of this domicile was one Aleck Patton, hailing from the Green Isle, and he about as Irish as any are ever made. Aleck was famous for mending clothes, and had numerous patrons; his art scarce extended beyond this. In some way we accustomed ourselves to meet there, and while we rather enjoyed the broad brogue of this knight of the needle, he in turn always extended to us a warm welcome. After a time Aleck took to himself a wife, and gradually our visits became less frequent, till at length we ceased altogether in making the shop a place of meeting. So wedded was he to the "boys," and so disheartened when they ceased to come, I verily believe could he have foreseen this he never would have married.

After a time and for the space of two or more years we found other quarters in the back room of a house occupied by a young druggist, at the southeast corner of Penn and Hand Streets, the site of which is now covered by my place of business, where now I pen these lines. The man of pills became "one of us"; possibly it had been better for him had not this been the case, for he was a susceptible youth, possessed of no great amount of stamina, and the Basselins, at least some of them, might have proved too much for him had he not gone West. Here then, thus quartered, a greater part of our evenings were spent. There we discussed politics and topics of the times in general; and it was there also in the fall of 1848 that some of our number made plans for journeying to California in the following spring.

In explanation of the name Basselin, used above, I may

say that by it we for a time in some way became known among our friends and acquaintances in general. Our supposed patron was a bacchanalian poet of France, who lived in Val-de-Vire, Normandy, in the early part of the fourteenth century. When I add that *vaux-de-vire* was a title by which his gay songs were known, and that from it is derived the word "vaudeville," it may not be difficult to form a proper estimate of the style of his poesy, even if it be more so to see why his name should have been bestowed upon us. If we were at all proud of it this feeling was considerably diminished when one day we discovered that the name—possibly with some appropriateness—was employed to adorn a newly established gin-mill on Penn Street, which happened in this way. One of our number, a very companionable youth, and for that matter convivial as well, with the politeness commonly due to a stranger who settles in one's neighborhood, made an early call one morning to make the acquaintance of the host, and inquired why no sign was above the door. "I don't know what to call my house," replied the man behind the bar. "Call it the 'Basselin House,'" was a quick suggestion; and presto! it was done, and in letters large as life the name was emblazoned across the entire front of the house.

At times whilst seated where, as I said a moment since, I now am—reminded perhaps by the chance thought that I am occupying the site of the pharmacy referred to—memories of the past float in upon me, and my companions of those long-gone-by days appear as in a vision, whilst one by one I recall them.

I see the Darlingtons, earnest, fiery, ever ready for a combat of words, as once they had been for a fray with wooden swords on Leonard's board-piles; and as again to

fight with real weapons, when they laid down their lives at their country's call, when rebels sought her life. There stands Lewis Hutchinson, bluff, manly, and with a few intimates sociable; Charlie Kincaid, dogmatic, but with a soft place in his heart; George Barclay, boisterous, boastful, but tenderly kind; William Scully, straightforward, earnest, and so bright that his coming, always welcome, was like a ray of sunshine, while he was, too, the very soul of honor; Jimmy Pettigrew, friend of everybody, enemy of none; Billy Harper, genial yet reserved, kind and true; Charlie Israel, stern, but also true as steel; William McBride, gentle, subduedly merry, and lovely in disposition; and Sam, his brother, ever neat as if just out of a bandbox, diffident, and polite to a fault; Jimmy Agnew, reserved, courteous, diminutive in stature, as was also the last named McBride, and like him, too, in that he was every inch a gentleman; Jim Moody, light hearted, quick witted, distilling sunshine wherever he went; William Barr, versatile in moods, usually quiet, but often bursting with mirth, yet dignified, and a very model of politeness.

All gone! and he who yet lingers for a little while on the shores of time cannot repress feelings of deep sadness when the roll-call of the departed is sounded forth by memory.

It must not be inferred from what I have been saying that my associates were confined to my own sex; I should be sorry indeed had this been the case. And to young men who need the advice, I would say in all earnestness that it is neither natural nor right that they flock by themselves; their rougher natures need the refining touches obtained by association with those of the opposite sex, and this cannot be other than salutary,

whilst it will ever afford substantial enjoyment. In following what is here suggested, your rakish friend, young man, in his superlative wisdom may reckon you a "spooney";—his judgment is harmless, and you can afford to be the target of his contempt, when you are assured that you are under the guardianship of angels, real as those who once fluttered about Jacob's pillow of stone: for even as at Bethel, upon a ladder let down from heaven, they ascend and descend whithersoever you tarry; and blessed indeed is your lot when once made the special object of their vigils: always provided that in the selection of such associates you have chosen wisely, and if not, you merit the scorn even of a rake.

> "Life went a-Maying
> With nature, hope, and poesy,
> When I was young."

Thus said the poet Coleridge, and so may I.

In summer our young folks had frequent outdoor parties, and in winter quadrille assemblies; and we attended lectures, concerts, and other public entertainments; a variety all sufficient to afford, as Cowper tells us,

> "—— that spice of life
> Which gives it all its flavor."

There seemed to be a prevailing impression among us that to maintain life properly, a considerable amount of recreation was essential, and we suffered ourselves to be controlled largely by this belief; and to use a homely expression, allowed no grass to grow under our feet. Certain it is that seldom was there a time when something of the kind mentioned was not in expectation, and there was accordingly an almost continual buzz and flutter. As young folks are about the same in every age, it may not be in the present day in any wise different. If

any change has taken place, possibly it may be accounted for by the inordinate extravagance of the times, this being far in advance even of the wealth that accumulates so rapidly and everywhere abounds, so that modern entertainments, keeping pace with the fast age, are in general costly affairs, in consequence of which they may be less frequent. Again, if there be change, it may be owing to the great increase in the city's population: everybody does n't know everybody, as was once the case; even next-door neighbors are often unacquainted with each other. In our heterogeneous population, mothers would be shocked, and with good reason, should their daughters contemplate attendance at a ball to be given in a public hall, whatever the standing of its managers, or the care taken in issuing invitations. In the long ago, these guards were all-sufficient, so that the home parlor was scarcely thought safer from improper intrusions than the public ball-room. The same also may be said of summer parties which assembled in gardens or woodlands, these in no wise resembling what is known as the picnic of to-day, held in public groves. It would be unnecessary to enter into any explanation as is here done, were I to present in this connection, a thing quite easy to do, the names of the young people of both sexes usually comprising these gatherings.

Our summer parties frequently included excursions by water. Among favorite resorts was one on the Ohio River, below Manchester, where were extensive gardens and a mansion having large parlors suitable for the accommodation of such parties. Another was on the opposite side of the river, at an old-fashioned tavern stand with extensive woodlands, while plenty of boats for rowing on the river were always in readiness. But a

particularly charming spot for such gatherings was in the valley of Sawmill Run, at the foot of the western slope of Coal Hill, a sadly changed place to-day I imagine. Whichever of these resorts were chosen, in going to and fro, one of the Jones ferry-boats was employed, and for our accommodation it ran out of its regular course, taking us to the required landing and calling for us at an hour fixed upon for returning. The assemblies mentioned were held in different halls of the city fitted up in a manner suitable for such purpose. All who ever mingled in these festivities, whether of hall, garden, or grove, in their later years recalled them as events of life's young days in which besides rare enjoyment they always were accustomed to find refined associates. In my storehouse of relics, after a lapse of more than a half-century, I still have a number of the cards of invitation used on these occasions, and also lists of those whose attendance we were accustomed to greet. Glancing over these, I recall the joyous hours with which they were associated, but the thought, overpowering all else, is the sad one which brings to mind

> "The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
> The words of love then spoken,
> The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
> The cheerful hearts now broken."

I must not pass on without a word concerning our horseback parties. Of course we went in pairs, for how else could we go? The livery stables were ransacked for their best pacers and rackers; and I remember some famous ones among them, and to obtain these there was usually a contest. Meeting at a fixed hour and place, we formed an extensive cavalcade, and rode to what now constitute the suburban parts of the city, returning about

dusk. There were many fluttering hearts on these occasions, as youth and beauty in riding habits mounted prancing steeds and went forth in these gay processions. A favorite route was up the Allegheny. Crossing the canal bridge on Penn Street, our course was along the always dusty highway, passing through what were then known as Bayardstown and Croghansville; then on past "Springfield," the country seat of Hon. Harmar Denny, which extended from the "pike" to a point high up on the hill to the right. The unpretending residence,[1] with its vine-clad porches, lay close under shelter of the hill and was completely hidden from view by great orchards, thus nestling in a shade well-nigh impenetrable. And onward we went, passing the toll-gate, and over the rude but strongly built bridge spanning Two-Mile Run, then a beautiful stream with pebbly bottom and mossy banks. The crossing was nigh to an old tavern called the "Two-Mile-Run House," which as a monument of the past yet stands, but is hidden almost from sight by the changed grade and tall houses about it. Lawrenceville came next, beautifully rural, and peaceful as any one could wish, notwithstanding the suggestions of war which the neighboring arsenal might occasion, or the swinging sign of Lightcap's tavern, bearing a picture of the flagship of the gallant Lawrence, and the motto,—his dying words,—"Don't give up the ship." Passing many beautiful country seats, the extensive one of George A. Bayard, since become the Allegheny Cemetery, those of Mrs. Eliza Mowry, Mrs. Sarah Collins, Mr. John H. Shoenberger, Mr. Samuel Ewalt, Mr. William M. Semple, Messrs. Alexander and John Roseberg, John Graham, and others

[1] It stood near the spot where the railroad turn-table and locomotive house have been built.

I might name, we soon plunged into the depths of the country, now past farms where waving grain was ripening, or bending to the reaper's blade, or through woodlands extending to the river's edge. To-day, how changed the scene! Where the buzz of insects or the songs of birds alone broke the stillness, ponderous tilt-hammers of great iron mills with deafening noise are heard; while blast-furnaces and oil refineries and immense iron tanks usurp the soil, changing scenes of unwonted beauty into what by way of contrast seems desolation. The road through the strictly rural district was compressed into narrow limits, and it was scarcely more than a bridle path where winding around the hill it led up to Morningside, when a scene even yet one of great beauty burst suddenly upon the view. Far below the Allegheny wound among the hills like a silver thread, and the blue smoke from cottages nestled here and there in the quiet valleys curled gracefully above the tops of the forest trees; while at times might be seen a vast expanse of rafts floating on the bosom of the river, their progress aided by great wooden sweeps wielded by sturdy woodsmen from far-off Clarion, Venango, or Warren Counties, or even Cattaraugus County, New York, where the river takes its rise.

The road bending to the south, soon another scene of tranquil beauty was spread at our feet,—one which I doubt has its equal this side of heaven,—the charming valley of East Liberty. There were then no palatial residences with velvety lawns and choice shrubbery; but there were numerous log-cabins with morning glories peeping through the vines that clambered over rude porches, while gourds or mock-oranges hung from those whose tendrils found secure lodgment in the chinks of the

gables. How curious is it that while the eye of the artist lingers lovingly upon scenes as this, transferring them to his canvas, those which wealth, refinement, and culture produce are passed by, unsought by his taste or that of his patrons.

Our return to the city at times was by the Greensburg turnpike; passing on our right the Black Horse Tavern with its swinging sign at the top of a high pole, the device, of course, a black charger reigned tightly and in full trot. Just opposite was a great barn, affording stabling for the tavern guests; its gable next the road perforated for the accommodation of a great flock of pigeons—many fan-tails among them. Close to the barn was a large watering-trough for the convenience of the wayfaring public; for there was a constant caravan of canvas-topped wagons, in which much of the commerce between the East and the West was conducted. These were usually drawn by six horses, carrying clusters of bells above their saddle-bows, which tinkled merrily as they moved along. And there might be seen passing at all hours stages innumerable for the transportation of live freight. This, be it remembered, was before the days of railroads in or around Pittsburgh.

Next, on past the great farm-lands of some well-to-do German farmers, their log-cabins almost hidden from sight by numerous hay-stacks, black and rotted from years of waiting for better prices which never came; while all around was an excess of untidiness, with no indications either of thrift or wealth. Land rich, with no capacity to manage or enjoy, and ability simply to hold on, was the general verdict.

Making mention of the hay-stacks, I am reminded of an incident which occurred in the year 1861. There

were then in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh numerous military camps, where preparations were on foot for the Civil War; all of which, of course, required hay. A quartermaster's attention being called to these stacks, which were conspicuous and nigh also to Camp Wilkins, he was in the act of removing one, when the owner appeared and in no gentle manner ordered him off. Understanding too well his status to be thus intimidated, the officer's squad continued loading up, while he threatened to arrest the aged farmer, and to remove him with the hay to camp, where he would be put in the guard-house, should he attempt further to obstruct him in his duty. Whereupon the old man quietly went back to his cabin, shaking his head menacingly as he went.

Lesser farms passed, our cavalcade descended by the long declivity to the forks of the road, and to the rivulet a little lower down; a place of more interest than simply being the site of the "Two-Mile-Run Tavern," already mentioned, for it is a historic spot. The facts which make it such are so little known that I feel inclined—whilst resting a few moments in my stirrups, as our horses refresh themselves at the brook, and the lady at my side is supposed to listen—to tell the story which has come down to me from those who in life preceded me, and who knew it well, having received it from the lips of those who could say,

"All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

As the sun was setting on a September day in the year 1758, a regiment of about eight hundred men and officers, composed of Highlanders, and Americans from Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania—being an advance of General Forbes's army which lay encamped

on the Loyal Hanna—rested beside this peaceful rivulet, known to us by the name marking its distance from the court-house, "Two-Mile Run." The design of this force was to endeavor, by some strategy, to draw the French garrisoning Fort Duquesne—supposed to be an inferior body — into an ambuscade, and thereby destroy or capture it; and strict orders had been given the commander of these troops to avoid an open conflict. This was a second attempt on the part of Great Britain to drive the French from territory claimed by both nations. The regiment had that day climbed over the high hills which lay between their present encampment and the valley of Turtle Creek, cleaving its way almost inch by inch through dense forests. Doubtless, after a march involving such labor, all were greatly fatigued; nevertheless it was decided after a brief rest to leave the horses and provisions with a guard of about fifty men at this place, and to push on under cover of night to a point nearer the fort. Resuming its march, the regiment crept along the base of the hills, now skirted by the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad, until it reached that particular hill which for a century and well-nigh half of another has borne the name of its commander,—Major Grant. It was two hours past midnight; the troops were weary but could not be allowed to rest, and reconnoitring parties were kept busy through the remainder of the night. At daybreak, the madcap siege was begun of which everybody has heard, and which was directly contrary to the orders Grant had been given. It was introduced by a reveille of loud-beating drums and of shrill fifes, while the drone of bagpipes mingled in the din of noises. The object of this, as was afterward explained by the redoubtable Major in his report to General Forbes, was

Fort Du Quesne 1754.

by Robert Stobo

This plan was made by Captain Stobo while he was confined in this fort as a hostage according to the terms of the surrender of Fort Necessity by Col. Geo. Washington, July 3, 1754.

Cornfield

MONONGAHELA

Island

Gardings

Meeds

Cornfield for ¼ of a Mile Round

Bark Cabins for the Soldiers

Magazine
Soldiers Barracks 18 by 50
Store House 18 by 32
Several Apartments for Officers 18 by 30
Smith's Shop 18 by 15
Cadets 18 square
Powder Room
Guard 18 by 29
Commanders 18 by 32
Draw Bridge
Kitchen 18 by 15
Gate

A. A Ditch with a breastwork thrown up
B. The earth not dug away in the Lunets
C. The entrance of the Powder room. 5 Cannon mounted on this bastion in the whole fort 8 Cannon 4 of which three Pounders. The prick't line represents Posts of Wood drove in the ground 12 feet high & mortized together with loop holes for small Arms

Profile of the wall
12 feet high
A 4 thick
B ½
The thickness of the whole Wall 10 ½ feet.

1 The Parapet or breast work
B Where the men stand to fire

"in order to put on a good countenance and to convince our men they had no reason to be afraid." Scotch whiskey, had a supply been on hand, would have proved equally serviceable in stimulating Dutch courage, and been much safer. There was a sad misapprehension as to the force within the fort, and no boy in overturning a bee-hive ever made a more serious mistake. In a brief time the regiment was briskly attacked by parties of French and Indians, swarms of the savages sweeping down upon it from all sides. Doubtless many of these were the same red men who three years previously defeated Braddock in his proposed capture of this fort.

The slaughter which followed was terrible as it was sudden; especially as to the Highlanders who made no effort to seek shelter; and truly in giving the name, "Grant's Hill," to the locality, there was a baptism of blood. The Americans, better acquainted with Indian modes of warfare, and understanding the art of dodging behind trees while fighting, escaped with small loss. Before the fight began, Grant divided his force, sending four hundred,—all Americans,—to protect the provision camp, which was in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy—the guard of fifty being, as was now seen, altogether inadequate for that purpose. The force sent upon this mission was under command of a brave officer, Major Lewis. He, however, had scarcely more than reached the camp, when judging from the heavy firing heard, he became sensible of the fact that Grant was in peril; and upon the suggestion of both officers and men, he concluded to return; and in so doing was to some extent successful in keeping the French and Indians in check. Captain Bullitt, in charge of the provision camp, also went to the rescue of the discomfited army, taking

with him, in addition to his guard of fifty men, as many more of the Virginia boys whom he had intercepted in their retreat. He found Major Grant on the banks of the Allegheny, above the mouth of the run, hemmed in by the enemy, and fought desperately for his release; but discovering this an impossible task, and having in the attempt lost two-thirds of his own little band, he was obliged to retreat and made his escape with the remainder. Grant and Lewis, being forced to surrender, were taken prisoners to the fort. They were not long held in custody, for the French, well apprised of the situation, knowing of the large army which General Forbes was gathering about him at Ligonier, were already counting the day as nigh when their dominion here must cease, when they no longer would be able to hold the key necessary to secure to them the great valley extending from the Lakes to the Gulf. Two months later when the British came, they witnessed the smoke rising from the evacuated fort; for on leaving it the French applied the torch. Prior to this the prisoners had been released; not however before the principal one found opportunity to report to General Forbes the little unpleasantness experienced in his endeavor to capture the fort; and in doing which he was guilty of the meanness of endeavoring to throw the blame of his failure upon his fellow prisoner who indeed had saved him from a worse defeat.

As an illustration of the manner in which history is often manufactured, and in time regarded as fact, I have a case in point; one having connection with what I have just related. Some years since, in a pamphlet relating to the industries of Pittsburgh, a number of facts mingled with fiction as to the early history of our city were given. One incident was mentioned, which to any one acquainted

with the physical features of a certain locality spoken of, whether as it appeared in colonial days, or even within the recollection of many of our older citizens, is exceedingly funny. The statement was, that "Major Grant was taken prisoner on the spot where the St. Charles Hotel now stands,—at the corner of Wood and Third Streets." Later writers have accepted this statement as fact, when as we have related, the event occurred at a point two miles to the eastward. Now, Grant had indeed upon that fatal day shown himself foolhardy, but had he attempted to penetrate the morass at the point mentioned in the pamphlet referred to, I scarcely conceive that he could ever have been captured, for I credit the poor savages with more sense than to believe that they could have been induced to wade after him. Indeed had he ventured to the spot where the St. Charles Hotel stands, it is to be doubted that he could ever have gotten out alive, and been able, as he was, at a later day to traduce the valor of American soldiers in the British Parliament, declaring that they could not and would not fight.

In reference to the slough, or Hogg's pond as it was called at a later period, it began on the northern slope of Grant's Hill, about where Grant Street and Seventh Avenue now intersect, and extended southwardly to the ravine leading to the Monongahela in which Wood Street at a later day was located. At Second Street,—as I learned from the late Hon. William Little (born here in 1809) when speaking of this subject,—there was a bridge crossing Wood Street in early days, the only way by which it was then possible that there could be communication between opposite sides of the slough.

When beginning this bit of history, it will be remem-

bered that our horse-back party was supposed to be halting by the Two-Mile Run. We may imagine its impatience would not permit it to remain there long, and that resuming the road, all were soon again at their homes.

Another favorite way by which we sometimes got back to the city was by the Fourth Street Road. Descending from the Morningside Road, we passed eastward through the small, quiet village of East Liberty. At the foot of the hill from which we descended, and on our right, was a quaint looking edifice, 40 × 40 feet, with a corner standing toward the pike, and having a hipped roof. This was a "meeting-house," belonging to a Presbyterian congregation; and here for many years worshipped

The Negleys, Aikens, Burchfields, Spahrs,
McClintocks, Baileys, Berrys, Barrs.

The pastor, not yet in middle life, tall and slender, usually wore a cloth cap, and was not addicted to clothes of a clerical cut.

"A man he was to all the country dear;
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year."

Sometimes, 't was said he did n't get the "forty," and to square the account occasionally forgave the debt. Well nigh a score of years later, when settled down in life, as among the "new comers,"—a term applied by old residents of the valley, to all who had not lived there as long as themselves—with a wife and numerous "olive plants," I sat under the ministry of this same man of God.

A little way beyond the church, and set well back from the road, was the old tavern of Pap Beitler, famous

EAST LIBERTY PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, ERECTED 1819. IN USE UNTIL 1848

for its suppers of spring chickens and waffles. A lesser one, built of logs, stood and yet stands on a lot just east of that now occupied by the Emory M. E. Church. While unpretending, and exceedingly modest in appearance it was likewise a place where a dainty supper was to be had as our winter sleighing parties could avouch. It was kept by another Pennsylvania Dutchman, who also commonly bore the affectionate title of "Pap,"—Pap Fritchman. And still farther on, at the forks of the road, where the Greensburg pike (now Penn Avenue) and the Fourth Street Road (now Fifth Avenue) met, was still another hostelry of wide fame, kept by a prince among landlords,—Henry Barker. This was the "Point Breeze Hotel,"—the same at which under his predecessor I spent part of the summer in 1839; and which I had known even earlier when one Thomas McKeown was its host, who probably built it.

Where the roads met was a great watering-trough, and a tall post, with a swinging sign at its top, making known to all, not yet apprised of the fact, its name and that of its genial host.

Bending now to the west, along the Fourth Street road, our way was mainly past farm lands, to a point within a short distance from the base of Grant's Hill,—or, as we would now say, within a few blocks of the court-house. The farm-houses in general were small and unpretending. On our left, near Aiken's Lane, was the "Green Tree Tavern," kept by one McFarland. Ten or a dozen country seats, known as the "Third Church Colony" (for the reason that most of their owners were members of the Third Presbyterian Church), occupied the site of what had been, when first I knew the locality, the Chadwick farm, and later, and even yet, Oakland. This

farm to the east adjoined the extensive lands of Colonel Croghan (now Schenley's), about where the traction power-house has been erected, and extended on both sides of the road to where it is forced to bend toward the Monongahela by Gazzam's Hill. Well back from the road had stood the Chadwick's spacious mansion, with its wide porch in front, over which vines clambered at will; while its gable, with a massive chimney abutting, faced the road. There it had stood from about the beginning of the century, when it was erected by the grandfather of the well-known dairyman, Mr. Samuel Chadwick. A later residence of this family—occupied afterward by Mr. William Stewart, a merchant of Pittsburgh, and at the time of which I am more particularly speaking, by Mr. George Breed—stood on the site of what is now the mansion of Mr. Charles H. Zug.

Then on past the colony to the left and overlooking the Monongahela, was "Buena Vista," the extensive country seat of James S. Craft, Esq. Following the bend of the road, as it swept toward the river, and just where, taking another turn, it makes the descent to Soho Run, was Mrs. Murray's tavern, commanding a fine view, far up and down the river.

Immediately beyond, and extending all the way to Soho, were the rural seats of the Simpsons on the left, and of Dr. E. D. Gazzam on the right. By a rude bridge the run was crossed; but ere reaching this, the demands of the keeper of the toll-gate here placed, had to be met. The road was noted as being good so long as the sun had a chance to dry it up; but in winter, and in rainy seasons, when the theory was that the tolls made it passable, those who paid them complained that the money gathered, instead of being used to buy stone, went to line the

pockets of those comprising the turnpike company; who, moreover, it was said, were too wise to live on or near the line of the road.

Soho crossed, the Tustin farm lay on the right, and high up on the hillside, not far from the old house was the burial place of Rouand and his dog. He, a native of France, was an eccentric old miser, who, for many years, kept a store on the north side of Market Street, two doors east of Third. His silks had the reputation of being extremely fine, and it was rumored that in their folds he had hidden an incredible amount of money, long hoarded with scrupulous care. His store had a dingy, dark appearance, and I have no recollection of ever seeing the large show window of 8 × 10 panes clean; in fact, dust and cobwebs held undisturbed possession. How he obtained so much money, I never understood; for it seemed seldom that any one ever entered his door. He cooked his frugal meals upon a stove beside which he sat almost constantly—his only companions a pair of small, yellow dogs. Once, when taking a walk on the south side of the Monongahela, below Jones' ferry, where were some salt-wells, one of these pets fell into a pot of boiling salt, and needed no other place of sepulchre. For the other, Rouand made provision in his will for maintenance during life, and for burial at his side in death. Besides silks, he had in a cellar under the store, a great stock of whiskey, treasured up for many years. Its age gave it a fabulous value, and after his death, when sold, brought large prices. The well-known straw hat which he wore, rusty and brown from age, very probably dated back to the days of the whiskey distillation. Dr. Denny was his executor, and, in carrying out the provisions of the will, was obliged to visit France to hunt up the heirs.

Adjoining Tustin's was the farm of Mr. Ruch, a German dairyman who supplied hosts of Pittsburghers with milk—and honest milk it was. I had on several occasions, when a boy assisted in driving a cow belonging to my father to this farm for pasturage. On the opposite side of the road, and enclosed by a high fence, was the farm of Mr. Alexander Miller—his residence, a large, double, brick house, was considered fine in those days, but now is in dreary dilapidation, with its face close up to Forbes Street (since laid out) and with no room left for its ancient porch, or even for steps to the door which is perched high above the sidewalk.

The country seat of Mr. George Miltenberger was nigh to where now the Fifth Avenue market-house stands; a street laid out in later years beside it is appropriately named after him.

Then we reached Reisville, a cluster of small houses, of which Reis's tavern was the centre. Next, a notable landmark, yet standing,[1] was Billy Price's round house. Mr. Price, both jovial and eccentric, quoted Scripture with great freedom, and upon all occasions, while at times he also swore like a trooper. He frequently stated that his object in building his residence in circular form was that the devil could not corner him.

When we came to the mansion of the late Robert Watson, Esq., in the midst of a great orchard, through which now runs Magee Street and others, we were yet in a district vastly more rural than townlike in appearance. Once more we will suppose our riding party ended; all at their homes, and their nags resting in their stalls at the stables,—Rody Patterson's on Fourth Street, and James Matthews's (now Andy Jackman's) on Penn Street.

[1] Torn down in 1892.

While renewing these recollections of youthful recreations, I have given my pen full rein, in order to present some pictures of the main avenues [1] to the eastward of the city as they once were, and thus by contrast showing how widely different they are to-day.

The one last mentioned has had a variety of names at different periods. Originally it was called Braddock's Field Road, when forming part of one which started at Fourth Street where it intersected with Grant Street,—the latter according to Wood's plan of lots forming the eastern boundary of the town. From the point named it circled around the base of Grant's Hill until it struck the line of Andrew Watson's farm, when passing through it a point opposite what is now the mouth of Tunnel Street was reached. Here, turning eastward, it continued until what is now known as Brushton was reached ; when southwardly it ran to Turtle Creek, just beyond the famous battlefield. It was along this southern stretch—now called Braddock Avenue—that General LaFayette came in 1825 when about to visit Pittsburgh ; and there is, or was a few years since on Penn Avenue, just opposite the point where it begins, an old log-house, long used as a tavern stand, and here the Nation's guest halted and dined.

A change of name occurred when in 1807 the Pittsburgh and Greenburg turnpike road was built. At this time the part which lay between Grant Street and Point Breeze began to be called the Fourth Street Road, and continued so even after the corporate title of Mechanics' Turnpike Road was given to the portion between Soho and Point Breeze : for besides being more convenient habit had established this name. It was about then that by ordinance of the city the part west of Soho was given the name, Pennsylvania Avenue ; while also the starting point was changed from Fourth to Fifth Street. Finally, after the enlargement of the city in 1867 by annexing territory lying to the east of it, its present name, Fifth Avenue, was given throughout its entire length from Liberty Street to Point Breeze.

As to the Wood's plan of lots above mentioned, this was one made in 1784 for the Penn proprietors, by George Wood, surveyor, after whom Wood Street was named. He was *not* father of the late Harry Woods, as erroneously stated in a recent History of Allegheny County.

Before referring to things more personal, another bit of history is recalled. Just at the city line of those days was what was known as "Hardscrabble," a name significant of the locality. Such of its shanties as had a frontage were on either side of what was then and still is called Try Street. The denizens, as can readily be conjectured from their opulent surroundings, were brought up in luxury in the land of their birth—Ireland, and their constant lament was in regard to their deprivations; "the convaynyances lift behoind in the ould counthry." It was in this ravine, and upon Try Street that the second execution for murder in Allegheny County took place. An Irishman named John Tiernan, employed in constructing the Greensburg turnpike, had killed one Patrick Campbell, a fellow-countryman and sub-contractor, who boarded with him in his shanty on the hillside near Turtle Creek. Robbing the body and concealing it beneath the floor of the cabin, he proceeded to Pittsburgh. Detection was easy, the trial speedy, and the murderer dangling from the gallows was a sight which the entire population, without distinction of creed, color, or condition, was permitted to enjoy; and taking advantage of so inestimable a privilege, a great multitude of the townspeople, and of the country roundabout, witnessed the ghastly spectacle. The slopes of Grant's Hill and Boyd's Hill formed a natural amphitheatre for the accommodation

Respecting the original names of streets at right angles with the Allegheny river, it was a shame when numerical ones were substituted, that provision was not made for their retention in connection with the numerals; for they were forcible reminders of the city's past history, being those of officers of the Revolution, most of whom served in Fort Pitt,—Marbury, Hay, St. Clair, Hand, Wayne, and O'Hara. But Young America in reaching out for the future has little reverence for the past.

of the spectators, who exhibited this unseemly curiosity. This was in December, 1817; and there was but one public execution after that date,—that of a negro, which I could have seen had my taste been cultivated up to that point.

It was about this period of my history that I indulged in frequent attempts to write poetry; and it cannot be doubted that it was of the pure Attic style, since the room occupied by me in my home was next the roof. It was there, on moonlight nights particularly, that the "soft efflation of celestial fire" took possession of me: or in the absence of lunar rays, midnight oil supplied the deficiency. Numerous young ladies solicited my contributions for their albums; not a few asking for dedicatory lines, and I spun the stuff to order according to demand. In truth, the bent of my inclination had long been in the direction of literary attainments. Throughout my school days I was thus inclined, but stood in need of proper instruction to acquire a desirable proficiency. In one respect I was favorably circumstanced. The business which in a cursory way formed part of my life proffered no little aid; I was surrounded by books and had some familiarity with the contents of not a few, esteemed as models in diction—standards of the best, the purest English. One who might have been a most helpful instructor, had I sought his aid, was a frequent visitor at the book store, and occasionally I had talks with him upon literary matters. This was one H. M. T., teacher of a select school of young ladies; a literary genius, famed among the classic scholars of Pittsburgh. In full sympathy with my efforts in the direction of his own choice, and at times even extravagant in his praise of my effusions, he almost led me to imagine that I might become a veritable poet,

if indeed I was not already climbing the shining steep. While in a lifetime, I esteem him as my sole admirer in such matters, the bitter reflection comes to me, that his praise was bestowed only when he was overcome by potions—having looked upon the wine when it was red—and when his judgment was not at its best. And still it is comforting to know that even when in such condition he was himself capable of some of his own best efforts, one of which, never yet in print, I preserve as a real gem of poesy. I have never known any one, when intoxicated, to descend to more fearful depths of degradation than my friend T., unless I except a noted member of the Pittsburgh bar, famed for his eloquence as for his debauchery. But, when "clothed, and in his right mind," my poet friend, and so also the barrister, were models of dignity and refinement. The *Tribune*, an evening paper, published by Hiram Kaine, often contained Mr. T.'s contributions, and I, too, *favored* it with mine. Kaine likewise affected poetry; his dress and manners indicated, when on the street, that he was a bard. His hair, black as a raven and always quite long, was covered by a slouch hat; and he wore even in quite warm weather a cloak, one-half of the cape of which was thrown with careless abandon over his left shoulder, as Byron or Don Cæsar de Bazan might have tossed it. Nevertheless, he was an exceedingly pleasant fellow, and published an excellent paper. Kaine, as I have somewhere read, was connected with an affair which, while in itself humorous, was to him and another party concerned, quite otherwise in its result. As it is much too good to be passed by, I give it as near as I recall it. A year or so before the *Tribune* sprang into life, there were two small morning papers in Pittsburgh, which in size and general appearance were so

much alike, that it was easy to mistake one for the other, even at a short distance off. One, called the *Aurora*, was published by Hiram Kaine and one William Flinn; the name of the other was the *Sun*. One day Flinn and Judge Grier happened at the same time to be at a barber shop on Wood Street, undergoing tonsorial treatment. While thus engaged, the latter economized his time in reading the *Sun*, and met with an editorial which displeased him. Instead of exercising mere mental ire, as most men would do, the Judge said aloud, in his usual plain, blunt style, "The editor of this paper is a *fool!*" Flinn, duly shaven and shorn, was about ready to depart when this remark was uttered, and mistaking the paper whose editor was thus being complimented, for the *Aurora*, hurried rapidly away and reported to Kaine the occurrence according to his belief, declaring beyond doubt that the offensive epithet was meant for a personal insult, as the Judge must have known he was present. The next morning the *Aurora* came out with an article libelling Judge Grier, for which he at once instituted suit. The case was tried before Judge Patton, and a verdict of guilty being found, he sent the two publishers to jail. The true facts, as here given, did not appear on the trial, and I remember it was said that if they had been, the libellers would never have gone to jail; for even Judge Patton, with all his dignity, would have been so overcome with laughter that he could not have done otherwise than put a stop to the trial.

It would be wholly unpardonable if in reminiscences of this period I should neglect to speak of a portly, dignified Frenchman who taught dancing and had the patronage of the *bon ton*, whose bonnets none beside his other half, Madame B——, were permitted to make. In

the winter months he gave cotillon parties, which were attended, beside his pupils and their relatives, by others upon invitation, in the issuing of which much care was bestowed. These were specially brilliant affairs, and recollected doubtless by some who figure among the grandmothers and grandfathers of later days, and who can recall "Bonny," his exquisite scrape of catgut, and his exceedingly light, graceful motions, large bodily though he was. With what delight he marshalled the dancers, calling "Take your partners!" "Right hand across!" "Chassez!" "Corners!" "Promenade all!" etc.; how his bright, merry eye twinkled as his bow reached the top of the gamut, and thrilled you with its marvellous tones! But long, long ago, "Bonny" passed away, and the violin which voiced the music of his soul was hung up, never again to utter its enchantments.

And now, in bringing to a close the manner in which was spent those blissful days, as a last word I may say that I ever endeavored to yield prompt and ready obedience to the various demands of social etiquette.

Thus was it in the halcyon days of youth as, without reservation, I have opened up the past, irrespective of what may be the judgment of the wise, the prudent, and sedate respecting the things related.

In beginning this chapter a slight reference was made to the one eventful adventure of my life, of which I published for private circulation a detailed account under the title of *Experiences of a Forty-Niner*. This, as the name partly implies, was a journey to California in the memorable year 1849. As a vast wall it stands across the pathway of my life; or as a gulf, boundless, fathomless! It occasioned the turning of new leaves; caused the beginnings of a new life—a life with more definite aims,

with settled convictions—life, shall I say it—life in earnest!

Farewell youth! Some speak of your joys as though full of illusions, as painted, gilded, dazzling! Perhaps so, but there was a wondrous reality about them. Sitting as I now do, nigh to the bounds of life, and gazing out of the windows of my soul, as the long shadows of the coming night gather about me; and with an old man's privilege of muttering to himself, I repeat those words: Painted joys! dazzling joys! gilded joys! Painted! yea, with the prismatic gorgeousness of the bow that sometimes is seen spanning heaven's arch; or as the finger of God at the blush of morn oft garnishes the eastern horizon! Dazzling! aye, as the burning sun at midday—peerless in radiance! Gilded! O yes! as occasionally at eventide the whole expanse of the western sky seems a very sea of molten gold!

Would I live those days over again? I can but pity that man or that woman whose experience has been such that there cannot be an impetuous, hearty, gladsome, ringing,—YES!

"O I would give the hopes of years,
For those by-gone hours!"

1203

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